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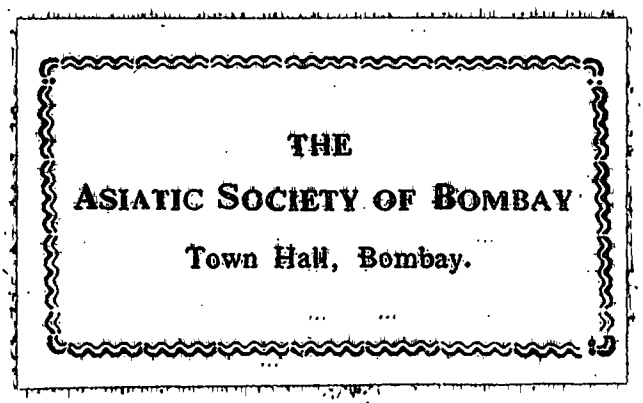

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TRADITIONS

AND

RECOLLECTIONS;

DOMESTIC, CLERICAL, AND LITERARY;

IN WHICH ARE INCLUDED

LETTERS

OF

CHARLES II. CROMWELL, FAIRFAX,

EDGECUMBE, MACAULAY, WOLCOT,

OPIE, WHITAKER, GIBBON, BULLER, COURTENAY, MOORE,
DOWNMAN, DREWE, SEWARD, DARWIN, COWPER,
HAYLEY, HARDINGE, SIR WALTER SCOTT,

AND

OTHER DISTINGUISHED CHARACTERS.

"Frequenter hortatus es, ut Epistolas colligerem, publicaremque. Servato ordinis tempore, collegi. Superest, ut nec te consilii, nec me pœniteat obsequii.

.....
Vivere bis, vitâ posse priore frui.

By the REV. R. POLWHELE,

VICAR OF NEWLYN AND ST. ANTHONY, AND AN HONORARY ASSOCIATE OF THE ROYAL LITERARY SOCIETY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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CHAPTER VIII.

SECTION I.

Literary and Critical Notices.

"In 1794 Bishop Buller presented our Author, without any solicitation, to the vicarage of Manaccan, near Helston. There, as a parish-priest and a magistrate, we are assured his conduct is most exemplary *."

"Of Mr. P's poetical productions by far the most fascinating is, *The Local Attachment*, concerning which, as a descriptive and a philosophical poem, there was but one opinion among the different periodical critics who pronounced judgment upon it. This enchanting production came out in 1796 anonymously; and though it had previously received the strong approbation of Darwin, Hayley, and Seward, the author (in an Advertisement dated from Oxford!) called it the effusion of an *unfledged poet!* There was surely some degree of affectation in this timidity of expression; for often had Mr. P. ventured into the literary world, with his name affixed to performances which he could not but know were far inferior to this †."

* Public Characters, p. 275. † Ibid. p. 273.

"In his sonnets and odes, particularly the ode to "The Genius of Danmonium," in the *Exeter* volume of "Essays," Mr. P. has succeeded most happily.

"The mention of this volume obliges us to take notice of Mr. P.'s concern in it, and of the squabble that unfortunately ensued. A very agreeable Literary Society was formed at Exeter, consisting of some gentlemen of that city and neighbourhood, eminent for their talents. At their head, we believe, was the very respectable and ingenious Dr. Downman. Among other rules of the Society, one was, that each member should produce in his turn a paper on some moral or literary subject, to be read at the meeting. In the course of time these papers accumulated to a considerable number; and, consisting of a selection from them, a handsome 8vo. volume came out in 1796. But, by some means or other, a pretty severe critique upon it appeared in one of the periodical journals, before the work was actually published. In this performance Mr. P.'s Essays were praised, and those of others censured; and one gentleman in particular, who had contributed some papers on Devonshire scenery and antiquities, was reproached as having acted treachérously to Mr. P. to whom he had promised these communications.

"This produced disagreeable altercations in the Society; and Mr. P. being marked as the Reviewer, *though in fact he was not* *, withdrew

* The article was written by Dr. Watkins.—The Society were misled by the supposition that Mr. P. was a writer in the Eu-

himself in great dudgeon. Some communications passed upon the subject in the Gentleman's Magazine; and Mr. P. who has the pen of a ready writer, printed a pretty sharp letter addressed to a "College friend," in which he animadverted on the President, and some other gentlemen by name, in a manner which shewed that he had for some time considered himself as ill-used by the Society *."

In Poetry.—"The Local Attachment" has gone through several editions. Of this Poem, one or two contemporary authors may be allowed to speak. To quote from the periodical critics would be endless. The ingenious author of "The Peeper" observes: "I have lately met with a Poem which touches on this interesting subject 'Home' with such exquisite feeling, in such a persuasive manner, such elegance of expression, and such harmony of numbers, that in giving a quotation from it in this place I am sure I shall excite in my readers a wish to possess the whole of what cannot but afford them the richest satisfaction †.

Yes!—Home still charms"—

This stanza was long after quoted by Sir Walter Scott, in his notes illustrating "The Lay of the Last Minstrel."

ropean Magazine under the signature of W. But he never wrote a single line under that signature. It was supposed, however, that he had; and then, it was supposed, that he was the writer of the obnoxious article.

* Public Characters, pp. 273—275.

† The Peeper, p. 323.

In his "Brief Retrospect of the Eighteenth Century," *Miller* recommends to his readers "The English Orator" and "Local Attachment," as displaying much excellent sentiment and just precept in very harmonious verse; see "Brief Retrospect," by Samuel Miller, A. M. in three volumes, vol. III. p. 18. This book was printed at New York, and re-printed in London in 1805 *.

"Poetic Trifles" (anonymous).—"The author seems to possess more originality than most of our modern poets."—"The Amusements of a Polished Mind."—"Elegant Trifles."—See "Analyt. Rev. for June 1796, pp. 612, 613; and British Critic for June 1796, p. 673.

"Sketches in Verse, with Prose Illustrations, 1796."—"Sketches, &c. &c." new edition 1797. "These compositions evince much taste, spirit

* "Among the translations of the Greek Classics into the English language, during the last century, *which deserve particular notice*, are, the Iliad and Odyssey, by Pope and Cowper; Theocritus by Polwhele; Æschylus by Potter." Such is the sentence of the New York Critic, in the second vol. (p. 239) of his Literary "Retrospect." In 1805, the idea of drawing landscapes from Theocritus was accidentally started at dinner at Sir George Beaumont's; when it was voted that Sir George should look over the book with a view to painting some Sicilian scenes; and that Rogers, Spencer, Bowles and Sotheby, who were present (what an enviable society!) should translate, to accompany Sir George's pictures, those Idylls which would furnish the best pictures. Had the scheme been thought of afterwards, "it would have given Mr. Bowles (he said), and, he was sure, all his associates, great pleasure, to have had the Translator of Theocritus among them."

and harmony. — *British Critic for May*, 1796, *p.* 551.

"Essays, by a Society of Gentlemen," 1796. "Of the two Odes, we give the preference to the "Genius of Danmonium."—*The Critical Review for* 1796, *p.* 403.

"The Sonnets possess much elegance and beauty; the 'Ode to Victory,' is a spirited and classical composition; and the 'Ode to the Genius of Danmonium;' and three Sonnets (marked with the same initials with those pieces of poetry which we have already mentioned with applause), display the same union of cultivated taste with poetic fancy.—*The Monthly Review for January* 1797, *p.* 9.

"The Old English Gentleman," a Poem, by Mr. Polwhele, 1797.—"Mr. Polwhele's view in this poem is to exhibit the manners of the last century in a country-gentleman of family. His reputation as a poet will not suffer any diminution from the "Old English Gentleman."—*See Crit. Rev. for March*, 1798, *pp.* 251, 252. See likewise *the British Critic for April*, 1798, *pp.* 367.

"The Unsex'd Females," addressed to the author of the Pursuits of Literature, 1798.—In some of the most harmonious lines we ever read, the poet appreciates, with much judgment, the most distinguished literary characters among the British fair. In his notes we find much useful remark and entertaining anecdote."—*See British Critic for July*, 1799; *and Anti Jacobin Review for May*, 1799, *p.* 27; *and for December*, 1799, *p.* 468.

"This satirical sketch was re-published by Mr. Cobbett, at New York, in the year 1800; and a large impression of the poem was sold in America. In the preface to the American Edition, the Editor says: "The author of 'The Pursuits of Literature' took occasion to make some severe, though just animadversions on those literary ladies in Great Britain who had thrown aside that modesty which is the characteristic of their sex, and who had adopted the sentiments and manners of the impious Amazons of republican France; whence they were denominated 'The Unsex'd Females.' Mr. Polwhele improves upon the hint; and with a voice at once aweful and harmonious, endeavours to charm them back to the paths from which they have strayed. He points out their deviations, and warns them of the fatal consequences; of which he exhibits a fearful example in Mary Wolstonecraft. To this publication is subjoined, 'A Sketch of the Private and Literary Character of Dr. Wolcot, or Peter Pindar."

At p. 130, vol. III. the New York Critic, already mentioned, quotes a passage from "The Unsex'd Females."

"Grecian Prospects;" a Poem in two cantos, 1799.—*See British Critic, vol. XV. pp. 260, 261; and Monthly Review for April, 1800, p. 433.*

Warlike Ode to Faithful Cornwall, Aug. 25, 1803.

"Yes! the warrior's generous blood
Hath mantled in your veins thro' ev'ry age;
Witness they, whose might withstood
In Cromwell's ominous days the rebel rage!

Witness the trophied field where GRANVILLE bled,
Where, as knightly spirits fled,
I mourn'd your falling sires;
But saw yet undecay'd Cornubia's ancient fires*.

Shall those fires ignobly fade;—
Still, heaven-inspir'd heroic fervours rise
From the ashes of the dead!
Still, still I mark the soul of great emprize!
Old *Tamar* bends his woods with conscious pride †;
Fala winds the exulting tide ‡;
The *white horse* neighs again §,
And *Carnbre* nods his rocks, reluminifig the plain ||.

Hark! the pealing thunders roll—
They come, they come, yet scatter'd in dismay!
Shall not Albion still controul
The seas; or vainly shall PELLEW display,
More aweful than our cliffs, the guardian sail?
Hail again, my Britons! hail!
O be your vengeance hurl'd
With mighty arm, to crush the tyrants of the world!"

* "In the great rebellion, this county distinguished itself above all other counties of England, by its attachment to the royal cause; and its persevering spirit and intrepidity are almost beyond example in the annals of war. The Earl of Clarendon has spoken in the highest terms of "FAITHFUL CORNWALL." In his history, the whole progress of the Cornish, in the King's service, may be distinctly seen. But of all their military actions, the battle of Lansdown near Bath was the most illustrious."

† "In the vicinity of the Tamar, Mount Edgcumbe, the seat of the Lord-lieutenant of this county, well merits our notice on the present occasion."

‡ "On the Fal, Tregothnan is no less worthy our regard."

§ "The ancient family of Vyvyan, than which, perhaps, not one in the county has a juster claim to love and veneration, is, with all its honours, by no means disgraced by the Gentleman now residing at Trelowarren."

|| "It is obvious, that Tehidy-Park is here in view; and the present high representative of the Basset family. In "the Ode to

"Lines on the Scarlet Fever," September 15, 1801.—*See Poet. Regist. vol. I.*

"Sir Aaron" and other pieces in "the Spirit of Anti-jacobinism," 1802.—*See Aikin's Annual Review;* where Sir Aaron is praised as a Poem. A good report from Aikin (as a Critic) is, in truth, a rarity.

In "Petrarca," a selection of Sonnets from various authors, published in 1803, the following is a part of the introductory dissertation:

"That the Sonnet is frequently produced in moments most propitious to Poetry, while the fancy is quickened by a present object, and while the genius is elevated to the most spirited efforts of composition, may appear to have been peculiarly the case in the many happy illustrations we possess of the *descriptive* kind. And we cannot but be forcibly struck with the rich and contrasted variety of imagery that is often brought into the narrow compass which criticism has limited to this species of verse—the space of fourteen lines. In many of the Sonnets of WARTON, BOWLES,

Lord de Dunstanville," published among the anthor's "Sketches in Verse," may be found the feeble outline of a portrait which it would require far abler hands to finish with success. But there are many other gentlemen, to whom, at this awful moment of preparation, we may look with full confidence in their virtues, talents, and activity. Nor are the lower orders of the people at all deficient in those good qualities for which their progenitors were so deservedly celebrated. Viewing them collectively, we may still recognize that *fraternal union* which was, from the earliest times, their leading feature, and which will prove our best security against the common enemy."

SOTHEBY, and POLWHELE, there are displayed a chastity of design, a richness of colouring, equal to the glowing pencil of a Claude, a Salvator, or a Poussin. The scenes of rural or domestic life are pourtrayed with all the fidelity and rich simplicity of nature." *pp.* 32, 33.

In "The Lyre of Love," (a very elegant publication,) there are several extracts from Polwhele's Poems, vol. II. p. 76.

"Of The History of Devon, the first volume has given great satisfaction." "To this volume is prefixed, by permission, a neat dedication to the King; and we sincerely hope that the ingenious Historian will experience some substantial marks of the Royal Bounty, to which, on many accounts, he is certainly entitled *."

In *History*—"The Devonshire" is a mere outline. That it was "a good outline," SHELDON of Exeter and TOWNSHEND, and several other impartial judges, were free to declare.—See Townshend's "Moses," vol. I. p. 238.; "De Luc's Geol. Travels," vol. III. pp. 315—319; and Bowles's "Pope," where some original letters of Pope are re-printed from "The Devonshire."

"The History of Cornwall," vols. I. and II.—*See Monthly and Antijacobin Reviews.*

"Mr. P. has also figured a little in theological controversy against the Rev. Dr. Hawker, a beneficed clergyman of Plymouth. The Doctor, it seems, gave offence to our author by preaching

* Public Characters, pp. 270, 271.

at several churches during an excursion into the West of Cornwall in 1797. This circumstance, in addition to his high Calvinistic sentiments, procured him the honour of a warm expostulatory letter from the vicar of Manaccan, who charged him with want of orthodoxy and regularity. It does not appear, however, that the Doctor preached in fields, barns, or meeting-houses; and, as to his doctrinal sentiments, it would require considerable skill to prove them at variance with the articles and homilies of the Church. If he exhibited zeal in his tour into Cornwall, and took the advantage of his popularity, to preach "in season and out of season," we are humbly of opinion, that he is more worthy of commendation than of censure. He encroached not upon any man's field of action; and it has not been proved that he intruded into Mr. P.'s parish *."

In Divinity—"A Discourse preached at the Parish Church of Manaccan, Aug. 27, 1797; in consequence of two melancholy events."

"The two melancholy events" were, a storm of thunder and lightning, which carried destruction with it beyond all former example, and the murder of a parishioner—both in August. His name was Richard Roskruge. For his epitaph, were submitted to me the following lines:

Ah! rueful Fate! beneath in dust I lie,
Doom'd by a cruel ruffian's hand to die:
By a merciless blow he struck my brain so sore
That death ensued, and lo! I am no more.

* Public Characters, pp. 275, 276.

To the widow (who was highly pleased with this effusion) I took the liberty of offering the following, as breathing rather more of a Christian spirit:

"*Vidua Loquitur.*"

Tho' by a ruthless hand my husband fell,
Yet may the sorrowing heart contrition tell!
And Oh! may penitence the deed atone,
Whilst *angels waft its sighs to Mercy's* throne.

Or this:

Doom'd by a neighbour's erring hand to die,
For him my spirit breathes from Heaven a sigh!
Oh! while repentant prayers the deed atone,
Be mine to waft them to the eternal throne!

The last four lines were inscribed on his tomb.

"Flindell's Bible," 1800.—This Bible, as the title-page sets forth, was printed "under the direction of a Clergyman of the Church of England." Such was I denominated; as I did not chuse to lend my name to a work, for which indeed I furnished notes, but which was not conducted exactly according to my judgment. It is very handsomely printed; but I disapproved of the intertexture of notes with the text.

"The Introduction" by Mr. Whitaker, is admirably well written. I wish poor Flindell had favoured us with the Apocrypha, and the New Testament.

"Letters to Dr. Hawker."—See "Wotton's Letter," 1800.—The extracts of the Reviewers from this pamphlet ("highly creditable," they say, "to Mr. Wotton as a man of sound sense and discern-

ment") authenticate Mr. Polwhele's charges of fanaticism and itinerancy."

"Anecdotes of Methodism," 1800. The object of this publication is, to corroborate, by specific proofs, the general charges which the author preferred against the Methodists in his letters to Hawker.

"An Assize Sermon," printed at the request of the Judges; and "A Visitation Sermon," printed at the request of the Archdeacon, 1801.

"Illustrations of Scriptural Characters," 1802. "The author has arranged his arguments with great perspicuity, and has adapted his style admirably to his subject. In short, we scruple not to recommend the 'Illustrations' as a valuable appendage to every Christian library."

"It remains (says the Biographer) to offer a generalized character of the author.—That there are few writers who have greater versatility than Mr. P. will be manifested in whatever point of exertion we survey his talents. In his prose, he is generally nervous and clear—in his verse, forcible, descriptive, and frequently tender. As a Divine, we are decidedly of opinion, that in his Discourses he speaks to the passions with great effect. As an historian, our author wants neither perspicuity nor candour; and in every one of his poems, Vice and Virtue are properly contrasted, characters well opposed to each other, subjects well selected, and sentiments for the most part conveyed in language which is deficient in neither

S. ANTHONY'S TOWER with a distant VIEW of the CASTLES of PENDENNIS & S. MAWES.

Published by R. Polwhele March 25th 1803.

strength nor sweetness. We have heard, moreover, that, in his domestic situation, he is estimable, and in the discharge of his official duty, correct and exemplary *."

In stating facts, my biographer is for the most part correct: of his opinions, it would ill become me to speak.

Notwithstanding Bishop Buller's permission to remain at Exmouth as long as I pleased, I disengaged myself from all my connexions there, and turning my face westward, was seated in less than a month, in my snug little vicarage of Manaccan. It was a spot only less pleasant than our Devonian residences.

In the walks to ST. ANTHONY †, the tufted creeks, the opening sea, the prospect of Pendennis Castle, there was picturesque beauty—there was even sublimity. From Helford to FALMOUTH † and to Penryn, the country was well cultivated. And the lower road to TRELOWARREN † and to HELSTON †, hilly and abrupt, presented views of wood and water, finely diversified.

Nor were MULLION †, KINANCE-COVE †, or the LIZARD, too remote for the excursion of a summer-day: the long level heath might be passed with rapidity.

That there was literary leisure at Manaccan, my publications prove. But to my church duties, I devoted much time. Of the small parish of St. Anthony, contiguous to Manaccan, I had like-

* Public Characters, 277, 278.

† See the Engravings in the History of Cornwall.

wise the care. And from the moment in which I began to act as a Magistrate, I was furnished with various and abundant work from the greater part of the peninsula of Meneg; on which not one Justice of the Peace resided; except Sandys of the Lizard—almost superannuated—of whom an anecdote this instant occurs to me. Mr. Whitaker was a visitor at my house: I invited Mr. Sandys to meet him. The day passed most amicably, till on some subject of Theology Mr. S. expressing a sceptical opinion, Mr. W. started up in a burst of passion. The justice turned pale, and his lips quivered with fear. Not a culprit before him, at the moment of commitment, ever trembled more; and Whitaker imperiously charging him with infidelity, the old gentleman made a confession of his faith, to an extent which surprised me. Mr. S. was at best an Arian. He was, on the whole, a respectable man. I first knew him at Truro, in my school-boy days; when, at the Sessions, he sat (more than once) a solitary Justice, for hours awaiting the arrival of another before business could commence. At present, so numerous are the Justices, that there are upwards of thirty sometimes assembled at the Truro Sessions; which suggested a facetious remark of a lady at a time when we apprehended an insurrection of the Tinners, several of whom were bound to keep the peace:—"I am only afraid of an insurrection of the Justices—bind them to keep the peace!"—The conduct, however, of the Justices, uniformly decorous and dignified, must have

shewn, how harmlessly unmeaning was her joke—how playful without a sting!

For conversation, in the mean time, on the most interesting subjects, we had more enlightened friends than Mr. Sandys of the Lizard. In the familiar biography (which I ventured to introduce into the Cornwall Historical Sketches, as a relief to genealogical research) was mentioned James of St. Keverne, as a man of science and humour. What is far better, he was a man of principle. He had barely a competency; but he was content. His little library, his small parlour, his bed-room, his kitchen, his garden, and even the hut of *Trelo*, his pointer, were all pictures. His books, presents from Hawkins and Vyvyan, and many other gentlemen, were quite a treasure. But the heaths, the fields, the rivers, and the sea, were the scenes he loved. Fond of shooting and of fishing, he shot and fished as a naturalist. With him I passed many a pleasant day; to recollect which is even now refreshing to my spirits. "I am come to dine with you"—he used to tell me, when he thought proper to make his appearance about an hour before dinner. And his visit (even though the Muse had fired my imagination) was always an agreeable interruption. To the Baronets of Trelowarren, from honest old Sir Richard to the late accomplished Sir Viell Vyvyan, Mr. James was equally a welcome guest. Let me add, that throughout the extensive parish of St. Keverne, his word was almost a law. Knowlege, it is said, is power;

but it can only sway the willing mind, when in union with integrity.

In our own parish also, we had highly estimable neighbours. The family of Halvose, though they came indeed and disappeared with the swallow, contributed largely to our social comfort. The good Captain of Landrewick was no bird of passage. We rejoiced in his open generous heart. Nor was Mr. Thomas of the Church-town (among whose cordial friends was Dr. Pearce, the Dean of Ely,) a much less worthy character. In short, we were placed amidst a people whose characteristic features, from the esquire to the peasant, were kindness without cringing, and friendliness without profession. There was a promptness in doing a good office — no waste of words in compliment. Through their civility we had a continual feast of hares, partridges, and woodcocks, either offered for acceptance, or purchased for a trifle—a couple of road-woodcocks, for instance, for a shilling. And with a couple of road-woodcocks we had just been presented, on the evening of that odd interview with the "bread-fruit" Bligh, which is recorded in my outline of the History of Cornwall *.

I have stated that Captain (afterwards Admiral) Bligh was apprehended by the Manaccan constables, while in the act of surveying the harbour of Helford, and triumphantly brought to the vicarage, to be examined by the Justice, under a sus-

* Vol. V. p. 8.

picion of correspondence with the enemy. Not knowing who he was, we suffered him to remain in an outhouse, a close prisoner, whilst in our little parlour we sipped our tea at leisure. When brought before the Magistrate, Captain Bligh refused to give any account of himself, till his guard was sent out of the room, and the door shut;—to which I at length assented, not without a feeling of apprehension. But a moment's conversation with Captain Bligh discovered all the gentleman. In an act of duty, he had been roughly treated; and he resented it. But his anger evaporating, he even joined me in commending the loyal zeal of my parishioners, whom I dismissed; taking Captain B. under my own care. The woodcocks were produced for supper, and a variety of wines such as they were*; and it was two o'clock in the morning before we parted, I may say mutually pleased, for I was delighted with his conversation: and a present of his books, and our correspondence some time afterwards, sufficiently testified his sense of what he called my hospitality, and his wish to conciliate my regard and cultivate my friendship.

The office of Magistrate, indispensable in our

* On coming to the vicarage, I found the cellar (almost as large as the breakfast-parlour) stored with wines and spirituous liquors—some very bad and some of the best quality—all which were appraised at no more than £.20. The Coniac-brandy, Claret, and Frontiniac, were excellent. But the binns were full of wine and salt-water, picked up at wrecks by my predecessor. The *salt*, indeed, so much predominated in some bottles, that it was almost *merum sal*.

neighbourhood, had been forced upon me *. But there were pleasant circumstances attending it—Sir Michael Noel's hospitalities, for instance, and the occasional meeting with such men as Sir John Morshead or his brother the General, or Lord Exmouth; to the latter of whom, always alert in the execution of his duty, whether by land or sea, I rejoiced in paying my respects, especially on the bench at Falmouth.

But the most memorable of our public meetings, was the day of the enrollment of the Miners corps, at Constantine; where Sir John Morshead, the Lord Warden; John Thomas, Esq.

* I cannot but take this opportunity of observing, that I by no means admire any of the new enactments that respect the conduct of parish-officers or Magistrates. The last two Acts for the regulation of Vestries clash palpably. It was wise to make the power of voting commensurate with property. But the "Select Vestry" has in effect put property out of the question, as the persons constituting the Select Vestry are elected by the parishioners at large—in other words—the populace. In two extensive parishes of this neighbourhood, men of large property are superseded by demagogues, whose property (if it may be so called) is barely rateable: and such demagogues will always secure the suffrages of the mob. It is idle to say that "the Select Vestry," to be legalized, must have the sanction of the Magistrate. The Magistrate's signature is *ministerial:* yet it appears by the Bill, as first introduced into the House, that the *deliberative imprimatur* of two Justices was intended. This would have been well. We have now mention of one Justice only in a slighting parenthesis.—And why, in the case of the poor, oppressed by parochial rates, is the power of relieving them taken from the Magistrate?—For the Highway Acts, there is certainly much correction required.—With respect to the Church, the New Register Act is very defective; and even the last Marriage Act is, in my apprehension, obscure.

the V. Warden of the Stannaries of Cornwall; John Lemon, Esq. (brother to Sir William), and John Vivian, Esq. were assembled. Before the commencement of business, it was a truly *Horatian* hour we passed with that polite scholar and gentleman, John Lemon. In the church-yard of Constantine, almost every epitaph excited a pointed apothegm or a brilliant illustration. And reluctantly indeed did we descend from our classic elevation, to force our way through crowds of Miners to the room prepared for our reception; where scarcely were we seated before the murmurs of discontent or disaffection assailed us, and a messenger with trepidation told us, that the Miners refused to be enrolled—that as the day advanced they would become more and more unmanageable, and that probably (as they had acted on former occasions) they would pull the house down about our ears. The enrollment, however, was suffered to proceed; and we escaped in whole skin, the Lord Warden and all.

For the society of the neighbouring towns, it would be unjust to the memory of the furry-day, and the bowling-green, not to memorize Helston; or to the merits of a first rate physician *, to forget Falmouth; or to friendship, taste, and elegance, to pass Penryn in silence †.

But it was not often we left the vicarage. And, if the emergence of the moment called me from

* Dr. Luke, who went from Falmouth to Exeter—from Exeter to London.

† The Temples of Gluvias were succeeded by the Howells.

home, I sometimes lamented the severe necessity. To wait upon the Sheriff, as his Chaplain, was irksome. To attend the funeral of a deceased mother, was indeed painful!

So glided away, in domestic retirement, the happiest of our days!

That in this retreat we should have seen so many *casual* visitors as are now rising to my remembrance, is almost to be wondered at. I have noticed already one or two: three more this moment occur—Dr. Pearce, the Dean of Ely; Abbot, Speaker of the House of Commons; and the venerable De Luc *.

Dean PEARCE, a native of St. Keverne, was much attached to his native place, and in nothing he delighted more than in conversing with his Cornish friends. His pleasantry was more remarkable than his learning. Not that I would depreciate his classical or theological attainments; yet I have no relish at all for his Sermons. They want the unction of the spirit. Where the subjects admit of pathos, they have none. They are coldly argumentative. They have an air of indifference, even where we should expect animation.

As member for Helston, ABBOT (now Lord Colchester) had visited Halvoze in Manaccan, the country-seat of one of his constituents. I was honoured with a morning-call; and he well recollected me, as a Christ Church man. His "*Petrus*

* I have not forgotten the honour of a visit from Lord De Dunstanville; who, benevolent under all circumstances, seemed to have pleasure even in our humble accommodations.

Magnus," the prize poem of 1777, was honoured with a medal from the Empress Catharine. On subjects of abstruse literature, he was consulted, even when an undergraduate, by our lecturers Jackson and Randolph.

In the House of Commons, his eulogia on the Duke of Wellington were only less sublime than the atchievements which they celebrated.

For good old De Luc*, I had only to regret that, amidst our preparations for departing from Manaccan to Kenwyn, he was introduced to me, and not before. But I found time to walk with him from creek to creek, and to treat him with butter-toast for his supper, and butter-toast for his breakfast; for such was his sole aliment—"a firmer support (he said) through the day and the night than any animal food." On his bed he reposed but a few hours. But then his sleep (as Dr. Downman used to express himself) was *condensed*. At my house, retiring to his chamber, he wrote in French (as was his custom) all the observations he had made on the preceding day, many pages, and then read a portion of the Pilgrim's Progress, and then knelt down in prayer. After this process, he had recourse to his pillow, a happy Christian!—He was a florid healthful old man—always cheerful—enthusiastically attached to the object of his pursuit; and, whatever was the topic of conversation, continually recurring to that object. This we re-

* The venerable Le Luc of Mrs. Radcliffe [See "Romance of the Forest," vol. III. pp. 53—100] was not superior to our Philosopher, in every Christian virtue.

gretted; as we were anxious to hear some anecdotes of the King and Queen, with whom De Luc was in a manner domesticated. He told us, that he had cautioned their Majesties against Lancaster's Schools, and that his advice was taken in good part.—He freely confessed, that he had no relish for Poetry in any language. "Till the sentiment of a poem (he said) was reduced to plain prose, it was to him perfectly unintelligible."

From his Travels I shall make an extract for the sake of a few notes in illustration of it:

"1257. Mr. ROGERS's* complaisance had (without his perceiving it) detained him beyond the time at which he had intended to return to Helstone; so that he was obliged to leave me as soon as we reached the place where we had appointed my driver to meet us; but he rendered me a farther service before we parted. I was to go on to Manaccan, at the distance of about eight miles, where I was that night expected by Mr. POLWHELE; Vicar of the parish, in consequence of a letter which Mr. GWATKIN† had written to him. My driver would have been

* J. Rogers, Esq. of Penrose, near Helston, who married Miss Basset, a sister of Lord De Dunstanville. Mr. Rogers is the true old English Gentleman. For some time he sat in Parliament greatly to the satisfaction of his constituents. But since his retirement in the country, his services to his neighbourhood as a landlord and a magistrate, have been useful beyond all calculation. Nor is he less estimable as a domestic character. He is the father of a very large family; among whom John and Hugh Rogers (the former a Canon of the Cathedral Church of Exeter) do honour to their profession.

† Gwatkin of *Killiou* (or *the groves*, where is now scarcely a tree which a Devonian would deign to look at)—he married a Miss Palmer, one of the accomplished nieces of Sir Joshua Reynolds. His high spirit, his courtesy, his hospitality, and above all, his religiousness, have had their sphere of usefulness

much at a loss to find the way thither, as many roads intersect each other on the upper part of the hills, but Mr. Rogers gave him directions, pointing out to him at a distance some steeples by which we were to be guided.

"1258. I found this road very interesting with respect to geological objects; but I must mention by the way a circumstance of a different kind: I saw here large tufts of the beautiful *Erica didyma*, which is peculiar to this part of Cornwall, and which I do not recollect to have seen any where else. The road passed near the top of several combes extending down to the coast, on the east of the Lizard point; and it is totally impossible to suppose them to have been hollowed out by the waters, as they do not afford a passage to any streams, but mere rills formed by the springs on their sides. So long as I proceeded on the soil, of which the basis is serpentine, I saw rising above its surface ridges of rocks, consisting of strata of that kind dipping inwards; then for a considerable way I perceived no traces of any stony strata; and when afterwards some appeared they were of schistus. I was now going towards a gulph, which being entered by the small river Hel, is considered by Mr. Playfair as the mouth of that river, and is included by him among others particularly named in p. 309, where he adds, "it will appear perfectly clear, that they have been produced by their respective streams."—I had, therefore, determined to see this river also; and I could not have obtained better information than from Mr. Polwhele, whose History of Devonshire had in many places been my guide, and who had recently published a similar work concerning Cornwall.

"1259. It was half-past four when I arrived at Manaccan, where Mr. Polwhele gave me a very obliging reception: on hearing that it was my intention to observe the arm of the sea into which the river Hel discharges itself, he told me that he regretted being obliged to set out the next day for Truro; but as it was my intention to proceed from Manaccan to Penryn, he purposed that we should travel together as far as Gweek, a place

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and of splendour greatly enlarged, in consequence of the decease of a noble relation; in whom we should have envied the pictures of Sir J. Reynolds beyond any other possession.

six miles distant from the sea, where the Hel enters its æstuary, so that it would be sufficient for that evening if I observed the entrance of the gulph, whither he was happy to accompany me immediately, notwithstanding the frequent showers which were still continuing.

"1260. Manaccan stands on a promontory, terminated by a cape called Little St. Dennis, and separating two gulphs, one very large to the north, the head of which is entered by the Hel; and the other smaller, entered by the little river Durra. Going first over the promontory towards the latter, we came to the northern side of a very deep combe, of which we evidently saw that the lower part had been originally occupied by the sea, though it is now almost entirely filled up. We then retired back across the promontory, and proceeded to its opposite side, commanding the gulph of the Hel; and while we were looking down on this space, Mr. Polwhele, being acquainted with what Mr. Playfair had said of it, told me that this gulph alone, if he had seen it, ought to have sufficed to make him abandon his system. It is known by tradition, that vessels formerly ascended to the head of the gulph, six miles above its entrance; while at present the prolonged course of the river cannot at low water be approached on foot at Helford, which we saw below us, only three miles from the sea, the bottom consisting entirely of soft mire; so that those who cross the gulph in that part, are obliged to wait for high water, that the passage boat may come up to the solid bank. At this point opens a large lateral æstuary, which extends a considerable way northwards, winding around the hills; several other æstuaries, both to the north and to the south, open also into the gulph, and are separated by ridges of hills: almost all these æstuaries are filled up, as I have already explained, with respect to those of the great gulph of Falmouth on the N. E.*

"August 2nd. I passed the morning with Mr. Polwhele, conversing on the observations which I had made in following the traces marked out by him in Devonshire, and now in Cornwall also; and at three in the afternoon he was so good as to take me

* Thus far written in French at my house, after De Luc had retired to his bed-chamber.

with him in his chaise to the spot where we were obliged to separate. In our way along the brow of the hills to the South, we were continually ascending and descending, as we crossed combes which terminated at the gulph, and in which I saw only rivulets flowing. The state of the schistose strata, covered with an argillaceous soil, shews, farther, that not only the combes but the gulph itself are effects of subsidence, and that the masses of broken strata have undergone separations and angular movements. I gave attention particularly to a large hill forming the western side of the last of these combes, and extending towards the vallies through which the Hel arrives. The road to Gweek descends this hill; and being cut down to a considerable depth, its sides exhibit strata of schistus in great disorder, but in general with an inclination following the slope which indicates the part where the rest of the strata have disappeared from the surface; being that where the valley of the Hel comes down to the level of the gulph. At Gweek I saw a promontory terminating a ridge of hills, from one side of which the Hel arrives, and from the other a brook that joins it; but these when united form only a small stream, though flowing in a very wide space. We were told by people on the spot, that at the spring tides the water rises up to this point; that when it ebbs, it leaves uncovered a space of seven miles in length, extending on the outer side of the gulph, and consisting entirely of mud, through which the little river preserves its course; and that this ground is still continuing to be raised by the sediments of the river and of the tides. Thus it cannot certainly have been by the actions of these waters that an arm of the sea has here been formed between hills.

1261. It was at this place Mr. Polwhele and I were to part, as he was going to Truro, and I to Penryn, which is situated at the head of the æstuary descending to Falmouth; but we were to meet again the next day at Killiou. I now had to cross a ridge of hills, which separates the gulph of the Hel from that of the Fal. It has been seen that the hills on the Southern side of the former river, and its gulph, consist simply of strata of schistus, covered with a very thick argillaceous soil; and it will now appear whether those on the Northern correspond with the idea expressed by Mr. Playfair, p. 104, where he gives the identity of

the strata on the opposite sides of rivers, as one of the proofs that streams have excavated the channels in which they flow.

1268. At one o'clock I arrived at Killiow, where I had again the pleasure of seeing Mr. Polwhele; and here I experienced a new instance of Mr. Gwatkin's kindness, as he had been so good as to invite to meet me his brother-in-law, Mr. William Gregor, a Clergyman who lives near Grampound, on the course of the river Fal, and whom he requested to be my guide on the Eastern side of the gulph. I had already been recommended to this gentleman, and to Mr. Gregor, his elder brother, by Mr. Nott, whom I have so frequently had occasion to mention as having greatly assisted me in these travels by his recommendations. Mr. Gregor lives on the family estate of Trewarthennick, near Tregony, lying lower on the course of the same river; and as I had several other recommendations for this Eastern part of Cornwall, Mr. Gwatkin was again so good as to make out for me, an itinerary for five days, that I might write to the gentlemen whom I wished to find at home, informing them when I should be with them.—*See De Luc's Geol. Travels, vol. III. pp.* 315.

So glided (I have said) our domestic day—yet not "without a trouble or a fear." There was more than one dangerous illness of Mrs. Polwhele; but there was one in particular, which memory gives affection to retrace, even now, with trembling. To Dr. Luke, under Providence, we ascribe her recovery. And to Dr. Luke I have offered from the heart, and, "from the understanding also," that tribute of grateful acknowledgment which his unrivalled abilities and his affectionate attentions so justly merited *.

* See the History of Cornwall, vol. V. p. 132.

SECTION II.

Letters from SEWARD, HAYLEY, DARWIN, DOWNMAN, WHITAKER, &c.

B. *to* R. P.

MY GOOD FRIEND, Aug. 16, 1794.

* * * * * * *

I have attended as president all the meetings of our society since you left us, and have it therefore in my power to acquaint you what has passed among us since your departure. On the 3rd of June Mr. Short read an account of his travels in Switzerland, which, like almost all other Travels, to me, who seldom stir from my elbow-chair, were highly entertaining. What added much to the entertainment, were several drawings by himself of some of the scenes which he described in his Tour, executed with a good deal of taste; and others, highly finished, which he purchased abroad, and which infinitely exceeded in elegance and spirit any thing I had ever seen. Swete himself was most forcibly struck with them, and pronounced them incomparable.

At our next meeting your Essay and Ode were read: the whole company were exceedingly pleased with the treat you had furnished them; and it was agreed that your Ode was written in your best manner. The handsome compliment which

you have paid me, and another of the sons of the Teign, at the conclusion of it, I cannot but regard as a distinguished mark of your friendship. I must however add, that the consciousness of the very moderate acquirements I am possessed of, prevented me from feeling in its *full* force your friendly encomium. Hayter, who is on a visit in the Isle of Wight, has not had an opportunity of learning how much he is indebted to you. After your Ode, Dr. Parr read (so very heterogeneous is the mixture of literary articles in our Society) two letters of Chapple's on the etymology, I think, of an English word or two; and one of Badcock's, written, I believe, but never sent, to Dr. Warton of Winchester, on a passage in his Essay on Pope. At this meeting it was proposed to print a volume of our compositions. Last Thursday (which was dignified with the title of our Venison Feast), Dr. Downman read a paper, the purport of which was to prove that the Sonnets attributed to Shakspeare are not really his; and this the Doctor did by an examination of their internal as well as external evidence, and I think satisfactorily proved his point. The Doctor then entertained us with an Ode to Victory, a short but spirited composition, which concluded with a well-timed compliment to Lord Howe.

I hope that my letters, if they convey no extensive information, will be regarded as a small mark of the very great esteem and affection of, dear Polwhele, your faithful friend, B.

Miss Seward *to* R. P.

Sir, Lichfield, Oct. 14, 1794.

You have wondered at my silence. That it has not originated in neglect, or want of sensibility to the beauty of the extracts you sent me, is certain. Simply thus: I was very ill all the summer. Coast residence and sea-bathing were ordered by my physicians, together with the utmost possible abstinence from my pen. My complaints are chiefly stomachic, and had been increased, if not caused, by that inevitable excess of epistolary employment, in which I have been long involved. To preclude the likelihood of frustrating the good effects of my expedition, either by much writing or by anxiety of spirit in not replying to letters which seemed to *require* speedy reply, I ordered that all which should arrive for me here in absence, instead of being sent after me, should wait my return. It was necessary to leave the same orders last year, though for a *three months* absence; and I shall be obliged always to do so when I travel for my *health*. You will be conscious that this necessity must cause a great accumulation of epistolary business on my coming home. I left Lichfield on the 2nd of September; your letter is dated the first, and consequently came in my absence. I saw it not till yesterday morning, when, with a number of others, it was put into my hands.

My health has received considerable benefit from this journey, but a cold I caught on the road

falling into my eyes renders writing painful; neither will the unavoidable business and engagements consequent upon a six weeks absence allow me, perhaps during some time to come, a couple of those secluded hours, necessary, at least to *me*, for poetic composition. Therefore is it that I cannot endure to defer explaining to you the true reason that you have not heard from me through the course of so many weeks, though *now* I can, upon the subject of your letter, only say, that, judging from the extracts perused with enforced haste, you appear to discuss a very interesting subject with philosophic precision and poetic elegance.

These are perilous times, and most unpropitious to poetic publication. In calmer and happier periods the contemptuous and unjust severity of Johnson's criticisms in his *Lives of the Poets* would have continued to operate balefully upon emerging genius. They had deeply tainted the public mind with disdain of science; and now it is so fixed on political subjects as to leave a new work in verse without a chance of obtaining general notice, be its pretension ever so unquestionable. This Gothic apathy the Reviewers, emulous of Johnsonian sarcasm, will justify to those who feel it. A speech of Burke's upon those Critics who, without Johnson's ability, affect his sarcastic contumely, suggested the idea of the following Sonnet, which I wrote some years ago, and which with ninety-nine of its brethren, written on different occasions, as they arose during the progress

of twenty years, are now slumbering in my writing-desk, withheld from the press by my conviction of the total decay of poetic appetite:

SONNET *on the imitative decisions of our Reviewers in the poetic department.*

Lo! modern Critics emulously dare
Ape the great Despot! throw in pompous tone
And massy words their true *no meaning* down!
But, while their envious eyes on genius glare,
While axioms false assiduously they square
In arrogant antithesis, a frown
Lours on the brow of Justice, to disown
The kindred malice, with its mimic air.

Spirit of Common Sense! must we endure
The incrustation hard without the *gem*,
Find in th' Anana's rind the wilding sour,
The Oak's rough knots on every *Ozier's* stem,
The dark *contortions* of the Sybil bear,
Whose *inspirations* never meet our ear *?

Adieu, Sir, and believe me, with great esteem for your talents and erudition,

Your obliged and obedient servant,

ANNA SEWARD.

* In jargon like the following are the works of genius perpetually reviewed in our public prints: "Passion has not sufficient coolness to pause for metaphor, nor metaphor ardor enough to keep pace with passion."—Nothing can be less true; metaphoric strength of language will burst even from illiterate and vulgar minds, when they are *agitated*. It is a natural effort of the passions in every mental gradation from simplicity to the last refinement. *Similes*, it is true, are *not* natural to strong emotion. *They* are the result of a mind calm and at leisure to compare.

The same to the same.

SIR, Lichfield, Nov. 26, 1794.

Since the day on which I sent you that hasty letter after my return from a five weeks residence on the coast, I have, amidst an hurry of business and engagements which returning indisposition rendered oppressive, several times perused attentively the poetic extracts with which you favoured me. Upon the *subject* of the Poem of which they are specimens, I have through life frequently meditated with pleasure.

Amidst a lively sense of *general* approbation, allow me to state to you a few verbal objections, and a certain doubt or two, which arose as I perused these extracts. Stanza 1st, beginning "The wandering Dove"—and a *beautiful* stanza it is—but I do not like the word *beagle;* to my ear it sounds vulgar. I would rather say,

The exulting Dog scowers the wide woods in quest, &c.

Neither do I think the epithet prancing *just*, or that it produces a *pleasing* alliteration. A horse never prances but under the rein. The next Stanza, "The Grecian Pilot," I like the least of all I have seen. He is described at once pensive, exulting, and indignant;—nor know I exactly what is meant by "lifting *to* Pride his sparkling eye;" and how can the Isle be said to be *lost to fame* which nursed the heroes of the *Iliad?*

In the next Stanza I cannot like the low word *things* being made principal, as a *rhyme.* I have

often been disgusted with the frequent recurrence of that word in Akenside's fine Poem in blank verse. Is the epithet *tinted* sufficiently appropriate to Autumn? Might it not equally apply to Spring and Summer? I would rather say *golden* Autumn in that place, though it may be a more *common* expression, being more applicable, and very musical. The next Stanza, containing the picture of Penelope, is extremely beautiful; yet I would rather omit the words *in colours clear*, since, to the *unclassical* reader, they may present a false idea of the *bow* as a *rain-bow*—therefore I should rather read *simply*

Oft bade the past in dear illusion rise.

The Ossianic Stanzas, from part the second, *all charm* me. The minstrel whose style and measure have been your model, has no descriptive Stanza more dear to me than that of yours which begins:

Behold where colouring the grey skirts of Night, &c.

The unfeeling heir of modern life forms a striking contrast to the brave patriotic Chief of Scotland. Through all these Stanzas no *verbal* objection interrupted the pleasing enthusiasm excited by their perusal. In that where Mary is introduced I object to the epithet *gilded*, as feeble, unmeaning, and unappropriate. I would rather say

What tho' *yon pale cold throne* be mine, &c.

and (to go a little back in that verse) alliteration pleases or displeases as its beginning letters are musical or harsh. The consonant *f* is of the latter

class; and *fading France* would also be apt to be misunderstood, and taken metaphorically, instead of literally, by those who may not exactly recollect the circumstance of her lying on deck to gaze on that coast till the mists of evening hid it from her view.

> Bent the strain'd eye on her receding France,

would obviate both these objections. The succeeding verse appears to me verbally faultless, as it is sentimentally just. In the next quotation, which begins,

> Say then *doth* not the love of home, &c.

I much wish the harsh word *doth* away. It might be thus banished,

> Feel we not then the love of home inspire
> Generous sensations, &c.

In the next verse I think the *tear* should not be said to start to the *bosom*—I would rather express it,

> Say, when in quick emotion starts the tear
> To Valour's eye, ignobly does it flow?
> Checks not the Patriot's arm the dread career, &c.

In the concluding stanza I do not understand what is meant by the epithet *silver*, as applied to arts; nor can like the *but yet* in the final line. If it is to be the *last* in the Poem it ought to be as forcible as possible, both as to meaning and expression. Is not this line somewhat stronger?

> ——— sails unfurl'd,
> To spread his country's weal, and fraternize the world.

If these my objections appear to you weak and unfounded, yet receive them as proofs of my sin-

cerity, and solicitude for the reputation of your Poem, and believe me, Sir,

Your obliged servant, ANNA SEWARD.

P. S. This moment it strikes me that the word *fraternize* in my suggested plan of your final line, is disgraced, and become obnoxious by the crimes of the French, and by the mischiefs of their execrable system.

Will you accept a Sonnet expressive of my feelings?

O! thou, whose genius, in the colours clear
Of lyric grace, and philosophic art;
Traces the sweetest feelings of the heart,
Scorn for thy muse the envy-sharpen'd spear,
In darkness thrown, when, shielded by desert,
She seeks th' immortal Fane. To Virtue dear
Thy verse esteeming, feeling minds impart
Their vital smile, their consecrating tear.
Fancy, and judgment, view with gracious eyes
Its kindred tints, that paint the silent power
Of local objects, deed of high emprize
To prompt; while their delightful spells restore
The precious, vanish'd days of former joys,
By Love or Glory wreath'd with many a flower.

W. HAYLEY, *Esq. to* R. P.

DEAR SIR, Sept. 21, 1794.

I sincerely lament your very severe disappointment in provincial history, and as heartily wish you success in your poetical pursuits. You have chosen a very interesting subject; and in the

extracts you sent me, there seems to me to be considerable spirit, and felicity of expression; but I am obliged to add, that I am painfully deprived of proper powers to criticise your work, since declining health has forced me for some months to suspend my studies. Believe me, my dear Sir, your very sincere humble servant,

W. HAYLEY.

Dr. DARWIN *to* R. P.

MY DEAR SIR, Sept. 21, 1794.

The Stanza of Spencer succeeded in Shenstone's School Mistress, but I am not certain whether it is so well adapted to long works; as, like Sonnets, the rhyme becomes of too much importance, as the ear is obliged to attend to it. It has, however, countervailing advantages; I mean, that a weak line is excused, as it seems necessary for the filling up of the stanza.

The Poem you have favoured me with is beautifully natural, and elegantly descriptive; and I think does better in your kind of stanza, than it would in common heroic measure; yet I doubt the effect of the stanza in a very long work. The word *leaden* pound for pressing cyder, I should object to; as lead is believed to render cyder not only insalubrious, but even poisonous.

Yours, &c. E. D.

Mr. WHITAKER *to* R. P.

MY DEAR SIR, Sept. 20, 1794.

* * * * * * *

A man, who has been an author so long as you have been, must have experienced a reciprocation of praises and censures, and be seasoned to them both. A circumnavigator of the globe should smile at the gales that would justly alarm a fresh-water sailor in the channel. And surely any blasts that can blow from either of those quarters, are not tornadoes to sink, or hurricanes to sweep away the vessel; are not even the equinoctial storms of the moment of my writing; are merely the scented winds of Cotton's Æolus.

* * * * * * *

On the Archdeacon's saying that the Bishop gave you a living as the writer of two volumes of sermons, I replied openly before all the Clergy, "I was glad to hear it, because, as the Bishop had now given you a small living for two volumes of Sermons, I hoped he would give you a much larger one for your History of Devonshire."

You speak of your afflictions. But look, my dear Sir, at those of others. Look at mine particularly. For twelve years was I engaged in law-suits about tithes, had all the laity against me of course, had all the clergy deserting me, both clergy and laity depressing my character. The clergy to humble a man who presumed to speak, to write, to print, as if he was superior to them; the laity to beat down a bold asserter of clerical

rights against their usurpations; even the very Bishop turning against me, and *once* the laity proclaiming I should be *degraded*, the clergy expecting I should be *openly admonished* by the Bishop at the Visitation. In this situation, Mrs. W. trembling for the consequence, and therefore (though under another pretence) resolving to go with me, I set out for the Visitation, was thrown from my horse, taken up senseless, and carried back to my house. Mr. T.—— was sent for, to carry my apology for non-attendance to the Bishop. His look convinced me he thought my hurt only a pretence to avoid an attendance. This cured me instantly. I had a plaister applied to my head, remounted my horse, went to the visitation, had more talk than any other man at the table with the Bishop, and returned, to the grief (I fear) of some of my brethren, to the amazement of all the laity, in good health and in high spirits. I mention all this, to shew you how I have weathered much greater difficulties than any which you can have to weather. Religion indeed was my support. "*Et me qui sidera fulcit*" was my maxim; and at last I triumphed over all opposition, over-awed the Bishop, subdued my parishioners, and now have my parish in a better state of subjection and amity towards me than any of the parishes of my neighbours are to them. "Go and do you likewise." Trust in God, exert yourself with vigour, and you will succeed finally.

I shall always be happy to shew my respect and friendship for you. I have a high opinion of

your abilities, various, lively, and strong. Your imagination is vivid, yet your judgment is vigorous; your taste elegant, and your learning considerable. I say all this in the sincerity and truth with which I think it; but I say it now, to pour balm into the wounds of your mind, to soothe your ulcered soul, and to bring you back into a proper sense and conceit of yourself. I have, and have always had, the ambitious wish of fostering a genius like yours with proper praises.

I have thus written a long letter to you, in the midst of some domestic afflictions. My second girl and Mrs. W. were ill for weeks in the winter, of a putrid fever; and about three weeks ago Mrs. W. was obliged to fetch away from school, at Falmouth, the oldest and the youngest, both ill of the same disorder. They have been ever since in bed. The physician says that the crisis is past with the youngest, and it seems since he was here to be equally past with the eldest; yet they are both very weak in body, and very low in spirits. I fear for Mrs. W. so much about them as she is, and so often called up to them in the night. "If I am bereft of *her*, I am bereft *indeed*."

I beg my respects to Mrs. P.; Mrs. W. begs hers to you and her. I may perhaps be permitted by that sickness to take some rides, and travel into your neighbourhood. If I do, I will certainly wait upon Mrs. P. and you, and profess in person how much I am, my dear Sir, your friend and servant,

J. WHITAKER.

The same to the same.

MY DEAR SIR, Nov. 14, 1794.

* * * * * * *

I believe I never told you, that General Melvill, who *did* keep a plentiful table in Brewer-street, London, and had (I believe) Pinkerton on Sunday to eat his good dinner and hear his frivolous talk, referred me to *Magazines and Reviews*, to shew *it was a drawn battle between us.* This shewed me what he expected from his countryman Pinkerton, and when he had not struck one stroke, and the battle was, therefore, all upon one side; yet such was his fear of me, I believe, that he left London, after my hearing from him, and retired into Scotland with a resolution of visiting London no more.

Yet one countryman of his, to whom I sent a copy of my Hannibal, has just written to tell me, that he has now in the press, and shall publish this month or the next, a pamphlet upon my work, agreeing with me, and applauding me in general, only differing from me in one or two particulars. The author of this is one who has been much applauded for one publication, but has so much of simple modesty about him, as not to prefix his name to this work or to that.

Mr. Pownall also, I hear, is fretting and fuming at what I have said concerning *him.* I know him personally, and know him to be a man of genius. He has been some time menacing to publish against me; but this week I have heard that he

is to publish in one of the Magazines. If he publishes in any but the Gentleman's, I shall not see him; and if he publishes in the Gentleman's, I suppose I shall not answer him.

I preached at the Visitation a Sermon on the Origin of Government. The idea is not novel, but founded upon the everlasting pillars of the Scriptures, and subversive of all the common theories at once. I concluded this with as pointed a description of the present state of France, as my pen and my zeal could compose; and I am now going to publish all, as a pamphlet, in opposition to French Anarchy and French Atheism. I fear no censures, no contradiction, no malice; even the guillotine is nothing to him who would be proud to die a martyr for the Religion of the Gospel.

The dreadful wetness of the weather precluded me from all excursions in the month of October. I meant to have gone East and West, but went neither. I should otherwise have called upon you, had I gone West.

Dr. DOWNMAN *to* R. P.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Exeter, Dec. 6, 1794.

* * * * * * *

You are too rapid in your expectation of the progress of our volume.

Your Essay is intended to be used, at least so I think. The Falconry will go to press in

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its turn. — The first Essay, on Pindar, is not yet quite printed. Emett is at Taunton; I expect to see him here soon.—Did I tell you Mr. Marker had been proposed? His election did not come on last time, as only four members were present. Who read I dont know.

Instead of any thing else, accept, for the conclusion of my letter, an Epigram, which I wrote the other day on a particular occasion.

To a Lady who played at Cards for Kisses.

Such is the bet you ever ought to lay,
Such is the *coin* which Justice bids you pay:
For Venus *minted* it with choicest care,
And stamp'd the glowing form of Cupid there.
With tints vermilion, and in living lines,
His *image* there, and *superscription* shines.
Come then, the *tributary* game pursue,
Render to Cupid, what is Cupid's due.

Yours, &c. H. D.

One of the most learned and liberal of our Society was HAYTER; from whom I had the honour of receiving this elegant Virgilian Poem a few days before I left Devonshire, on my journey to Manaccan.

DAMNONIUM.

"Anglia quâ sole hesperio jam angusta tepescit,
Atque unda oceani refugit lambentis utrinque
Oscula, terram olim sceptro et ditione tenebant
Infecti Britonum reges: his sanguine alto
Cimmerium genus Japeti, nec fabula longas

Mentitur cæca ambages. Ibi nocte dieque
Per nemora ardebant saxosa altaribus ignes,
Placebatque humano obscenas hostia quercus.
Prædo nihil metuens nocturno hyemumque procellis
Stramineas tecti latebras in vallibus imis
Incola ponebat, tutâ felicior umbrâ.
Damnonio hinc illi nomen. Mox Roma feroces
Indigenas mansueta armis cultuque subegit.
Hinc et mos, et lex, quæ religionis avitæ
Exuit horrendas immani carmine lucos.
O quanta hæc Britonum, fuerat si Roma superstes,
Gratia—Deis aliter placuit—namque Itala virtus
Dilapso tandem imperio, signisque revulsis,
Ipsa sibi est trepida, et perituros liquit amicos.
Aspicis ut obstantes æturnum abitura Britannos
Dimoveat Romana acies—non pignora cara
Osculave aut gemitus, lachrymæve merentur euntum.
Tum demum fera gens septem subjecta trioni
Irruit, et nudatâ arctoi litoris orâ
Aggreditur facilem bene nota per æquora prædam.
Nec solùm avulsas devicta Britannia plorat
Artesque et jura, et vinclis succumbit iniquis.
At ne quid demum miserandæ dulce supersit
Aut patriæ, aut una exigui solaminis umbra,
Ipso etiam excidit spoliato nomine laudis
Antiquæ et rerum vestigia. Sed tamen hosti
Vis cœli ingeniumque hominum et cum nomine virtus
Accepêre, et gestorum haud oblita priorum est
Anglia. Tu, quot mille luis perjuria, mendax
Gallia, tu testis, quid possint vindice dextrâ
Angligenæ, sive Anglo-Britanni. Testis Iberus
Submisso porrecta pavens per littora fastu.
Ipsa inter glacies ignotas frigoraque alta
Volvitur in præceps tremefacta Borysthenis unda,
Et Georgi auspiciis mansuescit Sarmata victor.
Scilicet his patriæ plus justâ parte triumphis
Devonia, O felix, plusquam sociata periclis
Dant tibi fata frui. Salve, O sanctissima mater,
Tu salve, natalis ager, fœcunda virorum,

Tu, segetumque parens, tu diis præsentibus artes,
Tu simul arma colis, famæ spes magna Britannæ.
Nec te adeo tacitum Musa, O Polyele, relinquet
Qui prima tandem repetens ab origine pandis
Res Damnoniacas! Stirpis tu obscura remotæ
Evolvis monumenta; soli tu viscera cæca
Thesaurosque imâ reseras tellure latentes;
Temperiemque doces cœli, quo cultu habituque
Quoque viget regio, renuit quid quæque feratque
Aut arbusta, herbarumque aut genus omne animantum.
Occultos nec te morum recludere fontes
Penituit, seu forte volenti grata Minervæ
Devonii sua sacra ferant, seu magnus Apollo
Delon sæpe suam dulci mutaverit Iscâ.
Quippe et Devoniæ prolem miratur Eoam
Asia, et Armeniæ tecum jam nacta receptos
Agnoscit nostro exultim sub sidere natos.
Hinc gaudet duce te ipse sui, ignarusque suorum,
Nec rursus proprios patriâ velut hospes in ipsâ,
Incola perlustrat fines, et jura penatûm.
Tu salve precor, O merito dilecte camænis,
Tu salve! Nec te tristis mala tædia curæ,
Insomnisque labor, nec TELUM IMBELLE MINACIS
TERREAT INVIDIÆ: tibi circum tempora lauri
Vis teget intactos famæ crescentis honores.

J. HAYTER.

These lines gave rise to the ode entitled "The Genius of Danmonium," of which I conceived the first thought at Crokern-well, and which I had finished before I reached Manaccan.

The stanzas that were first suggested to me are as follows:

Sfiatcht from the shrine-illumin'd East
I see the fires of Danmon rise,
To mark the new moon's solemn feast——
Behold, they lighten to the skies!
And, as assembled clans in silence gaze,
The distant karnes draw near, and kindle to the blaze!

Fast by yon chasmed hill that frowns
Cleft by an elemental shock,
As ashen foliage light embrowns
Its rude side ribb'd with massy rock;
Lo, on the pillar'd way the white rob'd bands
In long procession move, where proud the Cromlech stands.

But see, where breaking thro' the gloom
Danmonium's warrior-genius speeds
That scythed car, the dread of Rome!
See, fiercer than the light'ning, steeds
Trampling the dead, their hoofs with carnage stain,
Rush thro' the spear-strown field, and snort o'er heaps of slain!

It was the line,

Per nemora ardebant saxosa altaribus ignes

which prompted the above. The idea of a compliment to Hayter next occurred—whence a rude sketch of the concluding stanza:

He ceas'd; and to the faultering sound
The spirit of the rock replied:
The old oaks bending, kiss'd the ground,
Then wav'd their boughs with conscious pride;
While, borne on his translucent shell, hoar Teign
Joy'd that two sons were his, to rival Isca's reign.

The two gentlemen here noticed as residing in the neighbourhood of the Teign, are Hayter and Burrington ——— "Animæ quales," &c. &c.

Dr. Downman *to* ——. P.

My Dear Friend, Exeter, Dec. 20, 1794.

Genealogies, believe me, are beneath your notice. In *minute* chorography you will never give

satisfaction; you have a mind aspiring far—far above it. But in *Biography* you excel. In your statements and observations you are clear and accurate: your delineations of character are just, discriminating, and appropriate; and, in the *picturesque*, your descriptions are beautiful. Would to God you had broken the spell of that Armenian enchanter, and resumed your original intention of gratifying us with scenic pictures and biographical portraits! In grasping at so much you will lose all. I foresee (what a recompense for talents and for toil!) disgust and mortification. You will fail (or be thought to fail) in your localities, and in your family memorials; and before you die, you will see a fresh historiographer rising up, and announcing a History of Devonshire, as if yours had never existed.

Yours sincerely, H. D.

R. P. *to* Dr. Cole.

Dear Sir, December 6, 1794.

I have this instant read your letter; but with her Warton fresh upon her mind, can Alma Mater attempt "to grace another Brunswick's rising rays?" Of all our encomiastic poets, Warton alone wrote with success. Panegyric is most unpromising to the Muse, and, on such an emergence as the present, cold unmeaning rhymes are the usual tribute, generated by affectation, and received with indifference.

Yet, though my hand be quite out (for it is long since I have written verse), I will endeavour to serve you to the best of my ability; but you must furnish me with materials. Nothing can be more contemptible than unappropriate description. A poem on such a subject deserves not a moment's attention, if it possess not discrimination of character. I know scarcely any thing, however, of the Prince or the Princess.

Little characteristic traits are necessary to give a just appropriation to a production of this kind; without these, alter only the title perhaps—and our verses might be equally applicable to the Duke of York, &c. &c. Send me, therefore, all the anecdote you can relative to both personages, and give as particular an account as you can of the person and qualifications of the lady, &c. &c. &c.

In this retirement I have no opportunity of gaining information on the subject. I read only an Evening Paper and the Gentleman's Magazine. In the hope that I shall hear from you in good time,

I remain most sincerely yours, R. P.

DR. COLE *to* R. P.

DEAR POLWHELE, Ex. Coll. Oxford, Dec. 1794.

Your letter did not reach me early enough to admit of an answer by the day you mentioned,

when your servant was to be at Helston; and having been since that, very ill of a cold and fever, which I am apprehensive may terminate in ague, I have not till now been able to sit down to write.

Your observations on the subject of my request are very just, but I am totally unable to furnish you with the necessary materials; the Prince's affability and gentlemanlike manners are in every mouth, and ought not perhaps to be passed over by me, who have had the honour of spending a most agreeable day with him at the Duke of Clarence's, where the party consisted only of four. His conversation was extremely lively. He sung a variety of songs, and may be pronounced I think the accomplished gentleman. With respect to the Princess, nothing seems to be yet known of her person and qualifications. Mr. Reed, a fellow of this college, and tutor to Sir G. Elliot's son, informs me that lady Elliot's account of her is, that she is *rather handsome* than otherwise; lady E. has been much at the court of Brunswick.

Would it be less troublesome to you to write in blank verse? If so, and it be not unusual on such occasions, I shall be equally well pleased. If the copy be too long, the board, consisting of the Vice-Chancellor, Professor of Poetry, &c &c. will send it back to be shortened, which it may not be in my power to do, without injuring the whole.

I remain your sincere friend, J. Cole.

J. JONES, *Esq.* *to* R. P.

MY DEAR SIR, Temple, Dec. 31, 1794.

To prove that your letter is most acceptable to me, I hasten to acknowledge the receipt of it, and to confess myself culpably negligent in delaying so long to write. For some months past I have continually intended to write; but the consciousness of my uncivil behaviour towards you, and of the difficulty of assigning a plausible excuse hath as often deterred me. Your picture, which hangs over my chimney-piece, seemed to reproach my silence, and the artist has given you so severe a frown, that I was at last afraid to begin, and had almost determined to wait till chance should bring us again together, when I hoped, that in the pleasure such a meeting would afford, I should be able to procure a general act of indemnity for all past offences. I now accept your offer of renewing our past intimacy with as much ardour as you can propose it, and I sincerely hope that in future it will proceed without any obstruction.

Nothing material has occurred to me of late. I have, in general, had good health. I passed two months of the autumn in Devonshire, but not much to my satisfaction; for I was very much oppressed by a kind of heavy lethargy, which I am afraid to call hypochondria. I am never so well or so happy as in town. I have the society of some excellent companions, and I have the *amuse-*

ments of the town, which I find very necessary to my comfort. Put the worst construction you can upon what I say, but do not laugh at me, for I speak truth, and I do not find it a subject to be trifled with, at my time of life. During my stay in Devonshire I saw little of Downman, for I was not much in Exeter. I am almost afraid I offended him, by the little respect I showed him.

I have quitted my tutor in the sublime science of Special Pleading, and when I get into good chambers, which I expect to do in the course of a couple of months, I shall commence my practice. So much for riches—and now for honours. I have had the temerity to propose myself to that venerable body, the Antiquarian Society, "as a gentleman well versed in the history, laws, and antiquities of this kingdom, and therefore likely to become a useful and valuable member." Which specification of my talents has been subscribed by some of the most dignified fellows of that sage fraternity. In good earnest, I have been posted for many weeks past, and on the 22d of next month there will be a ballot for me. I am not sanguine in my expectations of success. When I can give you information of my election, you may proclaim me F. A. S. * Till then, let it be a secret between us. Were you in town I should ask your interest with the Bishop for his signature to my certificate. A Bishop's attestation would look well.

* He was elected.

I wait with impatience to hear more particularly from you. Pray make my respectful compliments to Mrs. Polwhele, to whom I hope some time to have the honour of being known, and believe me, my dear Sir,

Yours very truly, J. JONES.

I do not know whether I told you ——— was married. His wife, last week, lay-in of a son! N. B. 'Tis not a premature son.

MISS SEWARD *to* R. P.

Lichfield, Jan. 12, 1795.

It would certainly have given me pleasure, dear Sir, to have presented my Poems to the poetical society at Exeter, and I should have thought myself honoured in their acceptance of them; but all, except the Louisa, and the Ode on Gen. Elliot's return from Gibraltar, were out of print some years ago, and the booksellers, by their unpunctuality and impositions, so sickened me of publication, that I omitted to order new editions; the rather as, from year to year, it was my design to print a Miscellany some time or other, consisting of prose and verse, that would fill several volumes. Hitherto, overwhelming occupations, and the dislike of being pelted by personal foes in the dark guise of Review and Magazine Critics, and aversion to literary trouble and solicitude, have always made me recoil from the task, and proba-

bly always *will* do so. Of my own already published works I am worth only one single, and half-worn out copy of each, bound up together, and have it not in my power to procure another. You mentioned Mr. Tasker in your last. Doubtless he is a man of learning, but surely without a ray of real poetic genius. He sends me his verses, but I confess that I receive no pleasure from such compositions.

It would delight me to explore the celebrated scenes of Devonshire, and to meet you amidst them, but the distance is too great. I cannot travel in machines, and the expence of chaise-hire, on such immense journies, would be inconvenient to my determination of not exceeding my income—so that if sea-bathing should again be ordered me, I must seek the *nearer* coast.

I am sorry that you have been removed so far from those whose society could best "help to waste the sullen day." Wishing you every possible future recompence for so great a deprivation, I remain, dear Sir,

Your obliged and obedient servant,

ANNA SEWARD.

J. JONES, *Esq. to* R. P.

DEAR SIR, Temple, March 11, 1795.

If Job, in addition to his other plagues, had been appointed a County Historian, I doubt whe-

ther his patience would have stood the trial. He had indeed to encounter the Devil, and the Devil I find by experience is a powerful antagonist, but Satan treated him like a gentleman.

I have not seen the elegant piece of criticism you mention, with regard to the omission of some epitaphs in the cathedral. I really believe no such omissions exist.

As to the French, concerning whom you appear to have such violent alarms, I very much doubt whether we shall ever have occasion to "gird ourselves with swords" to oppose an invasion. If they invade us, which they possibly may attempt to do, in the course of the spring, the only mischief to be dreaded is the loss of a fishing town or two on the coast, and the incidental terror of the inhabitants where they may effect a landing. But unless the navy be first destroyed, or revolt, I do not see any reason to apprehend that they will in the minutest degree effect their purpose. The people hereabouts, who are more in danger than the people of your remote country, are in perfect ease as to the expected attempts of the French. 'Tis true many are arming; but of these I believe the more considerable number are men who simply wish to amuse themselves with playing at soldiers, like schoolboys, and who have not the most distant idea of ever being called into action. Besides, the aspect of affairs in France is undergoing a remarkable change. Peace is by them now talked of, and war deprecated. The system of moderation,

as the nomenclature has it, is making rapid strides, and Tallien's party is actually said to be concerting measures to restore regal government, and to put an end to the guilty excesses of that miserable impious nation. All this and more than this is, I assure you, talked of by those who are in high offices of state, and who have consequently the best means of information. I think you may assure yourself that the Sans-culottes will never lay a finger on the small or great tithes of Manaccan, or plant the tree of liberty in your churchyard, or the bonnet rouge on your head, or take away your breeches to cover their own credentials.

When you are at leisure I hope to be favoured with a longer letter than those I have received of late. In the mean time believe me yours very sincerely. J. JONES.

Dr. DOWNMAN *to* R. P.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Exeter, May 2, 1795.

I was much pleased with your last letter, which from its manner showed you to be in good spirits; consequently that you and Mrs. Polwhele are in good health.

We go on but slowly with our volume. Hayter's paper on the Ptolemaic Chronology is but just begun. We inserted your Essay on Falconry, as being more original than that on the Progress of Literature, though not quite in order. The latter one, indeed, should be much curtailed; the

third part seems to be the only one proper to be retained, with some short introduction, in which may be preserved your idea (I believe it is your own, and a just one,) of the origin of Pastoral Poetry; but on this I shall consult the other members of the Committee in time, and acquaint you more particularly, or send it to you if necessary.

Hole has lately read a very entertaining work on the Exmoor Scolding and Courtship; he has converted it into an elegant Pastoral of Ancient Greece. The contrast has a good effect, but it is much too long for our purpose. He had you know before whitewashed in an humorous way the characters of Iago and Shylock. Mr. Codrington favours us with a voluntary at times; Parr is prolific, but their Essays I cannot specify. Marker has not yet begun. If Mr. Northmore soon comes, as expected, we shall I believe this summer be full. All the present members seem to enjoy the meeting. Sheldon read lately an entertaining History of Aërostation,—his hobby-horse, you know.

Yours most truly, H. DOWNMAN.

Mr. WHITAKER *to* R. P.

MY DEAR SIR, Thursday, May 19, 1795.

I am glad to find "you are preparing the MS. of your first volume for the press." You should pursue this work, I think, as fast as your health

and avocations will admit. Other subjects, especially poetical, I apprehend should be superseded by that. When these are completed, and your engagements with the publick performed, then you will certainly be at full liberty to turn to any other; nor will the stream of poetry in your soul, I suppose, be destroyed by the delay. It will only rise and swell the more from the obstruction, and burst out afterwards in a fuller torrent. This is apparent to me, from the very return which your letter shews you had been making at the moment, to your historical poem on Sir Francis Drake. I shall be very happy to see this, and to mark your new machinery for it; a machinery, rising to my mind at this moment, that seems at once Christian, Philosophical, and Poetical. But I would rather attend to your "Roman and Saxon papers," at present; and am glad to hear you have finished the former. At the same time I must add, that you are right surely to dispel the gloom of a moment, and to irradiate your mind by indulging your fancy, when antiquarian studies will not do the business.

The *Furry-day* at Helston * I have had formerly

* In "The Helston Forey," Mr. DAVIES GILBERT has given us a "specimen (as he says) of Celtic music, such as is heard in Ireland and in Wales, when the people dance round their bonfires, originally kindled in honour of the Summer-solstice, although now dedicated to St. John. In Cornwall it is almost peculiar to the town of Helston, where a *forey* was annually celebrated up to recent times, with all the pantomime of a predatory excursion into the country, and a triumphant return of the inhabitants dancing to this air. Some shadow of the festival is

described to me, and have made some remarks upon it which I cannot now find. But your account is more full than my former, as far as my memory can tell me. I particularly remember nothing of the Fadi-dance, but thank you for your whole account. I have been just transcribing it into my collection of Cornish notices. I can therefore explain every point but one, which is in the first line of the sixth stanza, "Aunt Mary Moses;" a reading so strange, that I strongly suspect it to be a vicious one. When I hear from you whether this is the true reading, I will hope to tell you my explanation of all. In the mean time I will just add, that when in your Devonshire Views you derive *furry* from *fur* (Cornish), a fair, and now suppose the *fair-o* of the song to confirm your conjecture, I thoroughly concur with you, and see by my notes, which I have this moment found, that I derived the name from the same source; only I never considered *fur* (Cornish)

even still preserved in the more elegant amusements of the 8th of May, but with its nature totally changed, and its name obscured, by a fanciful allusion to Greek or Roman mythology." See GILBERT's Ancient Christmas Carols, &c. &c. &c. 2d edit. Nichols, 1823. I always thought *Flora* a mere invention of the ladies. Yet Whitaker's and my *Furry* is not the *Forey* of Mr. Gilbert. I have derived Furry from *fer—feur*, a fair, or holiday, or (what more resembles *furry*) from *furiou*, fairs, holidays. See the Cornwall History, I. 41; and VI. 29.

"It was a good world when we had such wholesome storyes
Preached in our churches on Sondayes and on *Feryes*,"

Says Bale, in his "Three Laws," a Poem, 1538. Warton, in his Hist. of Poetry, where we meet with this extract (III. 199), interprets *feryes*, holidays.

as the word, "whence [comes] the Latin *feriæ*." The Latin is the original term, and the Cornish only a derivative from it; *fer* (Cornish) being the same with *feire* (Irish), so forming *fair-o*, or *furry*, in pronunciation.

But let me ask you in return an heraldical question. The present arms of the see of Exeter are, a sword in pale and two keys in saltier; but I suspect the sword to have been, about 250 years ago, not in pale, but in saltier with the keys; or (to speak in more technical language) a sword and two keys endorsed in saltier. Have you seen any monument confirming this? I wish you would consider the point for me.

This question refers to my Historical Survey of St. German's Church; which I have transcribed fair, but with so many corrections that I must have it transcribed again. I hope particularly to lighten up the dark history of commencing Christianity in this angle of the island; covered as it is with a thick fog raised by that druidical wizard Borlase, and appearing whenever it does appear, in a form totally dissimilar from itself. I have been very fortunate, I flatter myself, in breaking up some new springs of intelligence, that have long lain buried and choaked up under the rubbish of time; but I shall not publish till next winter twelvemonth, as I must make some excursions to the Lizard, &c. &c. before, and as I must procure good drawings to be taken of the Church of St. German's, &c. Mr. Bonner, I fear, is too distant for my purpose.

But we will talk of these things when I see you: this I hope to do very soon. I hope to pay my respects to you and Mrs. Polwhele on Monday seven-night, to be with you by two, and to spend the rest of the day with you. The next morning I shall leave you for the Lizard, Helston, &c.; but I despair of bringing Mrs. W. with me; she will have her three girls at home with her, and could not be wrenched from them, I believe, by Archimedes's screw itself.

Yours, &c. J. WHITAKER.

The same to the same.

DEAR SIR, Thursday, Sept. 18, 1795.

It is with great satisfaction of mind, that I feel myself able at last to tell you, I mean to wait upon you and Mrs. Polwhele at Manaccan on Monday next. The toils of harvest are now past, the weather is still fine, and my engagement unites with my inclination to carry me to your "Domicilium Musarum." I hope to dine with you on that day, and to spend two or three days with you, making one excursion to Mr. Sandys's, &c. As to any farther progress to the West, I must defer that, I believe, to another year.

Yours, &c. J. WHITAKER.

The same to the same.

MY DEAR SIR, Friday noon, Sept. 25, 1795.

Having an opportunity accidentally presented to me of sending a letter for you to Falmouth, I take up a hasty pen to inform you and your very obliging lady, of my safe arrival at this port of peace, this "haven where I would be," last night about seven o'clock. The roads were good, the waters were smooth, and I found my wife drinking tea late in hopes of my arrival; I drank very agreeable tea with her, sweetened with kisses, and enlivened with accounts of all that had happened in my absence. I hasten to thank you and Mrs. Polwhele for your kind attentions, to say Mrs. W. hopes with me to see Mrs. P. with you in this house soon, and to subscribe myself, Dear Sir, her and your affectionate friend and servant,

J. WHITAKER.

Rev. C. TOOGOOD *to* R. P.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Sherborne, June 22, 1795.

Soon after I had received the favour of your letter, I was called to this place, where I had an opportunity of examining the authorities on which the Life of Sir Francis Drake was drawn up for the British Biography, intending on my return to Ashill to write to you on the subject; but unluckily I mislaid the paper. From that time to this, I have been so hurried and perplexed by my

removal from Ashill, and other circumstances, that I have had neither time nor spirits to write to my friends. I am now here on account of my father's death, which happened about a fortnight ago; and I am apprehensive that my mother will not long survive him, as she is dangerously ill.

My residence here has given me an opportunity of sending you the authorities for Drake's Life.

* * * * * * * * *

I have no knowledge of any very circumstantial account of Drake, nor any opportunity of examining the new edition of the Biographia Britannica. I wish it were in my power to communicate any thing satisfactory.

It gives me great pleasure to hear that you are in possession of what Scott (I think) in his "Art of rising in the Church," calls

"Heav'n's best Gifts, a Living and a Wife."

May you long enjoy the utmost felicity such gifts can bestow! Without doubt they accord very well together; but of this I have no experience, having only the one without the other.

It is a satisfaction to think that the Bishop of your diocese, by rewarding you for this exertion of your talents, has pointed out to his clergy the true art of rising in *his* church. I could have wished (as I believe I formerly hinted to you), that your studies had been principally directed to subjects immediately connected with your profession; but your *opus magnum*, I presume, will now engage nearly the whole of your attention.

If I knew how to convey them to you, I would beg your acceptance of a small occasional Pam-

phlet or two, which I have printed on what most people will call the wrong side of the question. I have one now in the press, in this town, occasioned by two Fast Sermons preached, the one at Taunton, the other at Yeovil. I would fain teach my brethren to love liberty, civil and religious.

I am preparing an edition of *Addison's* Papers in the Spectator, and shall be obliged to you for your opinion on their arrangement, which has lately occurred to me, and which is this:—to throw them into four distinct classes, serious, humourous, critical, miscellaneous. The selection is intended for the use of schools principally.

As I have taken up my abode in the retired village of Broadway, near Ilminster, I hope to have leisure enough for finishing some little matters long since begun.

Yours, &c. C. T.

E. S. *to* R. P.

DEAR SIR, August 8, 1795.

I received your interesting letter with the greatest pleasure; though I blush when I look at the date of it, October the 7th, 1794, and consider that I have been so long in acknowledging it, which I should undoubtedly have done directly on the receipt of it, could I have congratulated you on the acquisition of a considerable piece of preferment; however, as it seems desirable to you in many respects, especially for the present,

and considering the manner in which it has been conferred, and the quarter from whence it came, we heartily wish that yourself and Mrs. Polwhele may derive all the enjoyment you can possibly expect from it, while you possess it; and that it may prove (the sooner the better) a prelude to something much superior; and, to speak from a motive of self-interest, as well as other considerations, placed in a more centrical situation.

I shall proceed, and indulge myself in saying, that we heartily hope yourself, Mrs. Polwhele, and all your family, are perfectly well, and that both of you are enjoying your rural spot, surrounded with the picturesque scenes of nature; and which, as you describe them, must resemble in a great degree some view, which I have read of between Rome and Naples; or the beauties which shew themselves in a particular district on the ascent to the summits of Mount Etna or Vesuvius.

The cursory lines you have favoured me with, written, as you elegantly (I must not say figuratively) express it, *stans pede in uno*, pleased me very much, as conveying to me a lively idea of the subjects treated of; the beauties of which appear the stronger, from their being contrasted with one another. I survey with great pleasure the landscape you have displayed, and feel a painful delight when I view the portrait in which you have delineated the process of pilchard-curing, a topic with which I had but a very slight acquaintance before; and I need not say I shall be truly

glad, at some future time, when your muse may be propitious, to receive some farther effusions from you, of "the pure spirit of Condurra;"—joining with you in saying, "Come, then, pure spirit of Condurra, come!" Not to be insincere, I do really think that, if Trapp could have arrayed his Virgil in such an excellent attire as you have adorned your minute descriptions with, his translation, in point of dress, would have vied with the original.

I can with truth say, that I am fond, happily fond, as I feel it, of enjoying every thing that strikes me as being ingenious both in verse and prose; though incapable of composing any thing worth attention in either; except, indeed, what I deliver in the church, upon which the subject itself stamps a value.

Formerly a poetical *impetus vel literarum furor*, led me astray, and seduced me to scribble a few trifling things, all of which I prudently destroyed, except a few rhymes I tacked together about fourteen years ago in the form of a song, and which unfortunately for us both, I happened just now to lay my hand upon, as I shall inclose it to you with this letter, more on account of its tune than its measure; and which, indeed, was the cause of its being printed and preserved, the person who adapted notes to it, being the first in point of excellence, both in composition and excellence in musick, especially the latter, that we ever had in this country:

"We ne'er shall look upon his like again."

Schroeter, at the age of thirty-five, excelled upon almost every musical instrument that we are acquainted with; and on the piano-forte, harpsichord, or organ (in taste particularly), was incomparable. He was a Garrick in his line, and seemed to have as great command on those instruments as the Birmingham people have over metals of every kind; or he could execute on those instruments just as he pleased. The small degree of taste in musick which my daughter has (if any), she caught from him; and, being, moreover, a gentlemanlike, and a sensible man, we were happy in contracting an intimacy with him, and felt great concern at his death, which happened about five years ago. We still enjoy and value the friendship of his widow, a worthy sensible woman. She was a Miss Scott, and he had with her £500 a year. When he first came to England, he played the organ for Mr. Jackson, in the Cathedral at Exeter, and afterwards got into the highest request; but was restrained by the marriage articles from performing at any other concerts than private ones, but was allowed to teach; which I am ashamed to say he did, at half a guinea a lesson; and before he died (on Clementi's raising his terms to that pitch of extravagance), from a spirit of emulation, at not less than a guinea. *Heu tempora! heu mores!*

I wish much to know how you proceed and succeed in your History of Devonshire; and have wanted to see some remarks on that work by the Monthly Reviewers; they speak very respectfully

of you in their Review. I have seen in the British Critic (I think) a representation of your painting of the environs of Star Cross, which, from the knowledge I had of those parts, gratified me very highly; the objects displayed seemed, as it were, *non demissa per aurem, sed subjecta oculis fideliter*; and hence, could not fail to afford delight, as the embellished scenes of nature themselves are so fine in those parts.

How did the very long severe season last winter agree with you and Mrs. Polwhele in your new situation? In order to beguile it, I entertained myself just at that time in reading Virgil through; but I was made to shiver doubly, if possible, on perusing the description of frost and hard weather in the Georgics.

* * * * * * *

Yours, &c. E. S.

The same to the same.

DEAR SIR, December 17, 1795.

My wife's sister, Lady L. has been at this place ever since last June, and will stay, I believe, till next March; greatly contributing to the pleasantness of our present situation. She inhabits a cottage that belongs to me, about two hundred yards from the one we reside in; and fond of retirement, in order to "give society a sweeter welcome," she happily for us prefers that roof, at least for so great a part of the present year, to an excellent

house she has in London. I have just been reading to her your two volumes of elegant Discourses, which have pleased her so much, that she is going immediately to buy them; and, though unknown to you, she has requested me particularly to thank you for the entertainment and improvement you have afforded her.

What you say of the Manaccanite, a mineral or semi-metal resembling gunpowder, found on your glebe and nowhere else, within the genealogist's observation, is very extraordinary; and it is highly to be lamented that, as it consists of iron, &c. it has not yet been turned to any advantage. I wish hereafter it may prove an emolument to you and the publick. I hope, from the communication in your next letter, I shall have it in my power to congratulate you on all your books and papers having arrived safe to you from Exmouth; after the danger you had been in of losing them.

Though I am greatly entertained with the lines you were so kind to send me, yet I cannot help highly regretting, from the consideration of distance, especially as you are on the spot, the being prevented from being only mentally made acquainted with the strong contrast between the survey of a Hottentottish pilchard cellar, and a view of the environs of Manaccan, displaying an elegant and picturesque scene of wood-embosomed cottages, with little myrtle gardens appendant to them; the sinuous creek, fring'd with luxuriant coppice, whence may be seen the sea's green bosom, with a fore-ground of elmy dales, neat ham-

lets perched on crags aloft, trim orchards, clustering hops, and ragged oaks, whose pale crests mourn the westering winds; who would not court the air breathed, "wooingly," from the tender myrtle bower that marks each little garden fast by tinkling rill; or not wish to inhale the steams of fruits ambrosial, racy apples crisp, such as exhilarate our frame, and urge the mounting muse *to no ignoble flight.*

Come then pure Spirit of Condurra, come!
Non desint cætera!

But, at the same time, I am sensible that thus we are apt to let our desires quicken our hopes, till they carry our expectations too far beyond the bounds of reason. The trite proverb says, it is wrong to ride a free horse to death; and Bellerophon, soaring too high on Pegasus, was thrown; but I do not think that there is any danger of the like accident befalling your muse. I should lament it greatly, and, therefore, should by no means make any unreasonable request. Have you seen the narrative of the British Embassy to China, in the years 1792, 93, and 94, by Æneas Anderson, a small quarto. I have lately met with it, and on a hasty perusal, was much pleased with the manner in which the scenes and the inhabitants of the country of China are described; but every Englishman must feel concern at the appearance which Lord Macartney and his suite made, and indignation at the treatment they met with from the Emperor. "They entered Pekin like paupers, remained in

it like prisoners, and were sent away from it like vagrants."

Have you read Sullivan's Views of Nature; and what is your opinion of the new theories of the tides which he mentions, that they do not arise from the influence of the moon, but are caused by polar inundations? I hope that mutual and general congratulations will soon take place, on the restoration of peace; but plenty, I fear, will not immediately follow. I must confess I am glad that the two Bills, now pending in the Houses of Parliament, have been so much melted down; and I cannot say I should be sorry if they were entirely dissolved; the motto I should wish to adopt being "*carus Rex, carior Libertas.*"

I am, dear Sir, yours sincerely, E. S.

Rev. C. Toogood *to* R. P.

My Dear Sir, Broadway, near Ilminster, Jan. 15, 1796.

If I may be permitted to interrupt for a moment your important labours, I have a favour to beg of you. Being engaged in a little controversy with a neighbouring Clergyman, I shall have occasion to introduce the following quotation:

Stet quicunque volet potens
Aulæ culmine lubrico:
Me dulcis saturet quies.
Obscuro positus loco,
Leni perfruar otio.

Nullis nota Quiritibus *
Ætas per tacitum fluat.
Sic cum transierint mei
Nullo cum strepitu dies,
Plebeius moriar senex.
Illi mors gravis incubat,
Qui notus nimis omnibus,
Ignotus moritur sibi."

Senecæ Thyestes, Act. II. Chorus.

Now, my good friend, if you can oblige me with a poetical translation of these lines, and will permit me to embellish a page of my little pamphlet with it, you will do me a kindness: they have been badly paraphrased by Cowley.

Our little controversy commenced on political grounds, and is likely to terminate with the discussion of some deep Theological points. In the course of it, we have been led to a comparative view of the eloquence of the French and English pulpits; and I took the liberty of introducing in a note some of your sentiments on the subject, in these words:—"Of this same French warmth and earnestness, one of the latest writers on the Eloquence of the Pulpit, whose talents have raised him to no small degree of eminence in the republic of letters, thus speaks:

Its animation, that but rarely seems
Persuasively sublime, is but the flash
A moment dazzling; whose diffusion tends
To feebleness, though at a glance it please."

The English Orator, &c.

If you have any remarks, made in the course of your investigation of this subject, that you can

* "Fenton, whom heaven kept sacred from the great."

communicate to me, I shall be much obliged to you for them. My antagonist is labouring hard to reconcile Blair's partiality for the French Pulpit eloquence, with the censure of Dr. Gregory, who says, "I have gone through the drudgery of perusing all the most celebrated of their preachers, and I will not hesitate to declare, that, except a sermon or two of Massillon's, there are scarely any which deserve, I will not say to be compared with the English preachers, but *to be read at all.*"

Should you favour me with a translation of the passage from Seneca, you will add to the obligation if you will transmit it as soon as you can. On opening a volume of Francklin's Sophocles, I met with a translation of a chorus, which begins thus:—

> Sleep, thou patron of mankind,
> Great physician of the mind,
> Who dost nor pain nor sorrow know,
> Sweetest balm of every woe.

And don't you think this would be a proper metre? Cowley's paraphrase is miserably heavy and prosaick.

I shall be happy, my dear friend, to hear that your health is not impaired by your arduous undertaking, and likewise to know the present situation of your great work.

Whilst I am writing, the European Magazine for November is brought to me, with memoirs of the Rev. R. Polwhele, and a portrait *.

* This I owe to the friendship of Jones. He had obtained the portrait from a miniature picture, and drawn up the memoir without my privity.

You do not look half so formidable as Dr. Owen, whose portrait ornaments the same Magazine, and who looks as if he had the tooth-ache, or the cholic, I know not which; perhaps both. But you, I think, look thin. I hope, however, that you are in good health and spirits.

I am, dear Sir, yours sincerely, C. Toogood.

Archdeacon Moore *to* R. P.

Dear Sir, St. Gluvias, May 5, 1796.

Mr. Temple and I are both disappointed not a little, in not having the pleasure of your company here. I beg to leave my share of the mortification as a weight upon your conscience, to insure me a visit when you come to Exeter.

I know nothing of the passage in Gilpin to which you refer; but those of Justin Martyr and Tertullian, which he mentions, I will send you as soon as I get home. By the *Resurrection* I take for granted that you understand the Resurrection of our Saviour; and, if my memory does not deceive me, both Justin and Tertullian speak of the fact or the pretence, as reported in those acts of Pilate which are lost.

Yours, &c. Geo. Moore.

The same to the same.

Dear Sir, Exon, Aug. 13, 1796.

I beg you to be assured, that in my long delay to answer your letter I cannot charge myself with

any want of attention to you or to the occasion, much less of any wilful neglect. The truth is, that by an immediate recourse to Justin Martyr and Tertullian, I had begun to collect materials for an answer, when the death of my excellent friend Mr. Barton flung such an addition of business and engagements into my hands, that for six weeks past I cannot say that I have had a moment's leisure. About the same time with yours, I had the favour of a letter from Mr. Whitaker, which still lies by me unacknowledged, and from the same cause, namely, because I have not had the power to pay a proper attention to the subject and design of it.

With respect to the Acts of Pilate, it is plain from Tertullian's account, if he had really seen them, that they contained a report of at least a supposed Resurrection, as well as of the Crucifixion. Apolog. cap. 21.—Justin Martyr appeals only to the Acts of Pilate as evidence that Christ wrought miracles, and particularly that he raised the dead. I speak by memory, for I have not the books at hand, when I say that Tanaquil Faber, who was a sceptical coxcomb, and after him Le Clerc, make it a question, which they decide in the negative, whether Tertullian ever saw the Acts which he pretends to appeal to. I have forgotten their reasons, but I think they did not quite convince, though they staggered me. For my part I verily believe that such Acts did really exist, though there may be room for doubting whether they were ever made publick.

Isaac Casaubon conjectures that they might have found their way into the hands of the Christians by some Christian minister of the Emperors, who found them in the royal closet. It appears, I think, pretty certain, that Eusebius knew nothing of them but what he had from Justin and Tertullian, chiefly from the latter; which makes against their publicity. And upon the whole, because questionable evidence is always detrimental to a good cause, it seems to me that no stress should be laid upon the Acts of Pilate. What mention Justin makes of them is to be found in the 45th and 63rd sections of his first Apology.

If these particulars should not silence your curiosity, I will at more leisure than I have at this moment, transcribe all the places in the two Apologists relative to the Acts. In the mean time I remain, with great esteem, dear Sir, your very faithful and obedient servant,

GEO. MOORE.

Dr. DOWNMAN *to* R. P.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Exeter, July 14, 1796.

We shall have a full meeting, to partake of a haunch of venison; I wish most heartily that you could be with us. Your former ode is printed, and yesterday I corrected the proof, among the last of the first volume. I see your Poem on Local Attachment is published; but owing to your restriction I have not dropped a hint to any one of its being yours. You will let me know whether you will absolve me from the promise of secresy. It

must do you credit with every one who has a poetical mind and taste.

Do you write sometimes to Dr. Wavell? I saw him a few days since, and he told me he had been employing himself for you; I think he said on two classes *, which he had nearly finished.

I am yours sincerely, H. DOWNMAN.

The same to the same.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Exeter, Aug. 13, 1796.

Your Essay on Hazael would have been printed, as being the most ingenious and original, had you

* In Botany I was honoured, also, with the correspondence of the celebrated Dr. HUMPHREY SIBTHORPE, who died at Instow in Devon, in September 1797, at the age of 85.—DENYS ROLLE died in the same year, and died under a tree. They were both eccentric characters. They were great botanists, great travellers, great walkers, and great talkers. They both lived almost *sub dio*. They were both fond of accumulating; yet they both parted with their acquisitions without a struggle. D. Rolle readily abandoned his estate in Florida, on which he had laid out £40,000; and Dr. Sibthorpe scarcely expressed sorrow in losing the plant which Linnæus called after his name, *Sibthorpia Europæa*, out of the Physic Garden at Oxford. They were both kind-hearted, and never happier than in contributing to the enjoyment of all the creatures within their reach. Had Dr. S. been placed with D. Rolle, in the forests of America, amidst beasts, birds, and serpents, the wild horses would have followed *him* likewise, attracted and tamed by his benevolence; the bears would have courted his companionship; the dogs would have fawned at his feet; the cranes would have gathered round him; and the most venomous reptiles have reposed under his pillow. Such was the case with Denys Rolle, as stated by himself; and we have no reason to doubt his veracity.

not made a present of it to the Editor of the Gentleman's Magazine.

We shall be obliged to you for favouring us with any other *such* Essays for the second volume.

Peter Pindar is now here, and is going into Cornwall, where probably you may meet with him.

At our last meeting, Sir John Kennaway was unanimously elected. D'Israeli is from this time an Honorary Member. Yours, H. DOWNMAN.

R. P. *to* R. G.

MY DEAR G. Nov. 5, 1796.

You will be pleased with our common friend B.'s notice of Mason. I will transcribe the passage to which I allude, with some other parts of his letter.

"I have been long absent (says B.) from home this summer, at a sea-bathing place, on the Cheshire coast; where the variety and novelty of the scene may possibly have drawn my attention from the demands of friendship. You will not be surprised at this declaration, when I inform you, that, *'till this summer* I never saw the Sea. You will *now* easily conceive the effect that such a novel and sublime sight had on my mind, and what an infinite train of new ideas is raised in my imagination. Probably you see too much of the "multitudinous world of waters," and wish yourself in our *quiet* inland situation. The present aspect of Europe is indeed truly aweful, and opens a wide field for a contemplative mind. Alas! I am afraid that skepticism (so my towns-

man Johnson spells the word) and irreligion will much sooner hasten our ruin, than the whole artillery of the French Republic. We live, my friend, in an interesting age; every day some very important scene presents itself to the mind, more worthy of meditation than whole centuries of common-place existence. How the Drama will end, God only knows. I thank you kindly for your offer of your last publication, but I purchased it, as well as the "Poetic Trifles," some time ago, and have recommended them to my friends and the neigbouring Book Clubs. The influence of Local Attachment is certainly a delightful subject, and I think you have done ample justice to it—there is a happiness and tenderness of expression in it, truly characteristic of your genius."

"I must inform you, that Mason, the father of modern poets, has lately been in my neighbourhood; but, alas! that eye, that was wont to 'glance from Earth to Heaven, from Heaven to Earth,' is now dimmed by age and infirmities. The silken chord is almost broken *. He was, however, tolerably cheerful, and able to pursue his journey into Worcestershire, to visit his old College friend, the venerable Hurd!" Yours, R. P.

R. P. *to* B.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Nov. 10, 1796.

* * * * * * *

The Monthly Reviewers have referred their readers to several passages in my poem, "too

* He died April 7, 1797.

closely resembling (they say) the Pleasures of Memory." But "Local Attachment" was written and submitted to your inspection in MS. in 1790, when I had not heard of Mr. Rogers's poem. It is in the examples which are introduced to illustrate general positions that these resemblances are to be traced: but the examples were certainly "drawn from common sources." Had I been conscious of obligation to Mr. R. I should not have hesitated to express my sense of it. Had I indeed been aware of such similarities, I should have noticed the circumstance on the first appearance of my poem.

* * * * * * *

In his "Pleasures," &c. had Rogers in his mind "The English Orator," "the Ode to the Coly," and "the Epistle to a College Friend?" The "English Orator," &c. were published long before "the Pleasures of Memory."

In the "English Orator," the Indian,

> *Beneath his plaintain* canopy of *shade,*
> ——————— of other days
> Recounts *traditionary* tales, well vers'd
> In *oral* lore. (See E. Orat. 3d edit. p. 13.)

In "The Pleasures," we hear the Indian,

> *Beneath his plaintain's* ancient *shade,*
> The *oral* tale of elder time rehearse,
> And chant the rude *traditionary* verse. (P. 46.)

In the "English Orator,"

> ——— *Foscari, whose* sad *fate*
> Told in *Venetian* story, hath aspers'd
> Its page, (P. 78.)

Is, in "The Pleasures,"

——— *Foscari, whose* relentless *fate*
Venice shall blush to hear the muse relate. (P. 24.)

I was, undoubtedly, the first who had made any poetical use of the story of Foscari.

In "The English Orator" there is a description of the scenes of my earlier years, which the opening of "The Pleasures" resembles in sentiment as well as expression.

——— There reviews
Thro' the dim veil of years each mellow trace
Of childish joy and youthful bliss serene.———
——— where my natal spot
Beyond the woody Tamar, fancy trac'd:
And, as she spread the glowing tint, it seem'd
No fairy picture; *for* young Hope reliev'd
With golden rays each figure *fancy drew.* (P. 156.)

Yon old mansion frowning thro' the trees
———
First to these eyes the light of heaven convey'd,
———
Once the calm scene of many a simple sport;
When nature pleas'd; *for* life itself was new,
And the heart promis'd what the *fancy drew.* (P. 10.)

In the Ode to the Coly the writer recurs also to former years:

Thy evening-banks, to Memory sweet,
I *fondly* trace with pilgrim feet.
Then every *twinkling leaf* above
Seem'd conscious to the sighs of Love!
Tho' far from Laura's smile I stray,
And slope my *solitary* way;
Yet—yet with no cold glance I see
This winding *path*, that willow tree;

Yet musing *o'er the* streamlet *bend,*
And in *each* pebble find *a friend,*
And eager catch at every pace,
Of former joys some fading trace,
Some features *of the past,* that seem
The fairy painting of a *dream!*

(Devon. Poems, vol. II. p. 24.)

Thus "The Pleasures:"

As *o'er* the dusky furniture *I bend,*
Each chair awakes the feelings of *a friend:*
Starting to life, all whisper *of the past*—
As thro' the garden's *desert paths* I rove,
What *fond* illusions swarm in every grove!—
And not the *lightest leaf* but *trembling* teems
With golden visions and *romantic dreams.*

(Pp. 13, 14.)

But "The Epistle to a College Friend," might be almost considered as the prototype to "The Pleasures." In these two poems the general cast of sentiment is the same.

While yet 'tis mine to trace the feeling hour,
And win young Fancy from the muse's bower,
Ere pressing cares, too numerous, intervene
To disenchant the bosom-soothing scene;
Come, nor so soon, alas! to Memory fade,
Ye views, fast fainting into sombre shade! *Epistle.*

Indulgent Memory wakes, and lo! they live
Cloath'd with far softer hues than light can give.
Thou last best friend that heaven assigns below,
To sooth and sweeten all the cares we know;
Whose glad suggestions still each vain alarm,
When nature fades, and life forgets to charm!
What soften'd views thy magic glass reveals,
When o'er the landscape Time's meek twilight steals.
Pleasures.

Yet Memory with a fonder glance pursues
Of vagrant Joy the many-colour'd views—

Congenial bliss, that, bosom'd in the vale,
Drank the first fragrance of the summer gale—
The painter's taste, that saw mild Autumn print
Far on the whispering groves her magic tint!—
How often have we climb'd the breezy mound,
And gaz'd upon the hamlet's distant bound!
How oft, as less excursive Fancy mov'd,
How oft, quick-passing, &c.— *Epistle.*

How oft, when purple evening ting'd the west,
We watch'd the emmet to her grainy nest;
How oft inscrib'd with Friendship's votive rhyme, &c.
Pleasures.

Oft too, when winter all the skies o'ercast,
We *wander'd* wild, and buffeted the blast;
And, as congenial terror touch'd our minds,
Beheld the brooding spirit of the winds——
Or, ——— retreated from the pathless waste
With pensive steps the glimmering cloister pac'd;
Where at each whistling gale, each murmer deep,
Scar'd *Fancy* saw the beckoning spectre sweep. *Epistle.*

Giants and genii chain'd the wondering ear:
And orphan-woes drew Nature's ready tear.
Oft with the babes *we wander'd* in the wood,
Or view'd the forest-feats of Robin-Hood:
As *Fancy led* at midnight's fearful hour,
With *startling step* we scal'd the lonely tower. *Pleasures.*

'Twas thus from all but surly censors free,
In thoughtful musing, or *in social glee*,
We spent our eve;———————
———————— Then unchill'd
Gay fancy sparkled as our glasses fill'd. *Epistle.*

When round yon ample board in due degree,
We sweeten'd every meal with *social glee*,
The heart's light laughter crown'd the circling jest.—
Pleasures.

And rear my little offspring, fond *to trace*
The mother's features in the suckling's face. *Epistle.*

Tremblingly still, she lifts his veil to trace
The father's features in his infant face. *Pleasures.*

I have only to remark, with respect to myself, that I am entirely unconscious of having borrowed a single idea from Mr. Rogers, though I find that I have too closely copied from my own poems, which were indisputably published (and probably existed) long before the "Pleasures."—That in regard to Mr. R. I never indulged a suspicion of his having imitated me, notwithstanding the resemblances which are sufficiently apparent; and that I firmly believe all the coincidencies in question to have been perfectly accidental. I consider them, indeed, as "*the natural consequence of a train of thought upon the same or similar subjects pursued by two writers whose minds were somewhat congenial.* Yours, &c. R. P.

It has been remarked that, in Rogers's "*Epistle* to a Friend," the finest passages are imitations; the following in particular:

When Christmas revels in a *world of snow*,
And bids *her berries* blush, her carols *flow*;
His *spangling shower* when *Frost the wizard* flings,
Or, borne in *ether blue* on viewless wings,
O'er the *white* pane his *silvery foliage* weaves,
And *gems* with icicles the sheltering eaves;
Thy muffled friend his nectarine *wall pursues*,
What time the sun the yellow crocus woos,
Screen'd from the *arrowy North*.

The most striking expressions in these highly

polished lines will be recognised in Philips's "Epistle to the Earl of Dorset."

> From frozen climes, and endless *tracts of snow*—
> From streams which *northern winds* forbid to *flow*—
> ——— Every shrub, and every blade of grass
> And every *pointed thorn* seem'd *wrought in glass*:
> In *pearls and rubies* rich the hawthorns show,
> While thro' the ice the *crimson berries glow*.
> The thick-sprung reeds which watery marshes yield,
> Seem *polished lances* in a hostile field;
> The stag in limpid currents, with surprise
> Sees *crystal branches* on his forehead rise:
> The spreading oak, the beech, the towering pine
> *Glaz'd over*, in the *freezing ether* shine.
> The frighted birds the rattling *branches* shun
> Which wave and *glitter* in the distant sun.
> The crackling wood beneath the tempest bends,
> And *th a spangled shower* the tempest ends.
> ——— While he thinks the fair *illusion* true,
> His wandering feet the *magic paths pursue*.

With an art peculiarly happy, our poet condensed "the crimson berries of the hawthorn glowing through ice, and rich as rubies," into "berries that blush"—seized the "magic illusion" of poor Philips, and made Frost "a wizard"—stole from him "the spangled shower," and from "the thorn that seemed wrought in glass," &c. &c.—bade him, "borne in ether, weave his silvery foliage over the white pane," and turned the "northern winds and polished lances" into the "arrowy north." Yet in all this, there is uncommon felicity. It is a beautiful compression of Philips's expanded sentiment. The only line we object to is, "the nectarine wall pursues."—To *pursue a wall* is certainly an odd

phrase. It suggested at once the idea of imitation*.

R. HOLE, *to* R. P.

SIR, Faringdon, Nov. 21, 1796.

With no little surprise I saw your critique on the publication of the Exeter Society, in the European Magazine for August last; in which, at the expense of the other gentleman's Essays, you have set forward your own in the most favourable and conspicuous point of view. What particularly attracted my notice was your polite assertion of my *deserving the pillory* for making *theme* and *stream* rhyme together. A rhyme to which I should suppose none but a vitiated ear could object, or if defective, could in the opinion of none but a ******** mind, entitle its author to such a punishment. The "man of principle," "the writer of the *only* moral Essay" in the collection, might have shewn a little more morality in his conduct. The letter in which Dr. Downman informed you of your being completely *deterré*, will, I perceive, by your extraordinary answer, induce you to compose the second part of your critique in a different style from the former, and from that which would otherwise have appeared in the last Magazine, wherein the ode to Danmonium would have appeared "*velut inter ignes luna minores.*" I commend your suppressing it, and making, as far as lies in your power, the *amende honorable*. As, however, you cannot unsay your ungentle-

* See Hurd's Horace, vol. iii. pp. 191, 192. 4th edit.

manly abuse of me, I write this to assure you, that if you are ever again detected in acting towards me the part of a literary assassin, it is not by *a private letter* I shall retaliate your unprovoked malice.

However ungenerously you have treated me, I cannot refrain from giving you one piece of friendly advice. When you may think proper hereafter to puff your own compositions in the European Magazine, substitute some other signature instead of your favourite letter W. It is as well known to the generality of its readers *, as to your humble servant, R. Hole.

J. K. *to* R. P.

My Dear Sir, Cambridge, Dec. 16, 1796.

Whatever Oxford may be, this is the land of indolence, who dwells here incog. under the specious disguise of tranquillity.

> Here dark thick clouds of slumber dim the air,
> And dullness lolls upon the muse's chair.

Had I not caught this benumbing contagion, I should have written to you long ere this: thrice I snatched the pen, and thrice it fell from my nerveless hands.

* All these charges arise from misconception. They were repeated in the Gentleman's Magazine by Mr. Swete, but a letter of Dr. Watkins to Mr. Urban, Dec. 1796, must have silenced (candour would at least conceive) the Globe Club murmurs of malevolence and envy. See my letter to a College Friend in 1797.

I have read your poem "on Local Attachment," and you do not know what pleasure it gave me; for I was quite charmed with that Doric simplicity and unaffected pathos which almost breathe through every stanza. I felt great reverence and affection for your old peasant; with whom I long to be more acquainted, that I might shake him by the hand, and hang upon his legendary tongue for hours together. His two brothers, the *longævus senex* of Virgil, and the hoary-headed swain of Gray are not, I am sure, possessed of half his worth. How could it ever enter into the head of any rational man to accuse you of imitating "the Pleasures of Memory?" I see no trait of resemblance. I thank you too for the pleasure which I have received from your poetic "Trifles," some of whose ingredients are so poignant, others so sweet, and which on the whole is a most delightful production.

I have read since my return hither, the "Suppliants" of Euripides; on which, I think, the notes of Markland are sensible, ingenious, and unaffectedly learned. As for the play itself, how naked is the plot, if there be one at all; how full of absurdity and inconsistency are the incidents! The eulogy on democracy, had it not been so ill-timed, that I wonder how the vanity of an Athenian audience could endure it, would have been admirable; the phrase απολωτιζειν νεους, here applied to a tyrant cutting off the heads of the most spirited and generous of his subjects, is, in my mind, very beautiful. The character of Capaneus is strikingly drawn; I liked the passage better than any other

in the whole play; but, what is extraordinary, contrary to the usual description of him, humility is mentioned as his prominent characteristic: whence one might conclude, that the tales on which the Greek dramas are founded were so obscure and uncertain, as to leave full scope for invention. I have begun to read the Greek Testament according to Locke's plan of making Scripture its own interpreter as far as possible, and am much pleased with this method. I can put no rational sense on the first chapter of St. John, unless I consider it as referring to our Saviour's divinity. Plato's definition of λογος is singular, διανοιας εν φωνη ωσπερ ειδωλον, "the *express image* of God."

Dr. Hey, our late Norrisian Professor of Divinity, is about to publish his Lectures, in five volumes, the first of which is already come out. It seems to contain quite a sylva of theological learning; the style remains almost the same as when they were spoken, and is consequently diffuse and explanatory. This is all the University news. Yours sincerely, J. K.

S. *to* R. P.

DEAR SIR, Jan. 3, 1797.

I most heartily condole with you, on the death of that worthy prelate and good friend of yours, the Bishop of Exeter; and which, in respect to yourself, I cannot but consider as a public loss; as I flattered myself that, had he lived, he would

have confirmed the pledges he had given you of his esteem, in a very substantial manner. However it is a happy circumstance that you have had the honour of his notice; and which may still, perhaps, be the means of bringing you forward; and not only promoting, but effecting the compensation of your merit from another quarter. At least my ardent wishes speak so much; whether truly or not time will shew: yet I cannot but sincerely sympathize with you on the present occasion, having experienced a similar disappointment some years ago myself, from the death of Dr. Trevor, Bishop of Durham, who had promised me preferment, and (as I had reason from connexion to expect) of no small consideration; but the performance was intercepted; my hopes withered at his decease; and have never, I think, revived since.—"Sed diversa de te et reor, et (si quid veri mens augurat) opto."

Your friendly letter, dated the first of June, though so long unanswered, was highly acceptable to me, as it conveyed such a grateful communication from yourself and Mrs. Polwhele, that you are both so good to see my letters in a favourable light; most important intelligence to me, as I cannot but highly value your interesting and improving correspondence; and also, as it was the means of introducing to my acquaintance your three new publications, which I immediately made myself master of; and which have excited my admiration, and afforded me the greatest pleasure; particularly the poem on "Local Attachment,"

which is beautifully descriptive, bringing real life before the eye in a variety of shapes; the different scenes finely imagined; the allusions appropriate and striking; and all the particulars such, as every one who reads them, would wish to be engraven on his memory: and in the other two books, the multiplicity of subjects, well conceived and happily expressed in such a diversity of measure, is wonderful. You must excuse me, if in some future letters I should be so troublesome as to send back to you extracts from them all, as well as from others of your works, as the beauties strike me from repeated perusals. I want much to see your History of Devonshire, and trust that hereafter, by some means or other, it will fall in my way. I lent your new publications to a neighbour of mine, Mr. Scrope Bernard, who was a contemporary of your's at Christ Church; and what is his opinion of them (as well as his brother-in-law the Rev. Mr. Smith) you may learn from the enclosed lines, which he sent me on returning the books. Mr. Bernard gained one of the Chancellor's Prizes in the Theatre at Oxford; but I don't know whether it was before you left the University.

My daughter cannot but consider herself as highly honoured by the beautiful lines addressed to her in your "Sketches;" but your having been so good in this respect, makes me feel myself almost displeased with you in another, that you have not likewise inserted that fine painting which you made (in a few lines) of Chudleigh rocks, occasioned by a drawing which my daughter had taken of them,

and to which piece of poetry, in my opinion, you have not paid proper respect, or shewn due indulgence to the public by its omission.

A singular instance of local attachment occurred to me a few weeks since. On paying a visit to the Rev. Mr. Heslop, our Archdeacon, who lives fifteen miles from hence, he asked his Curate, who inhabited a house about a mile and a half from him, to give me the meeting at dinner, and whom, immediately on his coming, he informed, that "the pigeons were come back; and that it would be in vain to send them to him again, as they were probably of the carrying sort, and would not stay." The fact was, on explanation, that the Archdeacon had three days before presented him with a lease of pigeons two years old, which Mr. Heslop said, he was certain, had never been out of a court encompassed with high walls, till conveyed to their new habitation, where they were confined in holes in a wall, with a net put before the mouth of each to keep them in, and which was not removed till that morning, but which being done, they directly, and as it were by mutual consent, took wing, and steering their course in a proper direction, they, in a few minutes, arrived at and recognized their old abode; and what made it seem the more extraordinary, the pigeons had been removed from one place to the other in a basket, with the cover close shut down.

Your Prose Illustrations are very ingenious, and written in a fine style; but the subjects of them are of such a nature, that a concurrence of

sentiments in your readers with yourself in all points concerning them is not to be expected.

Of the appearance of ghosts and divination by dreams, the Scripture gives us particular instances; of which facts therefore there can be no doubt; but from my own observation and experience, I must confess, I am led to disbelieve the continuance of them in the present times. The possibility I by no means deny; but only, indeed (and contrary to my inclination) question the reality; not seeing any objection to it but the will of the Deity, who does not appear to me now to make such dispensations; or, supposing the reality (as extraordinary inspiration has ceased) I do not see what criterion can be formed to distinguish it from the illusion of fancy, or effect of imagination; "falsum distinguere vero."—In short, the infrequency of the appearance of spirits, the obscurity in which they are wrapped, their not being seen in broad day-light, and rarely or never by two persons at once; such considerations I must own have great weight in making me doubt the fact; though at the same time I am open to conviction, and even partial, as I expressed before, to the contrary idea, could it be established. However, on my supposition, there can be no room for dissatisfaction; for, "If we believe not Moses and the prophets, neither shall we be persuaded, though one arose from the dead." The works of nature, moreover, fully demonstrate the infinite power, justice, wisdom, and goodness of God; and hence I see no cause why we may not be thoroughly

satisfied with the deductions which reason makes from them and the Scriptures, without any farther assurances of a future existence.

I know you will not be displeased with my expressing myself to you in this liberal, though indigested, unpolished manner; which, had I not been thoroughly convinced of your ingenuousness, as well as ingeniousness, I should not have done.

* * * * * * *

The world is highly obliged to you for what you have given it, and your friends cannot but hope that you will not let a too close confinement to your studies, divert you from a due attention to your health, of which we shall be always happy to receive a good account, as also that of Mrs. Polwhele and the rest of the family; your living productions, or more properly (if I may use the expression) of yourself, and the late, or the present Mrs. Polwhele; be so good to inform me, *quot sunt*, and *quomodo valeant?* "the polished corners and olive-branches around about your table." I hope my old acquaintances are well, with those I do not know. As the present is the season for crambos and ænigmas, be so good to try your young people's ingenuity with the following practical puzzle; viz. I have lately laid two rooms together in my house, and what seems very extraordinary, and yet it is actually the case, they hold but half the number of persons now, in their united, that they did before in their divided state. The most trifling thing will sometimes perplex the wisest philosopher. Simple as the above truth is, not one

person to whom I have mentioned it, has given the solution of it; and my relation, Mr. Grubb, one of the proprietors of Drury-lane Theatre, tells me he has proposed it to several friends, and that not one of them has guessed it. Indeed, he has lately, taking the hint from me, really followed my example, and lain another room into the Green Room at the Theatre, and the same effect has likewise there taken place. *Sed "hæ nugæ in seria ducunt,"* and remind me that you will now think it high time, that, with my own and my wife's united and best compliments, and those of the season, I subscribe myself, with great truth,

Dear Sir, your most obliged friend,

E. S. *

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* The following is a copy of the letter I received from Mr. S. B.

"DEAR SIR, November 26.

"I forwarded the books to Mr. Smith, according to your permission, and he has this day returned them. We both agree in prefering the poem upon 'Local Attachment,' which possesses many pleasing ideas and images happily expressed; and I was much gratified by the allusions to the stories from the Odyssey, Xenophon, &c. which are well introduced, and much in point. The Lyric pieces of many of the 'Sketches' require provincial acquaintance, in order that one may estimate their merit; but the Essays, attached as notes and illustrations, contain much amusing matter, excepting that one does not quite go with the author in what he says about Spirits. Mr. S. joins with me in acknowledgments for the perusal of them, and I am,

"Dear Sir, your very faithful servant, S. B."

C. *to* R. P.

My Dear Sir, January 22, 1797.

* * * * * * *

I am sorry to inform you your mother has been very unwell for these ten days past. If you would ride over soon to see her, it would be of some comfort to her. You will therefore, doubtless, not delay long administering the cup, the sweet cup of filial affection, to parental decrepitude!

You have heard, no doubt, of the death of poor Mrs. Magrath *; she died at Dublin the first of this month. A lady of many excellencies. As a child, she acquitted herself with wonderful dexterity, having had a most difficult part to perform; but indeed she was an example in every relative situation. We lament her loss much; and what eye is there that was charmed with her many elegancies, that remains dry on this sad occasion!

We are under great apprehension, too, that Captain Reynolds is lost, falling a victim to his bravery. A very ingenuous man, one to be depended upon in all stations of life!

Adieu! This is a sad beginning of what I wish may not continue to be a sad year.

Mrs. Polwhele and you will accept our wishes that no evil befall you in it!

Yours, &c. C.

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* The Miss Dickenson of Truro. See her character in a former Chapter.

D. *to* R. P.

DEAR SIR, London, March 14, 1797.

I ought to make many apologies for having so long delayed to answer your's of the 1st, particularly as it seemed to call for a reply as early as possible, but I have really been so much employed lately, that I have scarce had a moment to spare; and as I have not seen Sir John St. Aubyn for these three weeks, the only answer I can give to that part of your letter which respects him must be from conjecture, founded, however, on a long and intimate acquaintance with his character; a character so amiable that I know not where to find its equal. His gentlemanly qualities and polite manners are well known to all who approach him; but his well-informed mind, his quiet good sense (to use an expression of Mr. Reeves's) can be appreciated only by those who have the happiness of living with him in that intimacy with which he has long honoured me.—With respect to your vote at the last contest, I am sure you will do but justice to Sir John St. Aubyn's liberality, as well as my own, by supposing that it can have given no cause of offence. Immediately after an election there is sometimes a little coolness between the friends of the contesting parties, but that can not (as it ought not) last long amongst fair and liberal men; more particularly it must give way, in such times as these, to considerations which call for the union of all the talents, of all the exertions, and of all the ability, mental as well as corporeal, of

the whole kingdom. The defeat of the Spanish fleet makes the project of invasion much less feasible than it appeared some time since; but I am convinced at any rate, that the regular force, the volunteers, provincial cavalry, and supplemental militia, will be wholly adequate to the defence of Cornwall against any attack the enemy may make; for you may depend upon it any serious attack would be made much nearer the metropolis; and I take it we are perfectly able to defend ourselves against predatory expeditions.

Excuse the haste with which this is written, and believe me with great truth, and with many thanks for your valuable present,

Dear Sir, your most faithful,
and much obliged servant, D.

J. K. *to* R. P.

DEAR SIR, April 28, 1797.

* * * * * * *

I am glad you have turned your attention to the discussion of political topics. Surely there never was greater need than at present of "a Muse of fire," "to lighten, to thunder," that Englishmen may be roused to virtue, courage, and to prudence under the horror of such evils. The conquering genius of France seems to exclaim in the words of the frantic Dido:

"Littora littoribus contraria, fluctibus undas
Imprecor, arma armis, pugnent ipsique nepotes."

What do you think of our present national character? Are we not almost reduced to the state of the Romans, when they bowed their necks to Cæsar? Are we not too licentious, too depraved, for an independent government, and fitted by our general corruption of manners to become a province of France, or any other warlike power? But I have done; for a book-worm, I fear, will make but a poor politician.

I spent last week in Essex with a friend of mine, who is curate of that place, and in my return to Cambridge saw a great curiosity, the ruins of Castle Hedingham, in the town of that name, once the residence of the Vere family, who had the title of Lord Oxford. It was built, I believe, soon after the time of William the Conqueror. All that now remains is a square tower, 160 feet high and about 60 feet square; the walls are 16 feet thick, and faced both on the inside and outside with large flat pieces of moor-stone, the intermediate space between these facings being filled up with a sort of cement, become as hard as flint, and stones of different sizes promiscuously thrown in. The windows and doors are all arched; but the arches are semicircular and quite perfect. There are three stories, to which you ascend by a beautiful geometrical staircase; the middle one contains a room which is rudely magnificent; there are four arches on each side of it (except where the chimney is) leading into a sort of piazza. But the grandest thing of all, is an immense semicircular

arch, stretching across the middle of the room, to support the roof. The work is all moorstone. I shall think myself very lucky if you understand this operose description.

Yours truly, J. K.

J. C. *to* J. WHITAKER.

DEAR SIR, London, 28th July, 1797.

* * * * * * *

Eager as I am to partake of the feast you are preparing for all lovers of Ecclesiastical antiquities, I am content we should wait as long as you please, if by waiting we may expect more dissertations, and more fruits of your valuable labours. No epicure would, I believe, object to dine an hour later than he expected on condition that additional dainties should be provided for his entertainment, and the whole repast should be more exquisitely prepared. Beside the pleasure which I shall receive from your "Historical Survey," in common with other antiquaries, I shall enjoy that of finding some of our long-neglected Cornish antiquities elucidated, and (though I shall perhaps remind you of the fly on the chariot wheel) I cannot help congratulating myself on having contributed to your work my small mite of assistance. I do not know whether you are aware that engravers are still more tedious and dilatory than printers; particularly those who are at all eminent. Should your work go soon to the press,

and should you wish me to see an engraver before I leave town, or to execute any other commission for you here whilst I stay, I shall be much obliged to you to let me hear from you before the sixth of next month, when I intend setting out for the West.

Since I had last the pleasure of hearing from you, you see we have lost the great Mr. Burke, whom every Englishman, be his politics what they may, must, I think, admire and lament. I dined a few days since with his friend M. Cazalés (the great antagonist of Mirabeau); he told me that he spent some hours with Mr. Burke the day before his death, when his conversation was as easy, as brilliant, and as vigorous as ever. Sensible of his danger he talked of it with perfect composure; and public affairs still appeared to engage his whole attention. His complaint appears to have been an ulcer on or near the liver. His will is extremely short; he has left every thing to Mrs. Burke, without a single legacy to any of his friends. Dr. Lawrence (of the Commons, the author of the Rolliad) who, with Dr. King, is to arrange his papers and publish what they together think proper, intends likewise to write his life. A third letter on a regicide peace is ready for the press, and will probably appear before the rest of his posthumous works.

I remain, Dear Sir, with great esteem,
your very obliged and sincere friend,
J. C.

HOOPER MORRISON, *Esq. to* R. P.

DEAR SIR, Yeovale, July 31, 1797.

* * * * * * *

Believe me, it gives me uneasiness to hear that you have met with such unexpected difficulties and embarrassments, and that the undertaking is not more extensively patronised; but I should imagine, on the publication of your next volume, that not a single person would then refuse, on the delivery of it, to pay his full subscription; and if on a fair and candid representation, it plainly appears that even then you are still a considerable loser, I, for my part, should think no one would have the least objection, on receiving the third volume, to pay a guinea more for the same, which probably would indemnify you for all your costs and expences. Permit me to observe, that all those who have given plates to the work are more particularly interested in its completion. I can only add that if you ever design to visit this part of the county, I should be very glad to see you at Yeovale, and to be of any service to you in any respect in my power.

I am, Sir, yours, &c. respectfully,

HOOPER MORRISON.

Rev. CHARLES TOOGOOD, *to* R. P.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Broadway, July 1797.

Taking up a book a day or two ago, the first thing I met with was a letter from Dr. Johnson

to Joe Warton (as he is familiarly called), which begins thus; "I ought to have written to you before now, but I ought to do many things which I do not." I felt it as a reproach of my own negligence, and determined to delay my acknowledgments to you no longer.

Believe me, my dear friend, I thought myself exceedingly obliged to you for the readiness with which you gratified me, in sending a translation of the Latin verses; but before my letter could have reached you, as I was repeating the lines, in a solitary excursion, a translation of some of them occurred to me, and on my return I finished the whole, in the manner you will see, when I have the pleasure of requesting your acceptance of the pamphlet, which will shortly be left for you with your bookseller at Exeter. For party violence running high, I was advised to insert my own translation; that it might not be said I quoted Latin, and was obliged to apply to a friend to translate it for me.

I have been lately favoured with a copy of your ingenious and elegant poem on "Local Attachment," which I have read with much pleasure, and hope to read again very soon, with still greater attention, and I doubt not with proportionable delight. How you find time for your different pursuits, I am at a loss to conceive; but I congratulate you on the leisure which you contrive to enjoy for your poetical studies. Your "Old English Gentleman" appears to me a good subject; and I shall most readily and gladly communicate

any hints that may occur to me; but my reading at present is not favourable for such a purpose, and I think it impossible for your situation to be more obscure than mine. I thank you for the specimen, and I should suppose "Canto" preferable to "Book." I have hardly any literary acquaintance in this neighbourhood; but I have more books sent me from our society at Taunton, than I can find time to read. We meet now, in almost every town, with a reading-society; so that it is to be hoped the age of darkness is passing away; and yet, strange to tell, I had a hand-bill given me, a few days ago, which informs me, that "there are now scores of towns, parishes, and villages, in this populous county of Somerset, perishing for lack of knowledge." I knew very well that numbers have been, for some time past, perishing, in a manner, for want of food; but I did not know any thing of this dearth of knowledge, or at least of the means of knowledge.

It is not without reason that you reproach me for my indolence; but I hope to do better for the time to come. And I will endeavour to follow your advice, and to pay as little attention as possible to the gloom that overwhelms us. A friend, however, has lately suggested to me, that it seems destined for us not to get into port, but through a storm; and intimates that we must not forsake our post in the hour of danger. Certainly not. For some time past, our civil and ecclesiastical rulers appear to me to have been hastening on a crisis which they, of all men, ought most to guard

against, in every possible way. The measures, in particular, which have been adopted for the purpose of striking at the liberty of the press, and freedom of speech, will, I doubt not, defeat the end proposed; and the bitter spirit which prevails so much in the church will have its proper reward. Adieu, my dear friend, sincerely yours.

C. Toogood.

J. Whitaker *to* R. P.

Dear Sir, Feb. 4, 1797.

In my last I promised you that I would in the first week of January sit down to the Essays of the Exeter Society, and review them for the British Critic. But the first of January arrived, and found me still entangled in the web of St. German's. Yet I had reason to hope, that in a day or two I should still be able to perform my promise. In this manner my hope dallied with my pen for a week. I then was resolute for marching from St. German's to Exeter. But I accidentally met at the moment some notices in M. Paris, that I had never observed before, and that laid open some unknown points of ecclesiastical antiquarianism. I could not but notice the novelty, and could not but convey it into my repository. Nor was I able to turn over the essays till last week. My daughters were then on the wing for their return to school; their mother was fluttering her wings to fly with them, and I was fluttering in my

spirits at the prepared, the actual departure of all. My wife returned, my spirits rose, and on Monday I sat down seriously to lash you with your anonymous associates.

The vindication of the character of Pindar I praise much. The remarks on the early population of Europe I condemn severely. The more remarkable British monuments in Devon, I "applaud with civil leer;" or rather, condemn harshly in one point, and praise moderately in the rest. The historical outlines of Falconry, I censure in the reasoning, but praise in the notices. A chronological essay on Ptolemy's mode of computation I praise. An essay on the contraction of the Iris, I leave to other critics. But, to leap over all the intermediate, an essay on Benevolence I praise highly; and the ode, called the Genius of Danmonium, I at once praise and cite. On the whole, I have endeavoured to act with impartial justice to every writer. Yet I wish to know, who is the confused contradictory remarker on Europe's early population; and on the mythology and worship of the Serpent? He is one man obviously, the most learned fool, with the semblance of wisdom, whom I ever met before. Shakspeare's fools are all wits; but this is a fine scholar, giant-like rearing his head to the skies, and scarcely deigning to rest his tip-toe on the earth. Had I not been unwilling for your sake, to tell him who I was, I should have cut him for the simples with a gashing knife, on account of what he says about me.

I have thus thrown off a load that had lain heavy upon my mind for some months past. I love reviewing when I have got into it, but I love not to get into it. My own studies so engross me, that I hate to relinquish them. Yet surely this is wrong in one who has been a professed Reviewer so long, and is likely to be one longer. I have lately had a solicitation to engage in another Review, but declined to engage because of my connections with the British. Yet the British has no other claim upon me, but that of congeniality of sentiments and views. I will therefore consider this offer more soberly than I have done, and may perhaps be flourishing where you would least expect me. The offer would have tempted a Johnson, who avowed, you know, he had no other temptation to writing. Yet I do not believe him. I profess, at least, to act upon very different principles; to review for profit, and for consequence; but to write in my own name for consequence and praise. If I can buy the books that I want for the year, at the expence of reviewing for a few weeks, I obtain all that I want, except the pleasure of praising the meritorious, and of scourging the coxcomb or the fool.

When I was last at Falmouth, I met there Dr. ——; but so, I recollect, I told you in my last. Have you read, let me therefore ask, Burke's pamphlet on a Regicide Peace? I have read it twice, with wonderful pleasure. It has all the fervour, all the fancy, of his best of days. It has a rapid sale: mine is the *eleventh* edition. And

it will therefore have an electrical effect upon the spirits of the nation. May it have all the effect there that it has had upon me; previously thinking with him in general, yet willing to believe that King's Ministers were better judges than myself, and now convinced they humbled their King and their Country too much in stooping to sue for peace. Your friend and servant,

JOHN WHITAKER *.

The same to the same.

DEAR SIR, July 26, 1797.

I received your present of the Sketches on Thursday last, and your letter on the Sunday following: for both I thank you, but especially for the former. The poetry and the prose I admire; yet the prose I think better than the poetry. Such is the effect that a habit of reasoning has upon the mind! I had heard some indistinct hum from those who are ready to pull down authors, because they cannot become authors themselves, of your essay on Spirits. Yet they could not tell me, and I could not guess by myself, in what form or manner you had written about Spirits.

* The Author of "Vaurien; or, Sketches of the Times," [1797] adduces WHITAKER and HORSLEY, as examples of "heat, the effect of debility! ! !"—"Theirs (he says) are the warmth and imbecility of bigots." His defence of the Jews to the prejudice of Christianity, and his apology for Prostitutes, are equally creditable to his head and heart.

Some, however, laughed, who could not reason; and I was obliged to suspend my opinion, till I could hear farther. Your present has enabled me to do more than hear,—to read, to approve, and to applaud. What you have written is, in my opinion, at once scriptural and rational.

I had, however, seen the British Critic before I received your present. This had informed me in general, of the contents of your elegant volume. It had particularly announced to me, your Sonnet addressed to me; and announced it with an eulogium that startled me; but, till I received the Sketches, I supposed your compliment was paid in the usual manner, to my head. I was agreeably undeceived on the receipt, to find it was paid to a much better part. I did not, however, understand your allusion at first, even till my wife's soberer genius reminded me of a fact. For your compliment on that fact, for your general compliment to my heart, and for your concluding wish so honourable to me; I feel myself much indebted to you. May our friendship be as lasting as it is warm!

I am glad you liked the review of the Exeter Essays. By the British Critic of last month you have already learnt, that the Essayist, "On the Population of Europe," has written an angry letter to the Reviewer, and that the Reviewer has answered it with spirit. The Essayist is not Dr. Downman, I hope, as (amid much genius and much erudition) he is weak in mind and confused in judgment. But, what is more astonishing than all the rest, he plainly points at you as the re-

viewer; though many compliments were paid him and though one of your pieces was slightly blamed. Conscious that he had offended you, whoever he is, he thought you was now retaliating upon him, I therefore saw myself obliged to free you in as peremptory a tone as I could use under the existing circumstances, from all suspicion of being the writer.

In my last, short and hasty as it was, I believe I hinted to you my writing the two articles on Bryant's "Plain of Troy," not that on Bryant's "Denial of Troy's existence." I was particularly desired to review that, and to make a strong article of it. I sat to work therefore with eagerness, soon caught fire with my own movements, and at last found myself inclined to blaze away in a pamphlet. What I had written, I could easily have dilated with some remarks that I had in reserve, into such a publication with my name to it. I should thus have gotten more money and some fame. I should have appeared in a new walk of literature, and have acquired an addition of credit as an author; these reasons staggered me for a moment. But honour set me steady again. That honour, which cannot "set a leg," set me firm upon my legs. I had engaged to review the work, and I could not retract with honour.

My "St. German's" I am now revising a second time, finally for the press. I have been particularly unburdening a cumbersome Appendix of a part of its load. I have thrown out a Dissertation upon St. Neot. I have also cut off the ancient *Valors* for

benefices in Cornwall. These I design for two separate publications hereafter. The latter has many notes, and some dissertations; while the former is a regular history, or rather a regularly historical disquisition. With both these abscissions, however, the Survey of St. German's will be more than 500 folio pages in my writing. In that extent I mean it to set out on its travels to London, by the middle or end of September. When it has passed through the press, I will take care to send you an early copy.

I am expecting Dr. Wolcot down at my house for a week, this long vacation. We correspond a little, and shall more. I beg to hear from you soon, and in a letter not half a sheet in size, but a whole and a large sheet.

Yours, &c. J. W.

The same to the same.

My Dear Sir, Sept. 30, 1797.

Till this moment I have not had leisure or inclination, and inclination frequently creates leisure, to read over with care your obliging communications in your last. I have had cares and anxieties, and terrors, that you un-farming divines can hardly conceive. I have been out early and late, urging on the tedious work of the harvest. I have been beaten out of my fields, and beaten out of my new hay, by the descending rains. I have twice despaired of saving my corn; yet I have saved it,

thank God, very happily. My hops alone have suffered, and are suffering now; but they form only an inconsiderable object in my plan of farming.

I have been just perusing your poetical essay on the origin of the Blank-verse Sonnet, for the second time; my first was a hasty one, upon its first arrival. I like it much, and advise you to follow up your intention of publishing it. Your "Sonnet in Blank-verse," I particularly admire: it is a choice piece of poetical landscape-painting, short in itself, but vividly picturesque, and happily moralizing at the close. Your JEU d'ESPRIT * also gave me great pleasure, of a lower kind indeed, yet great in ridicule. Many touches I lose of course, by my ignorance of characters and names.

But now to business.—It will always give me particular pleasure if I can serve you. I have therefore wished ever since I received yours, for leisure to write to the manager of the British Critic upon your offer. I would not write to the rival Review, because I would not have you, willingly, against us. But I will write by this post to London, and urge your offer upon the British Critic. No urgency, indeed, will be requisite, unless a writer in that department is already engaged by the manager. But I apprehend from all my experience with the Review, that no one person is engaged regularly and invariably for any one

* This Jeu d'Esprit is incorporated with a little sportive poem [still in MSS.] *viz.* "The Visitation of the Poets."

department. I shall speak of you as a Critic for poetry and for essays. Yet they, and all the literary world, know your general abilities as well as I do. I need, therefore, to mention only your offer, and I think it will be accepted with readiness.

Your friend, J. W.

About this time, Whitaker was engaged in a correspondence with J. Harington, Esq. (son of Dr. Harington, of Bath) on various literary and theological subjects. With respect to theology, Mr. Harington had the goodness to communicate to me the following curious letter:

"DEAR SIR,

"I was not able to read over your work on Predestination before this day. I then sat down to it, turned down leaves in abundance as I read, and meant to have refuted it from end to end; but I find my time too short for a course so long: I therefore throw aside what I had begun to write, and shall only make two or three observations in general upon it. The doctrine of eternal election and reprobation, comes with such a sound to the ears of even uneducated reason, that the mind receives it with aversion, and dwells upon it with increasing disgust. The doctrine, indeed, is so pregnant with consequences both to God and to man, that nothing in the whole circle of demonstrations could possibly prove it. Not an angel speaking it from Heaven could possibly reconcile the intellect of man to the belief of it. If a decree has been made for the absolute salvation or damnation of any man, then all other modes and means are utterly useless, the Redemption itself is a nullity, and the Bible a mere mockery.

"Nor is the case mended, even if we take the only novelty that occurs in this book, and extend the decree of salvation into a decree also of religiousness. The same objection still remains in full force. The religiousness that is *decreed*, cannot possibly be religiousness at all. But *sin* must also be *decreed* upon the same principle, in order to carry the decree of damnation into effect. And as a rule of action given from Heaven is an errant superfluity in itself, if a decree determines at once the religiousness or sinfulness of the party; so all the calls of God, frequent

as they are in Scripture, to repent and be saved, are adding insult to injury on the heads of the already reprobated.

"The doctrine, indeed, is so horrible in itself, so blasphemous to God, and so noxious to man, that the Lutherans have justly reproached the Calvinists with turning God into a devil by it.

"What then, you will ask, is to be done with the passages in Scripture, that seem to announce such a doctrine? The same, I answer, that has been always done by them among the great body of Christians; by interpreting them with latitude, by understanding them to mean any thing (I had almost said) rather than this, and by keeping their meaning at least within such bounds as shall not render the very Book in which they are found a mere cipher.

"This may seem to give too free a rein to interpretations merely human. I will therefore exemplify the proper, the necessary use of it. 'All things shall work together for good to them that love God.' 'All things.'—would a reader, reasoning like a Calvinist, repeat, and therefore Sin itself. He would thus turn a single sentence of the Scriptures against all the rest, and annihilate every promise, every threat, every exhortation against sin.

"This shews you, as in a mirror, the necessity of recurring to such interpretations of single passages, as reconcile them with the whole, and carry on one regular systematic plan with all, for the rescue of a fallen world from sin and destruction.

"And I subscribe myself in haste, dear Sir, yours,

"J. WHITAKER."

R. P. *to a* COLLEGE FRIEND.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Manaccan, July 1797.

As you are still attached to your old acquaintance Mr. Urban, you remember, I presume, two blank verse Sonnets which appeared in the Gentleman's Magazine for June 1795. And you cannot have forgotten the circumstance*, that

* Some of my friends, indeed, apprised of the very serious contest which they occasioned between Dr. D. and myself, have entitled them "*the Lunatic Sonnets.*" See the Gentleman's Ma-

"the sun and moon shining in contrast," was the subject of both. These little poems were brought forward with the view of exhibiting the one as imitated from the other. "The imitation" (as it was termed) is my own; the other, the property of Dr. D. of Exeter.

gazine for June 1795; where Dr. D. "wonders that so obvious and natural an appearance as the sun and moon shining at the same time, and the contrast of their different light should not have hitherto been described, or have given birth to an allusion in poetry." But if the Doctor read the following passages, his wonder will cease.

"When from the pallid sky *the sun* descends
With many a spot that o'er his glaring orb
Uncertain wanders, stain'd; red fiery streaks
Begin to flush around. *The reeling clouds*
Stagger with dizzy poise, as doubting yet
Which master to obey, while rising slow,
Blank in the leaden-colour'd east, *the moon*
Wears a wan circle round her blunted horns."

THOMSON'S *Winter*, v. 116.

Here "the different light of the sun and moon" is contrasted much more strongly than either in the Doctor's sonnet or my own.

In these stanzas "the sun and moon shine at the same time."—

"As the plodding ploughman goes
Homeward to the hamlet bound,
Giant-like his shadow grows,
Lengthen'd o'er the level ground.
O'er the mead the bullock strays
Free—the furrow'd task is done;
And the village-windows blaze,
Burnish'd by the *setting-sun*.

As the lark with varied tune
Carols to the evening loud,
Marks the *mild resplendent moon*
Breaking through a parted cloud.

But my sonnet was not a copy. It was sketched from nature during a winter's walk, on the evening of January 3, 1795, at no great distance from the vicarage; and it was written in blank verse, as I had been in the habit of writing little poems long before. That these things were so, the doctor seemed, at length, to be convinced; though not till the subject had been warmly discussed between us. The discussion, indeed, was temperate on my part: to a gentleman, with whom I had lived many years in habits of the

> Linnets with unnumber'd notes,
> And the cuckoo-bird with two,
> Tuning sweet their mellow throats
> Bid the *setting sun* adieu."
>
> PEARCH'S *Collec. of Poems*, vol. iii. p. 301.

The Doctor's sonnet resembles the stanzas very closely. In the sonnet, "*the ploughman unyokes* the dripping *steers*, and whistles *towards his home*." In the stanzas, "as the *ploughman* goes *homeward*, the *bullock* strays, his *furrowed* task done." In the sonnet, "*the sun*, ere he *retires*, *gilds the hamlets*, &c. In the stanzas, "the *village-windows blaze* to the *setting sun*." In the sonnet, "the *clouds* are *disparted*, and skirted with *splendour*:" In the stanzas, "the *resplendent moon* breaks through a *parted cloud*." In the sonnet, "every copse *resounds* with warbled melody:" In the stanzas, "the lark *carols loud* to the evening."

Yet, notwithstanding these coincidences, the Doctor, perhaps, never saw the stanzas. The truth is, that observers of Nature placed in similar situations, will generally describe Nature in a similar manner. The principal image in the two sonnets, in Thomson's lines, and in the stanzas, is certainly, as the Doctor observes, not only "*a natural*," but "*an obvious*," one. The conclusion, therefore, to be drawn from his own premises is—not that one poet imitated from another—but that they all, with equal independence, painted from Nature.

strictest intimacy, I was ready to concede every thing but the truth. On his side, however, there was much indignation and wrath; and even when I fondly deemed that "the tyranny was overpast," his anger ceased only to show itself in menacing expressions. It may be said to have been smothered up in his bosom, to blaze with new violence, on some future occasion; or rather to have subsided into a still and determined resentment, awaiting an opportunity for an open rupture with me. Such a process in an enlightened mind, I was sorry to observe for the sake of the *literæ humaniores*—to say nothing of the Doctor's friendship—a friendship founded, as he professed, on a long experience of my character.

The moment for breaking with me arrived. In 1796, were published the "Essays by a Society of Gentlemen at Exeter;" of which society the Doctor was a member. Some strictures on this publication appeared in the European Magazine, for September 1796; where the following passage excited a suspicion, that they were composed by myself. "All the remarks on the British monuments in Devon, from p. 106 to 130, might, in our opinion, have been spared; particularly those on the Cromlech, which is described already by Mr. Polwhele, in his Historical Views of Devonshire. If these remarks were written by Mr. P. (which, however, does not strike us as being the case) they are here out of place; and his subscribers have just reason to complain of him. If they were written by Mr. Swete (as the

accompanying engravings seem to intimate), there is something of a hostile appearance in thus obtruding an account of Devonian monuments on the public, without a reference to the Historical Views, when the subject is already exhausted; or to the great work, the History of Devon, where a very ample description of those monuments, we apprehend, will be introduced." From the complexion of the pasage before us, I was charged with being the London Reviewer in the European Magazine*.

My reply was such as ought to have convinced the society, that though I had been much dis-

* At the commencement of this critique, some little objection is made to the arrangement of the Essays. The Critical Reviewers, also, observe, "Perhaps, had the Editors distinguished the philosophical from the literary, and both from the miscellaneous papers, the collection would have been more pleasing."—Afterwards, the exceptions which the European Reviewer makes to particular passages, are very few; whilst the praises of the philosophical, historical, and critical essays, are as warm, I should conceive, as their authors could wish, and the whole is strongly recommended to the public attention. So that, had I really been the writer of this critique, I cannot see that I should have merited the indignation of the Society. Here, for instance, "the Remarks on the Population of Europe," are said to "display much acuteness of investigation." But to the Critical Reviewer, the writers "object" seems obscure—"not explained very clearly, or supported very dexterously." Here the critical papers are all "marked by the conceptions of a mind independent on authorities." But, in several of the other reviews, great and weighty objections are made to some of the critical papers—particularly to the commentaries upon some of Shakspeare's characters. But enough: "When injustice is determined upon oppression, the strongest pleas of innocence are preferred in vain."

pleased with Mr. S. and was by no means gratified with the conduct of the editors*, yet I was superior to those secret manœuvres by which some people endeavour to detract from the reputation of their enemies. I acknowledged that under the impression of Mr. Swete's unhandsome interference with my Druidical Researches, I had written a letter to Dr. Watkins (a critic in the European Magazine), desiring him to notice the circumstance, but at the same time recommending to him "the Essays" as A CURIOUS AND VALUABLE PRODUCTION, WHICH REFLECTED HONOUR ON THE SOCIETY. This letter I dispatched to the post-office not an hour after it was written; but by the very next post entreated Dr. W. to suspend his critique, till he heard from me again. For, though from the period of the publication of the Essays I had determined to recede from the Club, even as an honorary member—which at this distance is no other than an ideal member of it—yet, I was urged only by the violence of a mo-

* In "the Historical Outlines of Falconry," (p. 163.) read "Since the Lombards and the Goths had ONE common origin." It is printed—"Had NO common origin"—which destroys a material link in the hypothetical chain.——"Benevolence and *friendship*, as opposed to principle," was in my MS. "benevolence and *feeling* as opposed to principle." The Critical Reviewers very properly ask, "Should it not be *feeling*? For no part of the essay is connected with friendship." Yet the Editors never condescended, on my remonstrance, to apologize for this alteration. The printer might mistake *one* for *no* very possibly; but scarcely *feeling* for *friendship*.—I have certainly no reason, on other accounts, to be pleased with the Editors in their official capacity.

ment, to apply to the European critic for redress. The Society had themselves commended their book to my care, on the supposition that I was the writer in the English Review. But, conscious that my personal feelings might disqualify me for an impartial notice of it, I declined the task. I accordingly informed the editor of the English Review, that several of the society had used me ill; and that though I might now arbitrate, perhaps, in my own cause; yet I did not choose to take advantage of my situation, but referred the examination of the book to himself.

Under such circumstances, my openness in disclosing to the society my correspondence with Dr. Watkins, ought surely to have operated on their minds, not greatly to my prejudice. Yet the consequence of my unreservedness was, that they at once imputed to me all the articles in the European Magazine under the signature of W.*

* "Substitute (says Mr. H.) some other signature instead of your favourite letter W. It is as well known to the generality of its readers, as to your humble servant." Such hardiness of assertion, such insolence as this, is surely enough to excite an effervescence in the most quiet mind. A falsehood more daring was never invented since malice first began her work of defamation! But it is the pillory—a little harmless joke about the pillory, that makes him "fume and stamp, and roar and chafe." Those unfortunate lines,

"A theme invites—a rugged word the theme,
That ne'er was *heard* by the Castalian *stream*"——

provoked, it seems, the playful humour of the European critic, who had jocosely exclaimed—that "such a poet deserved to be pilloried,"—a sentence which exactly suits the crime, and agrees with every idea of poetical justice: "He who gives ears to

—With persons of this description, whose passions shut up every avenue to conviction, it is vain to argue. To their jaundiced eyes, assertion, proof, and argument, are all alike. From these imputations, however, the following letter from Dr. Watkins, (the author of every article signed W.) must sufficiently clear me in the opinion of the unprejudiced.

"MR. URBAN,

"It was with no little uneasiness that I read Mr. Swete's strictures (p. 296) on some late critiques on the volume of Essays just published by the Exeter Society; as from the tenour of his letter it is pretty evident he considers Mr. P. to be the author of the offensive remarks in the European Magazine. NOW IN JUSTICE TO MR. P. IT IS CERTAINLY INCUMBENT ON ME TO SET THE DEVONSHIRE GENTLEMEN (PARTICULARLY MR. S.) RIGHT IN THE MATTER, BY ACKNOWLEDGING MYSELF THE AUTHOR OF THE CRITIQUE IN QUESTION, AND OF EVERY ARTICLE THAT HAS APPEARED IN THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE UNDER THE SIGNATURE OF W. It is true, Mr. P. did send me an abstract of the contents of the volume previous to its publication, accompanied with a request, that an early and handsome notice might be taken of it. Of this, however, I made no use. And, as to the few strictures upon some of the Essays and selections

a stream (would the critic say) deserves to lose his own."—How puerile is all this hostile apparatus to revenge an innocent piece of jocularity; especially as the essays of Mr. H. are noticed by Dr. Watkins in terms of general approbation!

from others, I acted solely from my own judgment, Nor is any other person whatever responsible for them."

For the remainder of the letter relating to the History of Devon, and the Historical Views, where Dr. W. observes, that "he drew up without the privity of Mr. P. what he conceived to be a just statement of the contents and merits of the book," I refer my readers to the Gentleman's Magazine for December 1796.

Of the critiques under the signature of W. I knew nothing—not even of those which related to the History of Devon, or the Historical Views, till Dr. W. by letter informed me, that he was the author of them. A great part of those critiques I have not read at this hour: and I solemnly protest, that even the articles in which I was particularly interested, had been sometime in print, before I was acquainted with their existence in any shape. My correspondence commenced with Dr. W. in consequence of one of my circular addresses, in which he (as well as other gentlemen of Devon) was requested to assist me in collecting materials for the History; and his kind attention to my concerns, during his residence at Bideford, I shall always remember with gratitude. I never saw him: I am totally unacquainted, in short, with his connexions or pursuits.

But to the false and daring accusations of the Exeter Club there is no end. I am this moment surprised and shocked at the contents of a reply to a correspondent, at the end of the British Critic

for the last month; from which I collect, that "the Essayist on the Population of Europe" suspects me to be the Reviewer of his essay. In answer to which, I can only declare, that I never yet had the honour of writing a single line for the British Critic.

Is it uncandid, then, to view all this conduct so unworthy of literary men—so unbecoming the character of gentlemen, as originating in a consciousness, that they themselves have treated me in a similar manner? Nay, I have good reason for suspecting "*the author of the Essay on the Population of Europe,*" to be the writer of those very strictures on the Historical Views, which a leading member of the society has styled "a most ferocious attack on my reputation, the product of malevolence and vulgarity *." Yet, with every cause

* The "Historical Views" were scarcely published in town, before this abusive article appeared in the Critical Review. It must have been prepared by a person who, residing near the press, had an opportunity of inspecting the MSS. as they were printing. That *the Essayist* had read some of the MSS. whilst in the hands of the printer, he himself once informed me; though not (as I conceived) without some degree of hesitation, as if he wished to retract what he had inadvertently communicated.—If the article in question happened to be mentioned, he generally observed a strict silence, or dropped a sarcastic hint which from his natural flippancy he was unable to suppress, or attempted to fix my suspicion on a gentleman to whose ingenuity it was attributed by many, though never by myself.—The style of the critique resembles that of the Essayist.—"It is well known" that he is a writer in the Critical Review.—And the critique on my *Discourses* affords internal evidence, that himself or some one of the late Mr. Badcock's acquaintance, was its author.—These are some of the

for suspicion, I have not indulged a wish to retaliate. I have always shrunk, indeed, from the painful office of unmasking a literary hypocrite, or of exhibiting in its proper colours the jesuitical speciousness of a reviewer. And though I deem the judgment which the *essayist* may have pronounced against me extremely severe, yet no one can assert that I have discovered any symptoms of resentment, or that

> ——— manet altâ mente repostum
> *Judicium* PARIDIS!

The conclusion of the whole matter is this—that, influenced by unworthy passions, several members of the society have done me great injustice as a brother-author. They are conscious of having done so. And with this consciousness on their minds, together with the experience of their own irritability, they imagine that I must feel the injury and resent it. They, therefore, treat me as an enemy, and insult me with charges which they do not themselves believe; and I look forward to nothing but fresh indignities—nothing but an accumulation of insults upon injuries.

Surely the world will make every allowance for an individual whose lot it is to contend, from the remote and solitary shores of the Lizard, with a combination of incensed authors amidst a populous city. In one, to fight against so many, it is

grounds for the above charge: let Mr. H. and his brethren produce such presumptive proof, if they can, to corroborate their assertions.

truly a hazardous enterprise! If, indeed, to meet my various antagonists, I multiply myself, and come forth under designations as various, what have I to expect but discomfiture—a vicar of a little parish in Meneage, against a prebendary of the cathedral church of Exeter; "a poet" against "a man of fortune*;" a person drooping with indisposition, against the vivacity of spirits that kindle from collision; "a man," perhaps, "of parts†," against genius, wit, and science?—Alas! if dignities still triumph over "conditions cast in obscurity"—riches over‡ necessitous poetry, and first-rate powers of mind over moderate abilities—if such be so, my friend!—then must I fall!—

But when the competition of station and of talents shall cease—if TRUTH must finally prevail—I shall not "fall like Lucifer, never to rise again!"

I remain, yours, &c. &c.

J. W. *to* R. P.

DEAR SIR, March 12, 1798.

I have had a fresh application, and from another Review, to engage in writing. This was a Review

* The Essayist "has been at the pains to inform us, that he IS A MAN OF FORTUNE, (that he was *once* a *Reviewer)* and that he has a POET FOR AN ENEMY!"—See "Acknowledgments to Correspondents," at the end of the British Critic for June 1797.

† See Gent. Mag. for June, 1795.

‡ Such, I suppose, the Essayist meant to insinuate.

from which I less expected such an application than the former. The Review has been particularly opposed to my principles and me; and I was solicited expressly to write as an Antiquary and Historian.

Do you know the exact fate of the English Review? If not, I can perhaps tell you. Dr. Thomson formed an union between his and the Analytical Review. He writes the political reflections at the end, as he used to write before; and the two booksellers of the English are tacked to the bookseller of the Analytical. I think that Thomson should have carried you with him into the latter; but perhaps you would not go.

I have just planned a new work, a small one, under no very promising title, and calculated for the *Bonhommes* of Cornwall; "The Valors of Cornwall, with Notes and Dissertations." I mean it to embrace all that I have written, or shall write, of matters merely local; with many openings, however, to the general history of the island. For such a work I have ample materials provided, I think; and hope I shall be able to shape them into form, in the course of a few months; and then I long to begin my Military History of the Romans in Britain, with all my powers collected to a point.

I have lately been re-perusing your last publication, "the Sketches," with new pleasure. I then saw allusions and felt strokes that I neither felt nor saw before. Your T— T— and your V— I now recognized with much satisfaction. You think and you write well in both those characters; and

you wished, very reasonably I believe, to make those shrink under your lancet who had behaved with impertinence to you.

But why do I trifle with you in such a chit-chat letter? I am wasting your time and my own. I therefore hasten to send Mrs. W.'s compliments to Mrs. P. and to subscribe myself,

Yours, &c. JOHN WHITAKER.

The same to the same.

DEAR SIR, March 22, 1798.

You seem tremblingly alive to the verdicts of Reviewers. If you was a young author, one just starting in the race, and new to the voice of praise, I should not wonder at your trepidation of spirits. But when you have so often entered the lists, so often ran over the course, and so often borne away the prize; surely you degrade yourself, by carrying the flutters of boyhood into the experience of manhood. At least, I can safely say for myself, that, whatever I felt at my first publication, I feel no longer the solicitudes that you seem to feel so exquisitely. I have no apathy indeed, but I have a concern moderated and subdued. My pride buoys me up above fear, above acknowledged fear at least.

The packet which I sent Mr. N. lately, was a review of "Pinkerton's History of Scotland," 2 vols. quarto. This, my old antagonist, I have treated

with great generosity. I have blamed him where he merited blame, and I have praised him whenever I could. But upon the whole I have praised him much; though I have reason to believe, that he is not now at least what I used to think him, the historical writer in the Critical Review. This work, and Bryant's Philo-Judæus, are the only pieces that I have reviewed lately. But I mean to review several soon; as, like you, I have from pride or patriotism, or both, declined to reduce the sum of my triple assessment, by an appeal upon the ground of income. Your affectionate friend,

JOHN WHITAKER.

The same to the same.

MY DEAR SIR, May 12, 1798.

I have received your first part of the first volume of Devonshire. I have not had time to peruse it with anything like regularity. Yet I have run over it, "*levi pede*," or rather

"Smooth-sliding without step,"

from your dedication to your postscript. The latter I think to be particularly proper. "Let the galled jade wince,"—that very Miss in the pedantry of a fop. Were I to review the work, I should select this as a specimen of the whole.

But indeed, though you and Mr. N—— have concurred to urge me, I cannot review it. Two thirds of it are in a sphere of knowledge to which I never made any advances. The remaining third

is all that I could with any pretensions to modesty presume to review. I should therefore be as ridiculous in attempting to review the whole, as he would have been who was writing the life of Marlborough, and forgetting that Marlborough was a General. And I shall accordingly write to Mr. N. desiring him to put some other person upon the work, who is "*in utrumque paratus*," and capable of reviewing the Natural History as well as the Antiquities. I am sorry I am thus obliged to decline the agreeable task, because I wished to have shewn you once more, against all your enemies at Exeter or elsewhere, how much I am, with Mrs. and Miss W.'s respects to Mrs. P.

Yours, &c. JOHN WHITAKER.

The same to the same.

DEAR SIR, Dec. 11, 1798.

* * * * * * *

Your poem, "the Unsexed Females," is written much in the style of the author to whom it is addressed. The poetry is a peg for the prose; but the poetry is good, and the prose is necessary. The design of both, however, demands praise of a higher quality than what the execution can claim. It is of an exalted nature, calculated for the best interests of society, and more, to promote the best of causes, religion.

I have read also your Discourse on two melancholy events, and like it well. But I am most

agreeably surprised at your "Old English Gentleman." This is in a style of composition new to you, comic and humourous. The man of observation, the keen characterizer, the antiquary, and the poet, are happily blended together. Some of your antiquarian touches, *arish* note, the *geese-dance* note, I should contest with you. But many strokes of humourous *portraiture*, I suspect, are taken from real life, from existing characters in your ancestors, or your contemporaries. Some you expressly attribute to the latter; and others have so much of *particularity* in them, as to shew they are derived from the same source. On the whole, I stand surprised at the versatility of your talents, and the range of your publications.

En passant, what makes you think Dr. Parr writes in the Critical? I was offered a post in it, but declined to take it. Dr. Thomson now writes in the Analytical; writes at least the epilogue on politicks, and assuredly many articles. He is a believer, whatever the subordinates may be.

Your assured friend, JOHN WHITAKER.

J. JONES *to* R. P.

DEAR SIR, Temple, May 7, 1798.

After so long a silence—after suffering three of your letters to remain in my escrutoir unanswered, you will be probably surprised at my writing at this period. Waiving for the present any explanation, I wish you to understand that the

sight of your first volume, which I received from Exeter a day or two since, is the occasion of this letter. I am happy to see such a volume produced, and, most likely, you will not take it as a compliment, but it is the truth, when I say that the execution of it *most abundantly exceeds any expectations I ever formed.* A passage in the postscript is almost the only thing that gives me dissatisfaction; I feel it as a reproach. But I still reserve myself on this subject, and proceed to my object; which is simply to inquire if you know or have seen the recent publication of our Society of the History of Exeter Cathedral? If you have not I beg you will, for the sake of your work, give me immediate notice; and as you are printing on, if you should be near that division which treats of the church, it will be necessary to stop the press perhaps. I need say no more than that Bishop Lyttelton's History of the Church (with copious remarks and corrections by Sir H. Englefield our Vice President), forms the work we have issued. If it should chance to be, as I suppose it, that this work has not reached your hand, you *must* be furnished with it, and I will take care that you shall be, with the least possible delay, at least with a transcript of the letter-press.

It is now the heat of term, and I cannot well afford the time for this letter, much less for any thing beyond its immediate object. I would say in few words, that I did read your poem, without a name, long before you mentioned it, and that I have now to congratulate you on the acces-

sion it forms to your literary reputation. The last poem I have not seen, but in extracts in the reviews. I congratulate you on the activity of your mind, in producing so much, and the vigour of your genius in executing so well. For my own part, I am sunk into a fagging nervous lawyer, with little other amusement than my dinner, which I cannot always eat, and a newspaper. I have not time to read much out of my own department; but if the little stock I had is not much increased, I believe it is not greatly diminished, by the want of memory. I retain the same admiration of literature, and I feel the same respect for literary men, which is more than many lawyers do. I wield a sword as well as a pen. Three hours before breakfast I daily stand under the weight of a musket in the ranks; the remainder of the day in professional duties or study. We are all soldiers, not trained for parade,—though, by the bye, there is as much of that as there can exist in any troops,—but for action, in the gloomy anticipation of popular commotion. I say gloomy, on account of the mischief that must result from it, if this contingency happens; not, I trust, from want of hardiness or fear to discharge the duties of a good subject.

With good wishes for your welfare, and that of your family, I remain, very truly yours,

JOHN JONES.

Archdeacon MOORE *to* R. P.

DEAR SIR, Heavitree, June 19, 1798.

The parcel you so obligingly taught me to expect, is come to my hands. The part intended for the Bishop shall be disposed of, according to his Lordship's directions, as soon as I receive it. Under the late restrictions upon privilege, I am scrupulous of writing to him oftener than I find it necessary in the way of business; but I shall, probably, have occasion to do so in a few days, and will not neglect the opportunity to inform him of your present. In the mean time, I beg you to accept my best thanks for this repeated instance of your great civility to myself, which, under my present ignorance of the contents, I can only value as coming from a gentleman whose abilities for works of greater importance I have long learned highly to esteem.

What do you mean by the *unfortunate hendecasyllable submitted* to me? Have I forgot any such verses of yours which I might have remembered? If I have, I beg you to forgive a failure of memory in an old man, who, however, is not capable of treating any communication from you with wilful inattention and disrespect.

I am sorry to find you complaining of a nervous head-ache. Let it be your monitor not to rack your brains, like poor Badcock, with the tortures of controversy. If I were to prescribe you a task, it should be that of making a poetical translation of Sophocles; a work, if I mistake not, well suited

to your talents and genius. Potter, you know, has done Æschylus and Euripides; the former, as far as I am a judge, very well. His version of Euripides, I have never seen. But from what I remember of Franklin's Sophocles, a good translation of that high spirited author is still a *desideratum* in English literature*.

I remain, with the sincerest esteem and respect, dear Sir, your much obliged, affectionate, and faithful servant, GEORGE MOORE.

Bishop of EXETER *to* R. P.

REV. SIR, Lee, July 2, 1798.

I should certainly have acknowledged your first letter, in which you mention having sent me six copies of a Discourse lately published; but not being at Exeter I have not yet had an opportunity of receiving them. For the same reason I have not yet got the volumes you speak of in your last.

I am no stranger to your name as an author. I have looked into your "Devonshire," which must do you credit as an historian; and I have read your "English Orator," which I think equally honourable to you as a poet. But several of your lighter pieces in the "Collection of the Devon and

* In consequence of the above, a publication as follows was projected: "The Choephoræ of Eschylus, and the Electra of Sophocles, of Euripides, and of Seneca; translated into English verse. To which will be prefixed the "Dramatic Muse," a poem in the Spenser-stanza, and a Dissertation on those four parallel Plays, with Notes and Illustrations."

Cornwall Poets," may justly serve to amuse a society of friends rather than to build any great fame upon.

From the detail you give me of the execution of your parochial duties, I must readily acknowledge your zeal and activity; but it may be worth your consideration, whether some of the effect you properly wish to produce, may not be destroyed by too much rigour and exactness. It is not easy in a letter to enter into particulars on this head; but perhaps in all matters of reform, more is to be gained by a discreet application to particular circumstances, than by an indiscriminate enforcement of general regulations.

Sincerely wishing that, by the recovery of your health, you may be enabled to fulfil with success the important function you are engaged in, I remain, Reverend Sir, your affectionate and obedient servant, H. R. EXETER.

W. RICHARDSON *to* R. P.

SIR, Glasgow College, Aug. 30, 1798.

I should think myself very insensible indeed if I did not feel the value of the mention you have been pleased to make of me, in the notes on your interesting, and, in the new edition, highly improved "Local Attachment;" and entertaining such sentiments, I should think myself ungrateful if I did not acknowledge them. Permit me, therefore, to offer you my thanks; and assurance of the high respect with which I am, Sir, your most faithful and obedient servant, WM. RICHARDSON.

K. *to* R. P.

My Dear Sir, London, Dec. 18, 1798.

You will no doubt be surprised that I should be first brought to the recollection of myself in this place, and that the bustle of London should rouse me to the performance of my promise, though the quiet of College—that oblivious quiet has so long repressed it. You must not expect that I should explain metaphysically how or by what chain of thought things long forgotten make a sudden appearance in the mind, like ghosts through a trap door.

My visit to Yorkshire was very pleasant. You do not know how much your favourite Mason was beloved wherever his influence extended. The verger, who showed us the Minster at York, upon my inquiring of him concerning Mason, began an encomium upon him in an humble way indeed, but more honourable than all the factitious praises of learned ostentation; his countenance brightened up when I asked him the question; his very looks told me that Mason's charities did not evaporate in effusions of sensibility; I learned that he was humble, mild, and generous; the father of his family; the delight of all that came within the sphere of his notice. Then, he was so good in his parish. My soul contemplates, with fond exultation, the picture of a man, endowed with genius, wit, and every talent to please the great, but *sud se virtute involventem*, resigning himself with complacency to the humble duties of a country pastor

—turning select Psalms into verse to be sung in his church; simplifying and arranging, and directing to the purposes of devotion his church music; and performing his duties as a Minister with meekness, perseverance, and brotherly love. In one instance, at least, the pride of human learning has not been substituted for "the magnanimity of Christian humility;" duty has not been preferred to show; solitude and philanthropy have kissed each other. What though the memory of Mason is not consecrated with merited applause in elegies and odes—what though no funeral oration exaggerate his virtues; he is remembered in the lesson which the poor cottager teaches his children, and immortalized in their prayers. But Phœbus twitches my ear, and tells me that I begin to be tedious.—I was surprised to find that the city of York, which I could have sworn was so called from King Eboracus, takes its name from the river *Ure*. Near the Hambledown hills there is a very curious lake called Kal-mere, on the top of a conical hill of considerable height, which is of the same appearance as if the vertex of the cone had been scooped out to receive it, and which continues always of the same depth, without any visible outlet. It is a mile in circumference.

Whenever your serious avocations shall allow, I shall consider myself as honoured by a letter from you. Can you tell me how best to get a *general* knowledge of *general* history? Believe me, Dear Sir, in hopes that I shall behave better hereafter,

Yours truly, J. K.

J. JONES *to* R. P.

DEAR SIR, 1799.

In this inclosure you will find the last sheets of the "History of Exeter Cathedral," by Bishop Lyttelton, and Sir Henry Englefield. At page 20 you will observe a note of mine, which, if you approve, you will adopt as your own. I wrote the above note for the purpose of discouraging the demolition of Cathedrals by Wyatt and his employers; and to induce the continuance of the proper mode of repairing by our Chapter: to give a fling at the seats in the nave; and to hint at what I conceive very probable—a latent Gothic stone screen behind the vile daub of an altar-piece. Some day or other the Chapter may set their nails in the mortar—if we were to tell them there was "a crock of money" there, I think the painting would soon be demolished.

I could, from the papers of that excellent architect, Mr. Carter, frame an architectural description of the church, some day or other. Is this wanting? pray let me know. Andrew Brice employs some pains in describing the Paduasoy curtains, the brass cock, and the great bell, but not a word about the architecture. I believe no historian has ever described, or been able to describe, a piece of Gothic architecture, but in the style and manner of a verger, who shews you round for sixpence a-piece. The reason, perhaps, is, that literary men have rarely any knowledge in the fine arts; and till Sir William Chambers, Professor

Sandby, and Mr. Carter, opened men's eyes, people could not *see* Gothic architecture. They were like the schoolmen of the middle ages, who admired Thomas Aquinas, Dun Scotus, and the Roman Writers who flourished after the decline of the Western Empire. The classics gave them the colic, till some conceited fellows opened their eyes, on the revival of literature, and taught them to find more fun in the writers of the Augustan age, though there was less bawdy, than in school divinity or canon law. So it is with Gothic architecture, which I think so fairly balanced with the Grecian, that I know not which to prefer; any more than you can tell whether you prefer an eye that languishes, or an eye that sparkles.

Yours, very truly, J. J.

J. W. *to* R. P.

My dear Sir, Feb. 14, 1799.

When I had the pleasure to see you at this house, from the shortness of your stay and the company of other visitors I forgot to tell you, that I had resolved, in consequence of your request so repeatedly made, to review your "First Part" for the "British Critic," and had agreed with the manager to take only the historical half, leaving the physical to some other person.

I have now executed the plan; but I found some difficulty in doing this. I wished, of course, to notice such passages alone as would do most

justice to my own feelings, and do most honour to your name. I have accordingly noticed several. Yet the Armenianism of your opinions compelled me, at times, to blame; though only to blame with the tongue of a friend. And your adoption of some of Borlase's reveries, about rock-idols, rock-basons, &c. which, indeed, all our brethren of the antiquarian family have equally adopted, but which I had previously refuted, I think, in my review of the twelfth volume of the Archæologia, obliged me gently to notice them. I even went the more willingly into those slight censures, because I had formed a design in your favour, which I thought such censures would greatly strengthen. At the close I cite some passages, that plainly point at Sir G. Yonge's failure in patronizing you, and the insufficient encouragement which you have received from the gentry of Devonshire in general; and I take the liberty to add, that, if the gentleman particularly meant, if the gentry in general, suffer you to pursue the History at a loss, which I understand you will incur, of several hundred pounds, it will reflect eternal disgrace upon him and them. For this bold declaration, so probably useful to you, so certainly (I believe) necessary for you, I take upon me to be answerable. I will avow it if requisite. Nor have I suffered you to know any thing of it till it is done, gone to London, and half printed, perhaps, by this time. If it serves you, I shall have an ample reward. If it does not, I shall have attempted to do what I feel myself warmly inclined to do at all times — to

promote your reputation, and to further your interest.

Whether my article on your Devonshire will be actually published at the end of this month, I do not certainly know; my critique on the Archæologia undoubtedly will. The first half will make the first article of this month; and the other half the first of the next. In both, as far as I now remember, they having been gone these six weeks, I have attacked several notions to which our Borlase first gave circulation, concerning Druidical monuments. I have particularly exposed Mr. Hayman Rooke's account of some in Derbyshire, &c. But I squint in my views of him, much at your friend Mr. S. The views and the squint, I doubt not, will excite the attention and inflame the hearts of some. But I care not. I close with exposing Mr. Rashleigh, of Menabilly, about his Druidical hook; and Mr. Gough comes in with him for a castigation.

* * * * * * *

Your friend, J. W.

The same to the same.

MY DEAR FRIEND, May 7, 1799.

With your letter of April 8, I received your *Unsexed Females*. I had read it with pleasure before, and I re-read it with satisfaction now. I wished immediately to review it. But the hour of sickness was not calculated for the work, nor could

I go to the work as soon as the sickness left me last week at liberty for it. I had had a publication on my shelf these four months, which I had promised, and yet did not like to review. It was a singular production: "Specimens and Parts, containing a History of the County of Kent, and a Dissertation on the Laws, from the Reign of Edward the Confessor to Edward the First; of a topographical, commercial, civil, and nautical History of Great Britain, with its gradual and comparative progress in trade, arts, polity, population, and shipping, from authentic documents. By Samuel Henshall, Clerk, M. A. Fellow of Brazennose College, Oxford." This undertaking was so magnificent in itself, and dealt in erudition so extraneous to all my own, that I dreaded to execute my promise. Last week, however, I engaged in the business, found it much more agreeable than I expected, and finished it much more quickly than I had even hoped.

When this was done, on Saturday, I sat down to your "Letter to a College Friend;" or (as you call it in your letter to me) your "Epistle to the Exeter Society." For whom I should review it, the British, or the Anti-Jacobin, I could not determine. The British I expected, from his very cautious wisdom, to decline accepting it; as the history of a private quarrel, better suppressed than published. The Anti-Jacobin, I feared, would consider it as moving out of the orbit of his course. But, in the act of reviewing, chance threw a couple of suggestions in my way, that

determined me to send it to the Anti-Jacobin, as they brought it directly within his sphere. Stating from your pamphlet the first ground of the quarrel, the frivolous vanity about the two blank-verse sonnets, I added thus: "If this representation be true, as, from the character of the author, we believe it to be, and as in common justice we must believe it to be till it is contradicted, Dr. Downman of Exeter is the petty dictator of a petty republic, actuated with all a republican's jealousy of the merit around him, and acting with all a republican's lust of power to make himself the monarch of the whole. Dr. Priestley exclaims, in the agony of his American repentance, that "Republics are less free than Monarchies!" I have thus endeavoured to give an anti-republican tinge to my review, to procure it an admission into the Anti-Jacobin. Yet I am not certain that it will gain admission after all.

Having done this, I turned to your *Unsexed Females*, and I have formed a fair abstract of your text and notes, by citing such passages only in both as relate to the females censured. I conclude with their sighs of repentance around Miss More. "We have thus given," I say at the close of all, "a fair and full abstract of the poem. We find it at once politically useful and poetically beautiful. The satire is ingeniously conceived, and judiciously executed. And we are happy to see one of the first poets of the day, one who ranks among the foremost for richness of language, vividness of fancy, and brilliancy of ima-

gery, employing his poetical talents at this awful crisis of Church and State, in vindication of all that is dear to us as Britons and as Christians." This, I have no doubt, will be inserted in the Anti-Jacobin. But you have impaired the force of my praises of you, by not prefixing your name to your work. I therefore could not mention your name, and could only glance at it.

Yours, very affectionately, J. WHITAKER.

The same to the same.

MY DEAR SIR, July 10, 1799.

Your "Letter to a College Friend," which, to my surprise, I found not in the number for May, appeared yesterday, in the number for June. Your "Old English Gentleman" appears also in it; and your "Sketches in Verse, with Prose Illustrations." Both are praised, but with a mixture of blame. You are blamed, under the former, for a general over-minuteness of circumstances, and for a too great familiarity of language at times; but you are praised for your description of the knight with his old roan horse; for your account of Miss Prue, Rachel, and Avice. And the conclusion runs thus: "We have been thus free in our observations, because we cannot overlook in Mr. Polwhele what might safely be suffered to escape animadversion in bards of inferior note; but from great powers we are authorised to expect great effects. The "English Gentleman" has

certainly much merit; but attention to the maxims of Horace would, we are persuaded, have supplied the means of improvement."

"——— Luxuriantia compescet," &c.

Of the "Sketches" it is said, that, "they exhibit many strokes of a master-hand. Of the first Ode to the Prince of Wales, the beginning is highly poetical," and is quoted. "In the Highland Ode, the imagery, derived from the character and superstitions of the country, is appropriate and striking." Then some are said to be "greatly inferior to these, as the 'Professor,' the 'Saint,' and 'W—— Lodge.' The 'Ode to Lord Dunstanville' is of a much superior cast, and abounds with bold and beautiful personifications." Then is cited from it:

"Yes, when insulting," &c.*

I have thus given you an abstract of these two articles. As to the "Monthly," I have not seen that for May yet; nor shall I write for the "British Critic," before I receive what, in his late letter, he said he meant to send me soon, his packet of books previously approved by me. I have now got some from the Anti-Jacobin, but shall not revise them soon I suspect. I am deeply engaged, and have been for weeks, in enlarging and correcting my "Essay on St. Neot." I enter into general history, and endeavour to settle some points of moment in the annals of King Alfred.

* Hurdis was, I suspect, the reviewer of the "Old English Gentleman," and the "Sketches."

When this will be published, or when my much larger work concerning the Cathedral of Cornwall will, I know not; but I shall be glad to see your "Essay on Calvinism." You write and publish at once; while I am slow in writing, and slower still in publishing.... If you go into Calvinism at large, you have had a copious subject. But you rest, I suppose, upon a few points, the wildest and the weakest in that region of follies.

Yours, &c. J. WHITAKER.

The same to the same.

MY DEAR SIR, Nov. 13, 1799.

After a second perusal of your "Letter to Dr. Hawker," I sit down to acknowledge the receipt of your two favours, and to give you my free opinion upon all.

When I wrote to you with some hesitation of doubt, about the nature of your intended work, I supposed (as you have expressly cited me for saying) that you meant to go into "the follies of Calvinism," to expose them. I never imagined that you meant to attack the very point in Dr. Hawker which has always made him respected and revered in my eyes, what a world of fools denominates his Methodism. I have lived too long in the world, and felt too much of the world's hatred of all vital religiousness, not to know the term as merely the former's nick-name for the

latter. I have been through life, and so (I believe) has every man who was seriously bent upon the promises of Christianity, marked with the appellation of Methodist. All my zeal for Orthodoxy, all my warmth for the Church, which you yourself have, at times, apprehended to mount above the cool atmosphere of charity, have not been able to save me from the appellation. This alone will shew satisfactorily to every man, that Methodism has not been, and is not, opposed in general from any zeal, any warmth, for either Orthodoxy or the Church, but from a very different principle — from a dislike to the seriousness of spirit, from a hostility to the devoutness of life, in the persons branded as Methodists. And I see this to have been also the case with Dr. Hawker; a man whom I know not personally, whom I know as an author only by one work, and whom I have heard repeatedly abused, but have always found abused at the bottom for his Methodism, his sanctity, his hypocrisy, or whatever else irreligion chose to lay upon him.

I was, therefore, much hurt, when I found you had joined with the herd of the world's *naturals* in assaulting his Methodism, for the sake of religion and the Doctor.

I still reprobate "the follies of Calvinism." But, in the name of common sense, do not confound the doctrines of the Gospel with Calvinism, and reprobate them as such. Yet this you do, in some measure, by that improper language of yours

concerning regeneration, p. 11: "According to this doctrine, our regeneration depends not upon ourselves." To which Dr. Hawker has wittily replied: "no more than our very generation." But you both use the term absurdly. You both mean renovation by it. The real regeneration of the gospel is what is done to the soul by the Holy Ghost in baptism: "Except ye be born again of water and of the spirit, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of Heaven." Here God, even God the Holy Ghost, is the sole agent, and the effect certainly "depends not in the slightest degree upon ourselves." But in the renovation of our minds to religiousness from heedlessness, though the Holy Ghost is the *causa efficiens* of the change, yet our own concurrence with him is the *causa sine quâ non.* You have thus taken up a Methodistical abuse of a term as your own, and then insulted an evangelical doctrine by mistake for a Methodistical one. And would you banish from the code of Christianity that supernal principle of assistance, which we denominate the grace of God, for which we pray continually in our churches, and in our closets, and without which we know we cannot think one good thought, or do one good action?

Having said so much upon these points, I can only add a couple of observations more. "According to Dr. Clarke," the father of Arianism in England, "and other *rational* divines, the only way to understand the Scriptures rightly is to explain one text by another; and so as that none shall

contradict the 'great law of nature, which is likewise the law of God.'" The principle here laid down is the very essence of infidelity and folly. For where is this "law of nature" to be found? Among the heathens? There we have a something beyond the law of nature; even sacrifices, even vicarious sacrifices. And to refer to a law thus invisible, to refer to it also as a standard for explaining what is actually visible, as actually written, is such a sophistry of reasoning as is too ridiculous for refutation. It is like the fanatical appeal of the Quakers, from the Word of God to their own spirit. It was intended, probably, to sweep away the doctrine of the Trinity, and is calculated to sweep away every mysterious doctrine of the Gospel.

"I am assured," you add, p. 60, "that Methodism has, from its first rise to its present state of insolent boasting, been alarmingly injurious to the community." This is a most pregnant falsehood. It has been amazingly beneficial. It has turned the wretched heathens in the forest of Dean, and thousands of heathens as wretched in the collieries all over the kingdom, together with the profligate rabble of all our great towns, into sober, serious, professed, and practical Christians. And I should be happy to see my own parishioners all Methodists at this moment. But you endeavour to make Methodism appear otherwise, by coupling it with schism and sedition. In the days of John Wesley, whom you, whom even Methodists abuse, and who appears a glorious character to me, no

schism could take place among his Methodists, as he kept them strictly to the church. As to sedition too, in the time of the American rebellion the King thanked John for a pamphlet which he wrote in favour of Government, and which was circulated with great success among John's followers. And, for the present times, you are more unhappy still in your charge of disaffection; as the very man whom you condemn so much, the very man who has "acquired a portentous influence over the Calvinists of the West of England," p. 84, has actually published, I find, in favour of the Government.

But I must leave you; only remarking at the close, that I borrowed Ben Mordecai when I answered him; when (as I will say) I refuted his whole work in a single note. I took the two parts of his work, knocked them together, and so demolished both. Just so, likewise, might I serve your pamphlet; produce all the bitter parts of your address to Dr. Hawker, and then produce this all-condemning sentence of your own upon them. "Let us no more, then, interfere with one another in the spirit of contention; but let each individual pursue his course according to his belief and his conscience," p. 90.

I am loath to mix verbal criticisms with theological reasonings; but I have marked several inaccuracies of language, even in this corrected copy of yours, for which I thank you. P. 3, we have, "incorrectness of conduct which *have* given offence;" p. 5, "neither promote private peace,

nor" for "promote neither, &c.;" p. 69, "the upping-stock;" and p. 80, "speaking" for "sneaking;" and in haste I subscribe myself, as my dinner is ready, still, and for ever,

Yours, &c. JOHN. WHITAKER.

J. GIFFORD *to* R. P.

DEAR SIR, July 12, 1799.

Your various communications for the Anti-Jacobin Review have all been duly received; some of them have appeared in the two last numbers, and the remainder are intended for speedy insertion.

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Another Annual Register will very shortly appear; the foreign History will come from the pen of my worthy friend Mallet du Pan. It will be written on a new, and, I think, improved plan, and will henceforth appear in an early part of every year.

"The Unsexed Females" had made their appearance in the Review before I received your letter of the 4th of June. But I will take some opportunity of making it known that you are the author of that publication, which, in many respects, I think superior to the Pursuits of Literature.

I took some liberties with your review of "Kotzebue's Reconciliation," because it is my firm conviction, that neither the genius, the taste, the principles, nor the morals of the English, will be benefited by the importation of German literature in its

present state. I did not, however, make any alteration in your language or sentiments (excepting only some trifling qualification of the praise you had bestowed on the work), but added some few observations of my own by way of caution. I refer you for a just character of the German Literati, to the observations on the state of the foreign presses, prefixed to the Appendix of the first volume of the Anti-Jacobin Review.

I am truly concerned to hear of Mr. Whitaker's indisposition, and most heartily wish he could be persuaded to proportion his mental exertions to his corporeal strength. He is so valuable a member of society, that it is impossible to consider with indifference any thing which tends to injure his health, and consequently to shorten his days. Highly as I value his literary labours, and no man values them more highly, I would rather he should lay aside his pen for ever, than continue to use it at the expence of his health.

Most sincerely yours, JOHN GIFFORD.

The same to the same.

DEAR SIR, August 9, 1799.

I willingly resign to you Evelyn and Pratt; and shall take an early opportunity of sending you the Lucretius, and some other books. Your MS. essays in prose and verse, I shall be happy to receive for the purpose of insertion in the Magazine part of the Review. I have it in contemplation to establish

a new Magazine, the plan of which I have communicated to our worthy friend Mr. Whitaker, who has promised me his valuable assistance:— Its title will be "*The Church of England Magazine*:" its object, the support of the Establishment against the multitude of sectaries and sectarian publications with which the country now swarms, and which, I am concerned to say, daily increase. I mean to give in each number, the life of some eminent ecclesiastic; such as Hooker, Leslie, Bull, &c. &c. with a well-engraved portrait; to admit, occasionally, theological discussions on controverted points, to reprint abstracts of scarce theological tracts, and to review briefly theological publications. I mean also to make it a receptacle of general literature, or vehicle of general information. All these objects you will easily conceive, cannot be accomplished without much assistance; and the work shall not appear until I have the promise of effectual assistance from those members of the Established Church, whose principles and talents are well calculated to ensure its success. I need not say, that among this description of persons, I consider you as holding a distinguished rank. I am thoroughly convinced, that with the Anti-Jacobin Review, and a Magazine such as this, much good may be effected. But if we remain negligent or inert, or even oppose but feeble efforts to the indefatigable exertions of our numerous opponents, we must be ultimately defeated. Ever faithfully yours,

J. GIFFORD.

The same to the same.

MY DEAR SIR, Lambeth, September 24, 1799.

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I think you will find Wakefield's preface deserving of attention, and I trust you will treat him as he deserves. I leave Miss Seward to your discretion; observing only that she has been most lavishly praised in the other Reviews, and, from the few of her Sonnets which I have read, she does not appear to me to deserve any praise at all; but of this you are the best judge.

I send you Horsley's book; it was begun to be reviewed by a gentleman, who, from particular circumstances, is prevented from finishing it.

I remain, yours, &c.

JOHN GIFFORD.

The same to the same.

MY DEAR SIR, December 30, 1799.

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I have very good reason to believe that "The British Review" is established in the hope, and for the express purpose, of injuring and destroying the Anti-Jacobin. Mr. D. who is intimately connected with K. has been hurt by some observations respecting him in a former number of the Anti-Jacobin, and has, in various companies, denounced vengeance against the work, and against all those gentlemen who, he supposed, were con-

cerned with it. The substance of these conversations has been repeated to me, but not the names with which he has made free; and I have had serious thoughts of chastising him, but contempt has prevailed over indignation.

The defect of the Anti-Jacobin, which I have long seen, and which I have lately determined to obviate, is a *want of vivacity*; it must be rendered more generally interesting and attractive. For this purpose it will be necessary to extend the miscellaneous department; and in a new prospectus I have promised a variety of essays on different subjects in prose and verse. What article, then, can your portfolio, or the MSS. of your deceased friend, contain, which will not be proper for insertion there? With regard to your *stock in hand*, I will if you please either purchase the whole "in *a lump*," or receive them from you from time to time, as you may like best; and I think I sometime ago suggested something of this kind to you. You possibly may have inferred, from the omission of two or three poetical trifles which you sent me some months ago, that I did not deem articles of that description fit for insertion; but the omission arose solely from a blunder of the printer, to whom they were sent for insertion in the review. Instead of this, he inserted them in a Sunday paper "The Volunteer," which was then printed at the office.

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Peter Pindar is woefully changed, indeed, since you knew him; he has merged in the grossest sen-

suality; and his conversation is really what I have represented it, a combination of obscenity and blasphemy. Yours ever, J. G.

R. P. *to* I. I.

My dear Friend, December 1799.

Have you seen Townson's "Tracts on Natural History?" I cannot say that they have left on my mind any agreeable impression, as they seem deficient both in benevolence and in piety. Perhaps I may be mistaken. But who can be pleased with the cruel experiments which Dr. T. professes to have made on frogs, during his residence at Gottingen? In perusing his description of those experiments, we recollected (from that principle of association which metaphysicians term contrariety) the late Sir W. Jones, whose amiable humanity, and unaffected sympathy with the brute creation, cannot be too frequently contemplated by our natural philosophers. Sir William was fond of zoology. He used often, during his residence in India, to procure an uncommon animal; and he was delighted in the notice of its figure, its disposition, and its character. But he liked not to deprive it of its liberty, much less of its life. He sported not with the existence even of the minutest insect; keeping ever in mind that fine oriental maxim *:

* We prefer such feelings as the following to lucre or to science. "One day a gentleman espied five young beavers

"Ah spare yon emmet, rich in hoarded grain;
He lives with pleasure, but he dies with pain."

In the mean time, I see nothing in Dr. Townson's book referred to the first Great Cause. Nature is echoed from page to page, but the God of nature is forgotten. In contemplating the human structure, we know that a heathen was converted from atheism to the belief in a God. In his physiological observations on the *amphibia*, Dr. T. had several opportunities for directing his thoughts from the creature to the Creator. If, on this, or any other subject, he rejoice in his discoveries, would it derogate from his philosophic dignity to exclaim: "O Lord! how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all."

Adieu, R. P.

JOHN GIFFORD, *Esq. to* R. P.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Lambeth, Jan. 6, 1800.

The "Irish Pursuits" are the production of a learned and sound divine of the Irish establishment, Dr. Hales, the author of "The Inspector."

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sporting in the water, leaping upon the trunk of a tree, pushing one another off, and playing a thousand interesting tricks. He approached softly, under cover of the bushes, and prepared to fire on the unsuspecting creatures; but a nearer approach discovered to him such a similitude between their gestures, and the caresses of his own little children, that he threw aside his gun; few traders in fur would have acted so feelingly." See Franklin's "Journey to the Shores of the Polar Sea," vol. I. pp. 142, 143 (edit. 2).

It is a desultory production, but contains much excellent matter. I wish particularly to direct your attention to the critical remarks on Wakefield, Griesbach, Eichorn, &c. in proof of the author's learning; and to his observations on Mr. Pitt's duel with Tierney, and his remarks on Bishops, in proof of his impartiality. But I beg your pardon for this obtrusion on your better judgment.

Yours, &c. JOHN GIFFORD.

The same to the same.

MY DEAR SIR, Lambeth, April 29, 1800.

Your "Pneumatic Revellers" came duly to hand, and I mean it for speedy insertion; it contains a good portion of humour, and no small share of poetical merit. I heartily wish you would again turn your thoughts to "The Saint's Progress;" it is much too good to be lost, and the necessary alterations might be made with facility. The "Travels of Antenor" will appear in the next number.

The new translations of Lucretius* shall be reserved for you; from the specimens I have seen of them, you have certainly nothing to apprehend on the score of rivalry. Should you persist in your resolution of proceeding with your transla-

* For specimens of a translation, interwoven with a critique on Wakefield's Lucretius, see "Anti-Jacobin Review," vol. V. pp. 241, 242, 258, 362, 363, 364; and vol. VI. pp. 132—141.

tion, you may, of course, command my services on that, as on all other occasions.

Yours, &c. J. GIFFORD.

The same to the same.

MY DEAR SIR, Lambeth, May 19, 1800.

I have lost my worthy friend Mallet du Pan, whom I attended to the grave on Thursday last, at Richmond, the only time I have left home; but I would not have failed to pay this last tribute of friendship and esteem, had it been necessary to carry me to the place in a litter.

Yours, &c. J. GIFFORD.

The same to the same.

MY DEAR SIR, Lambeth, Sept. 28, 1800.

It seems to be predestined that every letter of mine to you shall begin with an apology. Let me, however, tell you how I have been situated this month. I have, in the first place, had two numbers to prepare for publication, a very unusual proportion of which has fallen to my own share. For a fortnight the whole business of the police-office devolved upon me; and for six successive days, while the metropolis was kept in a state of disturbance and alarm, by a lawless rabble, the mental and bodily exertion which I underwent was such as to completely exhaust my strength. Three whole nights I passed without rest, and the

other three I did not retire to my bed till two or three in the morning.

* * * * * * * *

I mean to publish, on the first day of every year, a pocket volume, to be entitled, "The Spirit of Anti-Jacobinism," as an antidote to Philips's "Spirit of the Public Journals." I do not mean it to be political entirely, nor even principally, but to contain a well-chosen collection of poetical pieces, and prose essays and dissertations on various subjects, literary, moral, controversial, &c. &c. Some sheets of that for January next are printed; and if you have any thing in prose or verse that will meet it, I shall be obliged to you for it, and will allow the same price as for matter supplied for the Review. The "Saint's Progress" would, I think, appear there to advantage. Have you not an essay on the Pastorals of Theocritus, and some other prose compositions which might be inserted in this little volume also?

Yours, &c. J. GIFFORD.

J. HURDIS *to* J. GIFFORD, *Esq.*

MY DEAR SIR, Jan. 8, 1800.

I have read the MS.* you have been pleased to put into my hands, with as much attention as interrupted leisure, and a very indifferent state of health will permit; and instead of an opinion,

* "The Saint's Progress," which was thrown aside, but afterwards newly modelled in consequence of Gifford's importunities.

which, from such a perusal, it would be little less than madness to presume to give, permit me, in few words, just to tell you the impression it has made on my mind; this is, with much in it that is entitled to high commendation, there is not a little that I seem not quite to like. As you have been so studiously careful to give me no clue by which to guess at the writer, I hope I shall neither hurt your feelings, even should you be the author, nor those of any friend whom you highly respect, by observing, that (if, as you say, the piece be intended for publication) others may feel as I do, and be affronted, that a writer, who gives sufficient proofs of his capacity to write what every body must approve of, should not think it worth his while to be at common pains to have his piece free from some palpable, but very exceptionable faults. It really seems to me that, meaning to be anonymous, and to remain unknown, he has studiously underwritten himself, with the view of being undiscovered. It is evident he has a poetical mind, and I cannot help fancying, either that he is a young man of good learning, disposed to try his skill, or, as I before conjectured, a veteran, vainly attempting, like Achilles, to disguise himself. His mottos, and his quotations, are particularly apt and striking; and in the canto which appears to be written in imitation of Spenser, there is fancy and imagination not unworthy of Spenser. But sometimes, perhaps, the ridicule intended loses its effect, from its being offensively indelicate. Neither, as a whole, is it sufficiently compressed and compact.

I thus give you my hasty notions, because you ask them, in the confidence that you will regard them only as hasty notions; yet, in the same spirit, I am now going to add another, on which I myself seem to lay some more stress, as conceiving it to be almost matured into opinion. If you be yourself the author, or he be one whom you much regard, condescend to take my advice thus far, not to publish this piece as it now is, but work it up into a better form, as you easily can if you will. To give it a suitable object, let it profess to be "The Rise, Progress, &c. (not, I think, of Methodism only, thus expressly and pointedly by name, but) of Modern Enthusiasm." And to draw from the life, let the first canto describe a youth of some imagination, but slender judgment, misled by ill-governed passions into all the crooked paths of folly and vice; then go on to describe him as beggared in his circumstances, and deprived of the esteem and regard of all good and wise men, preserving only his characteristical conceitedness, at a loss where also to dispose of himself with a chance of preserving it; flying to the conventicle, exactly on the same principles as some others, in similar circumstances, have recourse to brothels and gin-shops, and there indulging in spiritual debauchery, and so on. In this way much of what is already written may be brought in; only it must, if possible, be enlivened with arch allusions, as in the "Bath Guide," and droll incidents or stories of humour. The canto in which the most prevalent delusions are so ad-

mirably personified and pourtrayed, may then be introduced with great advantage, and the whole have a happy effect, and do much good; of which, I again own, I entertain doubts in its present form.

I could not have given you a stronger proof of the high opinion I entertain both of the poem and its author, than I now unintentionally have done, by thus launching out, contrary to the design with which I sat down, into a lengthened critique on it. As a proof on your part that you take my prattling criticism in good part, permit me to bespeak the reviewing of the piece, when, as I trust will ere long be the case, it comes, by and by, in the shape of a regular, complete, satirical poem, from the Anti-Jacobin press; being sure that then I shall be called on to bestow on it unqualified praise. There is no man who needs to think such a subject beneath him, or unworthy of his taking proper pains with it.

Yours truly, J. H.

Hurdis was Poetry Professor at Oxford in 1793. But his English poetry is very unequal; and of Latin verse he knew so little, that in reading (if I have been rightly informed) he was often guilty of a breach of prosody.

It is remarkable enough, that in the list of the Oxford Poetry Professors, we have only two genuine poets! For the first upon the list (1708) the distich is sufficiently familiar:

> "Take my advice, friend Trapp, and go no further,
> For it is written, thou shalt do no murther."

Tom Warton (1756), and Milman, the present Professor, stand pre-eminent over all. The "Martyr of Antioch" is a most enchanting poem.

J. W. *to* R. P.

DEAR SIR, Jan. 8, 1800.

I have been mournfully employed for some weeks past in attending a dying daughter. My eldest, you know, has been long ill in a consumption. The disorder terminated on Monday the 30th of December, and the event has thrown us all into a depth of sorrow, that has only the happy alleviation of her religious end. My mind is just beginning to emerge from this "sea of troubles;" I therefore write to thank you for your poetry and your prose, which you kindly sent me, but which I have never yet been able to read; remaining, with regard, yours, &c. J. WHITAKER.

There was a simplicity in Whitaker bordering (as some would say) on superstitious credulity. He had now lost his daughter. She was gone to the invisible world, and Whitaker often talked of her as there in happiness. This was truly Christian. This was like Gilpin, who talked frequently with his wife of the next world, when both were far advanced in age, as he would have spoken of the next stage which was to terminate a journey. And, indeed, I have heard Whitaker conjecture what his employment might be hereafter, and whether he might not be permitted to pursue studies congenial with his earthly researches as an antiquary! After this, we shall be less surprised at the circumstance, that one day, attending on a dying woman in Ruan church town, he actually charged her with a message to his deceased daughter, in the same language almost as he would have used, had the woman been going to some distance where his daughter resided. To me, who firmly believe in the recognition of friends hereafter*, the weakness of Whitaker, in this instance,

* And for this reason (among others) would on no account neglect to put into execution the will of a deceased friend, unless it were palpably absurd and immoral. Yet how common is a promise to a dying relation, without the least intention of performing it!

appears an enviable weakness. The opinion, indeed, that we shall know each other again, must be considered as the result of rational conviction. It was an opinion embraced by Horsley, Paley, and Watson; men distinguished (I might say above all others) as deep reasoners and mathematicians. I cite the names of Horsley, Paley, and Watson, to put to shame the idle sceptical scoffers, who attribute to poetic fancy, to "a flighty religiousness," what should rather be ascribed to Christian philosophy.

The same to the same.

MY DEAR SIR, Jan. 31, 1800.

I thank you for your kind letter on the death of my daughter. That death was a heavy blow to me, but a heavier to my wife. We are both, however, rising superior to its stunning effect, though we shall ever retain a lively impression of it on our minds. Religion will keep up the impression, as it is religion that is making us superior to the stun. We dwell, in thought and in talk, upon the religiousness of her life and the devoutness of her death. We thus feel a holy balm distilling over our souls from both. We particularly rest upon one point, because of its reach and range. Soon after her sickness begun, she told her mother that she had been praying to God a little time before, to send her something which would make her more serious, and that she now considered her sickness as a return to her prayer from God. It is soothing to my soul to dwell upon this. Even then she was so serious as to be praying for more, and to be praying for it at the expence of a visitation. Even

when it came in the formidable shape of sickness, she was not startled at its appearance, but welcomed it as the messenger of God, sent for the gracious purpose of making her more serious, and she continued in the same happy frame of spirits to the very last; re-mentioning the prayer and the return, only a few hours before she died. But my tears compel me to leave the pleasingly distressing subject.

I am thus unfit to discuss with you any points, at present, of your controversy with Dr. Hawker; nor do I know what you mean by "Wotton's Letter," which is to convince me that the Doctor is not one of us. I can only say, that I still wish you had not published against him, or published with more care as to facts, and more attention as to the doctrines. Only this moment have I ended a re-perusal of your "Second Letter," and have much to say against it. But I withhold my pen.

Your anecdotes of Methodism, I fear, will be exposed to more objections. The lie of the day, the jest of the evening, or some revived tale concerning the Puritans in the last century, will compose (I suspect) the motley mass of scandal, and religion will suffer from all, I apprehend.

"As to the cantos on Methodistical Jumpers, or on Jumperism," you say, "I will remand back the MS. from London, where it has been for months, and shew it to you. If you think any part of it, or all, exceptionable, I will commit it to oblivion, in deference to your judgment, and

in regard to you." I thank you for the compliment, but I must decline the acceptance of it. The compliment, indeed, is too great, in my opinion, to be paid to any one. You must be the sole judge of what you think to publish, especially in a case like this, when confessedly the suppression "will be really a sacrifice of your poems." Who would devote to the cord such a bantling as this? Who would wish the father himself so to devote it?

Your "Grecian Prospects" I read yesterday, and like them much. I have even reviewed them for the British Critic.

I am sorry to find that Mrs. Polwhele's health is so very precarious. God preserve her life for the sake of you and yours! I know not a man who would be more forlorn under such a loss than yourself. The best wishes of my wife and daughters, the latter, alas! now *two* only, for her and for you, accompany those of

Yours, &c. JOHN WHITAKER.

G. *to* R. P.

DEAR SIR, January 9, 1800.

Mr. H. is not very sanguine about the sale of any work. He declares that methodistical writings are the only ones in request. Your polemical antagonist has the good fortune to receive support from a firm and compact phalanx, actuated by the *esprit du corps*, that bond of union and of active

exertion which has generally borne down learning, elegance, taste, and even truth itself.

* * * * * * *

I have not got the Bristol Anthology, nor would I recommend it to any one; a more miserable collection of poems has not made its appearance for many years. The only good poem is that addressed to St. Michael's Mount, by a young man* of Penzance, an assistant to Dr. Beddoes in chemical experiments. He is without doubt extremely clever, and has given Beddoes the most ample satisfaction.

I flatter myself with some hopes of peace from the actual re-establishment of monarchy in the person of Buonaparte. Fortunately, in this country, we feel comparatively very little of the effects inseparable from war. Protected by our fleet, and enriched by our almost exclusive commerce, co-extensive with the globe itself, this nation enjoys the blessings of tranquillity, and only listens to tales of horror, devastation, and wretchedness. Napoleon must, I think, wish for a period to such scenes of accumulated distress.

Yours, &c. G.

I. K. *to* R. P.

MY DEAR SIR, May 2, 1800.

Have you seen Herbert Marsh's book on the Politics of Great Britain and France with regard

* Sir H. Davy, now President of the Royal Society.

to the origin of the present war? Lady Margaret is very proud of such a son as Marsh—γεγηθε τε Φρενε Λητω. He has not resided in college of late years, but has been studying the German Theologians at Leipsic. Have you read any of his translation of Professor Michaelis' Introduction to the New Testament? It is spoken of in the highest terms by all who have read it, and quoted, I believe, on all occasions. His last work has been graciously received by Mr. Pitt, and all his brethren in office; and if he had followed his work immediately to this country, he would perhaps have received something more substantial than mere commendations.

Mr. Hall, an Anabaptist minister of this place, has lately published a sermon on the effects of a system of infidelity and atheism upon society, which has excited universal admiration even in London. It is therefore superfluous in me to praise it; though I cannot help saying, that in soundness of argument, in originality of thought, in nervousness and beauty of style, I have not often seen its equal. There is one part in which he seems to be weak—his remark on the proof, *à priori*, of the existence of the Supreme Being, though he touches but slightly on the subject. He says, if there has been an infinite succession of beings from the present time up to all eternity, then by proceeding on through such a succession *from* all eternity, you never would arrive at any finite being: which is absurd. Have you ever

met with any satisfactory treatise on this argument *à priori?* If you have, I shall be obliged to you to mention it. Dr. Clarke's and Leslie's do not seem satisfactory. After all, the argument *à posteriori* must be our shield against the attacks of infidelity, and it presents against the enemy an ample orb for our defence; and while an Ajax wields it, a Teucer too may bend his bow and shoot his arrows from behind it. Yet it may be worth while to consider the other argument. I have been told there is a very excellent performance of Dr. Hamilton on the subject, who is one of the present Irish Bishops.

I have lately seen a book of Gilpin's on the amusements of clergymen, in the form of a dialogue between Bishop Stillingfleet and a young clergyman. It is neatly written. He condemns hunting, shooting, and all field sports, public dances, card-playing, &c. He seems, in general, to reason rightly; but his argument against field sports would go the length of disarming not only clergymen, but all other sportsmen, of their guns, their hunting whips, and their fishing rods. Our only right, he says, to kill animals for food is derived from the permission given to Noah: whoever, therefore, kills them not for food, but for sport and amusement, is guilty of a sin. But at this rate, any common fisherman, who kills his fish not for food but for his livelihood, would be equally guilty.

I have turned my attention of late to the difficult subject of the demoniacs of the New Testa-

ment. Farmer's book appears to be very *ingenious*, but to depend in many parts upon a false hypothesis, *viz.* that the supporters of real possession ascribe to evil spirits a power of working miracles *independently* of the Supreme Being; whereas, why may it not be maintained that those were miraculous inflictions of diseases by that all-controuling Being, employing evil spirits as his *instruments* merely, for wise purposes, though imperfectly known by us? The difficulty on the other side, which arises from representing Christ as encouraging by his language an opinion of his character which he knew to be erroneous, seems insuperable.

* * * * * * *

Yours, &c. I. K.

R. P. *to* G.

DEAR G. Sept. 25, 1800.

Read the following paragraphs from an admirable letter of our friend B.

" The felicities of fancy which we so much indulged at Christ Church, now give way to the realities of life. Such is the history of man! I lament with you the death of our friend Darwin, who rashly drowned himself in the river Derwent, which was at the bottom of the garden. He spent an afternoon with me a short time before, and was then very low, but he seemed to flatter himself that the remainder of his life would be

happy, as he had come to the resolution of retiring from business, and spending the rest of his time in literary retirement. His mind, however, tainted with insanity, sunk when he came to settle his affairs, which I am afraid had been too much neglected; and the poison of modern philosophy had destroyed every religious hope. The history of poor Darwin's destruction is too melancholy to relate, and the particulars would fill a volume. The Doctor bears the loss of his son with all the fortitude of a heathen philosopher.

"Thank God, we have other characters in our neighbourhood, whom Providence seems to have placed here on purpose to counteract the Darwinian school. Gisborne is a host against them; and I trust his example and his precepts will be held in veneration when the name of Darwin is forgotten."

Yours, &c. R. P.

W. COBBETT *to* R. P.

DEAR SIR, Pall Mall, Oct. 10, 1800.

Your letter expresses your acknowledgments of the favour, as you are pleased to term it, I did you in introducing you to America. But, Sir, you have to thank the excellence of your little work for the introduction; and as to the manner in which it was done, I am only sorry it was not more worthy of the occasion.

While I applaud your generous wish to forego the tranquillity of your present state, for the pur-

pose of contributing your share of influence towards the preservation of the country, I must confess I should be sorry to see you make the sacrifice, being well assured, that, in less than a month, you would retire from this scene of noise and nonsense, filled with disgust and despair.

Mr. Gifford has lately been very much occupied in his office. The London mob got drunk, and then they very naturally clamoured for bread; being fully persuaded of the reasonableness of the good old proverb, that "there is as much friendship in eating as in drinking," they adjourned from the porter-houses and gin-shops to the cheesemongers and bakers. But, as it frequently happens with the Sovereign People, they seem totally to have overlooked a very material point; for, in their hurry, that *equality* of which they are such admirers, was entirely laid aside, and they gave all their money to the dealers in drink, while they wished to have butter and bread for nothing. Their disorders were, however, easily put an end to, though not without considerable trouble and vexation to the magistrates, among whom our worthy friend Mr. Gifford acted a very distinguished and honourable part. As a magistrate, as well as a writer, he is a most vigilant, active, courageous, and persevering man.

I am glad to hear that he is likely to have still more of your help, of which, I think, his office will place him in great need. The *honour* which Mr. Gifford's office confers on him is but a poor compensation for the toil it occasions, and for the

time it necessarily subtracts from that which would otherwise be employed on the Review, which is, in my opinion, of much greater consequence to the nation than the office of a police magistrate. The moment I heard of his appointment I expressed my fears of the consequences, and those fears were but too well founded; for however great may be the aid he receives from other quarters, the work demands a good deal of time at his own hands. He is upon the spot, and is acquainted with a thousand material circumstances which relate to the work, and which are entirely unknown to gentlemen at a distance.

Should you come to London, let me hope to have the honor of seeing you under my roof. Be assured, Sir, that there is no one who entertains a higher respect for you than

Yours, &c. W. COBBETT.

Rev. BENJAMIN FORSTER *to* R. P.

DEAR SIR, Boconnoc Parsonage, May 7, 1802.

I am sorry that any person should have so much mistaken or misrepresented me, as to lead you to suppose that I should ever have conceived the least degree of displeasure at your having addressed me by a printed circular letter. All that passed on this subject was, my shewing the paper to one or two friends, and consulting them, whether the address from you was such a one as made it requisite for me to trouble you with a letter, at a time when my state of health and spirits ren-

dered the writing a letter an oppressive fatigue to me. The few reveries I had thrown upon paper relating to the Parish of Boconnoc, I never considered as of any value. Such as they were I put them into the hands of a Mr. Britton, who was recommended to me by a friend whom I highly value. What use Mr. Britton may make of them, or whether he will make any use at all of them, I know not; as I have never seen any part of his work, and am ignorant of the nature and purport of it. Declining health, a failure of sight (and, I fear, of memory also), have for some time past obliged me to consider myself as nearly dead to all literary pursuits. Submission and resignation are almost the only duties now left me to fulfil.

I am, with true respect, Dear Sir,

Yours, &c. B. FORSTER.

In a note to the first edition of my "Old English Gentleman," at p. 85, I had taken occasion to mention Boconnoc, and a visit of Mr. Mason to that beautiful place. The note is as follows:

"Mr. Mason, when on a visit at Boconnoc, observed, that Cornwall produced nothing good but junket, and the Weekly Entertainer." In whatever light the observation may be considered, from the fastidiousness or jocularity with which it was probably made, or the heterogeneousness of the productions brought in contact; certain it is, that "the Weekly Entertainer" deserved a serious compliment—though not at the expence of our Cornish commodities. The venerable Bard, I am informed, was not even pleased with Boconnoc, though its beauties are generally acknowledged. Lord Camelford, indeed (then Mr.

Pitt), was prepared for such expressions as "poor! tame! vulgar!" wherever Mason might throw a careless glance. "My political situation (said Mr. Pitt) will blind his eyes: a seat in Parliament for Little Sarum, is incompatible with elegance: nothing will please him at Boconnoc." But Mason's opinion of Boconnoc may partly be attributed to another cause—the affectation of superior taste. The superciliousness of the Poet was blended with the sourness of the Politician. Boconnoc, he knew full well, was universally admired: and could the poet of the "English Garden" condescend to stamp his imprimatur on popular notions? It was from the same unpoetic principle, that Gilpin affected to dislike both Powderham and Mamhead. He had often heard them mentioned as two of the most beautiful seats in the kingdom: and he came into Devonshire determined to combat vulgar prejudices. For descriptions of Powderham, the seat of Lord Courtenay, and Mamhead, that of Lord Lisburne, see "The History of Devonshire," vol. II. pp. 155, 156—172.

In consequence of this annotation, Mr. Forster addressed the following letter to the Editor of the Weekly Entertainer:

Sir, Boconnoc, Sept. 17, 1799.

The ingenious author of "The Amusements of Sir Humphrey de Andarton," will not be displeased at being made acquainted, through your Miscellany, that he has been misinformed in some circumstances he relates of the late Mr. Mason. Mr. Mason, while in Cornwall, did indeed express a very high approbation of your weekly publication: so highly did he approve of it, that on his return to York, he resolved to set on foot and to conduct a work on a similar plan, which from some unknown circumstances did not succeed. But he never, either fastidiously or in jocularity, remarked that Cornwall produced nothing good but junket and the Weekly Entertainer *. On the contrary, he expressed an

* May we not ask, did Mr. Mason, while in Cornwall, never converse except in the hearing of B. F.?

admiration of many of its beauties of scenery, and a relish for many of its good things. The rural simplicity of the quiet vallies of Boconnoc, and the manner in which the unadorned paths through them and the adjoining woods were carried by the taste and judgment of their owner, pleased his fancy and met his approbation. Some particularly favourite spots he frequently revisited: these spots are still seen with additional pleasure on this account by the friend who accompanied his walks. The principal brook in these grounds (the Lerryn, which gives name to a village about two miles distant, situated near its meeting with the tide), he was so fond of, that he lamented to his host his not having seen it before he printed his third book of the English Garden. The Cornish Lerina (he observed) was a much handsomer nymph than his Nottinghamshire Ligea, and had he been earlier acquainted with her charms, should certainly have occupied her place in his poem.

These are trifles; but every trifle which respects such a man as Mr. Mason is interesting: it is so at least to one who was honoured with his friendship and intimacy.

B. F.

—"The English Garden" of Mr. Mason is, in my humble opinion, the first of all Didactic poems. Yet hath Mr. Knight contemptuously declared, "that he never read Mason's poem, though he remembered to have heard it spoken of." Admitting the truth of Mr. Knight's assertion, we must deem the following passage a phenomenon in philology:

"Blest is the man, in whose sequester'd glade,
Some ancient ABBEY's walls diffuse a shade,
With mouldering windows pierced, and turrets crown'd,
And pinnacles with clinging ivy bound.
Blest, too, is he, who midst his tufted trees,
Some ruin'd CASTLE's lofty towers sees *
Imbosom'd high upon the mountain's brow,
Or nodding o'er the stream that glides below."

KNIGHT's Landscape

Observe, reader! when this was written, and this was pub-

* Melodious Verse! ! !

lished, Mr. Knight had never read —— he had barely heard of the existence of the English Garden.

"More happy still, if one superior rock
Bear on its brow the shiver'd fragment huge
Of some old Norman FORTRESS; happier far,
Ah then most happy, if thy vale below,
Wash, with the crystal coolness of its rills,
Some mouldering ABBEY's ivy-vested wall."

Such are Mason's lines!—Such, doubtless was the prototype! "*Uno ore*"—must we exclaim, how inferior the copy!

The following just tribute to the memory of Mr. Forster, appeared in one of our public prints:

1805. "On Monday last died at Boconnoc Parsonage, the Rev. Benjamin Forster. He was a man of genius, accomplishments, learning, and the very finest taste; and in him the possession of these advantages was wholly unaccompanied by that arrogance and pedantry, by which the lustre of talent and learning is too frequently tarnished. His benevolence, and politeness in social intercourse, never permitted him to display his superiority at the expence of another's feelings or his own good-breeding as a gentleman. The delicacy of his wit, the brilliancy of his fancy, his poignant humour, and that happy variety of allusion by which his conversation was distinguished, will long be remembered and regretted. One who has frequently derived from him instruction and delight, pays this tribute to the memory of the friend of Mason and Gray; of him whose name, but for the obscure retirement in which he was lost, would have been handed down to posterity, as one of the most shining ornaments of his age and country."

Bishop COURTENAY *to* R. P.

REV SIR, Exeter, Sept. 25, 1802.

Your Parsonage House at Manaccan is rather an embarrassing subject; your continued residence since you have had the living deserves every encouragement, and the State owes you something

for filling it with nine children. It would be very right that you should leave that house and living to a smaller family, by exchanging for a better; but I assure you it has not been in my power to forward it. On the other hand, it was not the intention of the Gilbert Act that houses should be built too good for the living; however, I think your adding to the house on a moderate scale will be the least evil.

Your affectionate brother, H. R. *

W. COBBETT *to* R. P.

DEAR SIR, Duke-street, Westminster, Dec. 1802.

I have just received your letter of the 13th instant, and hasten to inform you that I shall be extremely happy to afford you such scanty comfort as my house contains; but that I shall be, after the first of next month, no longer a bookseller. Mr. Harding, however, who takes my shop and business, will do ample justice to your

* The Bishop died soon after. In one respect there was a remarkable contrast between Bishops Buller and Courtenay. In oral conversation, no one could be more affable and indeed familiar, than Bishop Buller—in epistolary, no one could be more concise and guarded. It was quite the reverse with Courtenay. Once only he visited his clergy, and in private companies, wherever he went, all was solemn silence: of this, I was myself a witness at several houses. But in his letters he was perfectly unreserved. Hence it may fairly be inferred, that his disinclination to talk either with clergymen or laymen, was attributable to indisposition, rather than to the proud feeling of superiority.

work, as far as lies with a bookseller. Be assured, dear Sir, that I shall think myself highly honoured by your company here (which, you will perceive, is not at Pall Mall,) when you come to town, and that I will not fail to interest myself for your work, as far as my little time and influence will extend.

I hope all your family are well, and I remain, with great esteem and respect, dear Sir,

Yours, &c. WM. COBBETT.

W. H. REYNELL *to* R. P.

REV. SIR, Jan. 18, 1803.

Respecting Overton's Book, it would more than fill this paper to give you the passages of your writings which that author notices. He professes to understand our Articles in the Calvinistic sense; you may, therefore, guess what opinions of yours are objected to. Your "Letters to Hawker" are the principal objects of his attack; he neither likes your poetical flights nor your sarcasms; but upon the whole, appears to me rather an angry than a dangerous adversary, unless you allow him his premises; which are, that the homilies, the writings, and the definitions of some of the Reformers are authority in interpreting the Articles. Our Bishop of London thinks the Book of more consequence than I do, and has pronounced it not easy to be answered. However, Kipling has made the attempt, as also another man of learn-

ing, whose books I have not seen; and the Bishop of Bangor *, in a late Sermon before the University, has not only denied his grand position beforementioned, but thrown some new light upon the opinions and design of those who drew up the Articles. One or two points he has hit off happily enough; but in others, perhaps, he has played the Sophist.

We are all of us placed in an unpleasant situation by this attack; for although the author affects to write nothing more than an apology for what he calls the Doctrines of the Church, yet it is very evident that a general imputation is intended to be thrown upon the whole Establishment. Whilst he compliments some of our Bishops, he sneers at their orthodoxy; and indeed praises them in one passage, and finds fault with them in another. You and the rest of his adversaries can support your own personal assertions; but something should be said for our Order, and I cannot but think it easy to reply to his charges, without entering into a full accurate discussion of every point he brings forward. It is impossible to declare the mind of the imposers of our Articles; but we may safely assert, that were there a necessity for composing a confession of doctrines necessary to salvation at this day, neither the present form nor substance, nor expression, would be adopted. The author of Ben Mordecai has some sensible observations to this purpose, in a Tract published 1783; but he is against all sub-

* Dr. William Cleaver.

scription whatsoever; this opens the door too widely. However, certain it is that some of the Articles are unnecessary, some obscure, and others will furnish matter of disputation without end. The heads of our Church are afraid to alter that which it puzzles them to expound; and when they attempt it, shrink and shuffle, to the astonishment and regret of their brethren.

Yours, &c. W. H. Reynell.

P. S. It is a curious circumstance, that Overton leaves the whole tribe of unordained preachers in purgatory, though their doctrines be exactly the same as his own. I apprehend you have noticed the effects produced by such piety run mad, by certain facts related in your "Letters to Hawker."

Miss Seward *to* R. P.

Dear Sir, June 13, 1803.

I am extremely obliged by the friendly and generous interest you take in my literary credit. Accept my best thanks. Ere I enter upon the subject which procured me the pleasure of a letter from you, suffer me to express my concern that it should have been written beneath a malady which had been of obstinate duration; probably the dregs of the influenza. After long dispersing its malignant seeds from the iron pennons of winter, it took the wings of the vernal mornings to scatter them abroad to the uttermost parts of the island. May your health be soon re-established!

The Poetical Register contains an exquisitely beautiful, and interesting little poem of yours, on the prevalence of the scarlet fever in your neighbourhood, in 1801, and written when your wife and children had received the contagion. I hope the fatality did not ensue, which you there so sweetly deprecated. I have not seen Mr. B. since I read those pathetic stanzas, or I should probably have received information on the subject.

I never saw the work you mention, though I knew something of it, thus: "A friend said to me, "have you seen *Public Characters*, or the Biographic Miscellany?" "No." "You are there." "Should I have pleasure in reading what it says of me?" "Probably not. I think it barren, and somewhat impertinent." That friend knew it to be my practice rather to stifle curiosity than seek its painful gratification. If there is any thing on your subject, which must have proceeded from an enemy, I should shun the perusal, as I would do that of the invective, or, what is more blighting, the faint negative praise of a cunning foe upon my own writings.

* * * * * * *

Early did I discover the want of poetical stamina in our Critic, and therefore never shewed or read to him a single line of my own, aware that I could gain nothing from his censure, and was not likely to obtain his praise; but, as another experiment, I read to him Scott's noble heroic ballads, *Glenfinlas*, and the *Eve of St. John*, not either of them then printed. No smile, no spark in his eye hailed, as I recited,

the passages of high and unborrowed beauty. When, on their being ended, I asked his opinion of them collectively, he hesitated and stared, and neither made any objections, nor praised with any warmth. I saw he wanted his *dog and bell—established reputation.*

R. P. *to General* SIMCOE.

MY DEAR SIR, Manaccan, Nov. 8, 1803.

From your particular enquiries at Truro after the health of myself and family, I am warranted, I hope, in concluding, that you still remember with kind partiality your old acquaintance, who was once so much obliged to you for your civilities at Wolford-lodge. I know nothing, indeed, but my banishment to this remote part of the world, --- to an obscurity which my friends have seldom an opportunity of penetrating, that could induce them to *forget me;* for, I am still zealous in the cause of my King and Country, as my preaching and publications uniformly evince.

There is a passage in the first volume of my "Cornwall," to which I am anxious to refer you: it relates to my hypothesis * of the Saxons, which originated in your suggestion.

* * * * * * *

There certainly is no doubt, that Helford-harbour, the Little Dinas, and Condurra, were fami-

* See "History of Cornwall," vol. I. pp. 122, 124, 125, 184.

liar to the Romans and the Saxons, and that they have been objects of attention to every invading enemy (to pirates often) from the Romans to the present times. The Dinas was fortified in the days of Elizabeth, when the Spanish Armada had raised so general an alarm: and in the civil wars of Charles I. it was maintained by the loyalists for some months, after every other part of Cornwall, and indeed the whole island, had been reduced by the usurping powers.

With all these, and many other historical documents before me, I cannot but feel the awefulness of the moment. I cannot but express my wonder, that the French should have left us so long unmolested; that not even a privateer should have approached us, in our present defenceless state; for not one gun have we on the Little Dinas—not one vessel in the harbour of Helford to guard us from the invader. In the late war, on my representation, a gun-vessel was sent to us without delay; and preparations were made for fortifying the Dinas.

I trust, my dear Sir, your good-nature will make allowances for my anxiety; whilst your penetration sees in this very circumstance my motive for thus intruding on your valuable time. I have exerted myself very much in attempting to form what I have termed "the Menege Armed Association;" calling out my parishioners from the farm-houses and cottages, with their guns or fowling-pieces (for almost every cottager has a gun), and appointing proper persons to cast balls and make cartridges.

If it succeed, I mean to carry the scheme into four other parishes, and (as I am appointed Inspector for the Hundred of Kerrier) to review the whole body at stated periods. But what idea of security can be attached to the few men to be thus collected from Manaccan, St. Anthony, St. Keverne, St. Martin, and Mawgan; even admitting that they adhere to their agreement, according to the articles which I have drawn up for them, and to which many of them have subscribed?

Excuse me, my dear Sir; I should have told you, that I have been sorely disappointed once or twice in missing you, whilst you were inspecting Cornwall. It was not long after your visit at my friend Mr. Hoblyn's, that I slept also at Nanswhyden. Had I met you there, the "Noctes Atticæ," the "Cænæ Deorum," would have been renewed, if peradventure the chess-board intervened not: for rooks and pawns, I think, would have frightened away the Muses; familiar as rooks and pawns might have been to the suitors of Penelope.

I remain, dear Sir, yours sincerely, R. P.

P. S. If ever Peace be restored to us, I mean to re-visit Devonshire. And in crossing the Tamar, I shall have much at heart the fulfilment of our lamented friend Major Drewe's will, as far as it respects his literature.

J. WHITAKER *to* R. P.

MY DEAR SIR, November 11, 1803.

I have at length selected for you two folio MSS. entitled on the cover (I see) "Local Notices,

vol. 1st and 2d," and containing dissertations on St. Michael's Mount, on Penzance, on the Land's End, and, what I value more than all together, on the Scilly Isles. To these I have added a MS. by the late Mr. Collins, who died at Penryn, being a copy of those observations which I had formerly written on the blank pages of Tonkins's MS. when I believed it to have been given me by that unscholar-like divine, the late Rector of Truro, but which I took care to erase with my pen before I returned the MS. itself. To these I have added a MS. entitled, "St. German's, vol. 8," but containing only the ancient "Valors of Cornwall," with notes. Some loose papers concerning Veryan and Probus, &c. I have put between the folds of a Plan of the coast near St. Columb. The two drawings of an inscription on the doorway of the porch to St. Austle church, are done by two different persons. The larger one is by Mr. W. Gregor, the smaller by Mr. Britton. On the back of the former are some notes of mine. To all I have subjoined the Pedigree of the Connocks, historically unfolded, which I drew up at last, after repeated solicitations from Mrs. Connock, but which, when read to her by myself, she showed evidently she did not like. I had swept away the wild dream with which (it seems) this widow of the last male Connock had flattered her vanity, of their descent from the Counts of Bretagne; and she would rather have dreamed on. I gave her a more honourable descent for them, even one from the Kings of Cornwall; but she did not like this a thousandth part

so well as the other. So little has she of a Cornish soul within her! And at the close, when I expected the old lady, rich and liberal, would have put a bank-note of fifty pounds into my hands, she *would* have given me three guineas. I resisted the offer, not wholly because I would take nothing, but because I considered the offer as nothing. I *felt* the guineas, and felt their *fewness*.

With all these I send you what I borrowed some time ago, your Peters on Job. I have not read it, but just glanced over what he says about the Leviathan, and found it was nothing.

I had once intended to have published myself all that I now send you. The Essay on the Land's End and the Scilly Isles I particularly intended; but "art is long, and life is short," and at sixty-eight I begin to cut short my plans of publication. I therefore throw off every thing Cornish for your pen, except my St. German's and my St. Neot's. My Collections for the History of London have drawn me off from Cornwall; as a History of London is more generally attractive, and therefore more likely to be popular. Yet I have so much of the vanity of authorship about me, as to wish you would publish my account of the Land's End and of the Scilly Isles, in an Appendix to your History of Cornwall, and avowedly as mine.

As to your and Mrs. Polwhele's fears, I am rather surprised at them. I see some in my wife and daughters; but I fear nothing myself, and have always calmed their fears hitherto. I pray, I exhort them to pray, and then with a confidence in

Him who has the reins of the creation in his hands, we fear nothing. What he orders is right in itself, and right with regard to us; why then should we fear? "Is not God in Heaven?" asked my youngest daughter many years ago; "Why then should we fear, Papa?" she re-asked. All this I am obliged to recall to their minds, for the support of their spirits: yet, in a human view, I consider all fear of a French invasion in *Cornwall* as supremely ridiculous. The aim of the scoundrel, who has now usurped the power of all the scoundrel usurpers before him, is to terrify by appearances, is to wound by realities, to aim at London and to land in Ireland, that land of strong disaffection formerly, and of feeble rebellion very lately; and in all probability his aims or his landings will be frustrated completely, by his landing and his defeat; or, what is still more likely, by the extinction of him and his host, like Pharaoh and his, in the waters of the sea. Then only will the world be freed from its disturber; and then only can it "rest from off the tossing of those fiery waves" which have so long disturbed and inflamed it.

In this spirit of confiding upon the highest Wisdom and the highest Goodness, I am pursuing my studies without one atom of fear. I see the danger, and I face it; I consider all as a trial from God, of our reliance upon him; and upon him will I rely to the end. I will act prudently, but I will never leave my reliance upon God; the more trials I have the better, because I am sure I shall have the more rewards, and I hope I shall merit them the

more. In short, I fear nothing but God, and Him I hope I shall ever fear most reverentially.

J. WHITAKER.

Captain BLIGH *to* R. P.

DEAR SIR, Durham Place, Lambeth, Dec. 21, 1803.

I am under much obligation to you for your kind present of the History of Cornwall, which I shall call for, and consult how it will be the best way to send you mine of my Voyage in the Bounty, and Narrative. I hope yet to be able to publish my last voyage, in which I secured the Bread-fruit plants to the West Indies. I will endeavour to get you my pedigree as soon as I can go to the Herald's Office.

Yours, &c. W. BLIGH.

M. HITCHINS *to* R. P.

DEAR SIR, St. Hilary, Feb. 2, 1804.

On examining your account of the sea-coast of Cornwall, I am sorry to find I can be of no service to you, having no other documents by me than Martyn's large map of the county, and Williams' chart of Mount's-bay; by help of which, indeed, I have made a few trifling remarks; but having procured one of the charts, of which I find there are but two copies remaining unsold, I beg you will be kind enough to accept it.

Yours, &c. M. HITCHINS.

H. B. *to* R. P.

DEAR P. Dec. 2, 1804.

Few circumstances could have given me more sincere pleasure than the sight of your welcome letter; for though the "tide of life" has long driven us at a distance from each other, yet I have never once ceased to think of you without tenderness and affection. I never see even your name in print (which I often do) without regretting our separation from each other. I have a thousand things to say to you, which a letter cannot contain, unless I would learn a new art of abbreviation. What would I not give for a few hours conversation with you, that we might run over our history, "even from our boyish days?" that we might compare what has passed in life, to what we pictured in imagination, when we used to build our ideal castles in Peckwater. For my own part, I should be ungrateful to Providence if I did not acknowledge that I have received and enjoyed more of the blessings of life than generally falls to the lot of man. More, indeed, than I had pictured, though in a different way. Your inquiries after poor Shaw, our Staffordshire Historian, came too late; alas! he was buried a few days before I received your letter, and sorry am I to add, that he died insane. His malady, I am afraid, is attributable to his intense application to his History, and the vexation and uneasiness attending it. This, my friend, must come home to you, but let it not terrify you; shake it from your mind, "like dew-

drops from the lion's mane." "*Mens conscia recti*," is a noble fortification against the attacks of disappointed vanity or malice; and may it be yours.

Though poor Shaw is gone, I will make every inquiry after the family you mention; though I am confident there is no person of your name living in our county, neither am I acquainted with the other name you mention. I am afraid, my friend, even if all these things were discovered, they would avail you little beyond mere curiosity; quiet enjoyment, or prescriptive right, would counteract all your pedigrees, and disperse them like bubbles in the air.

You must look forwards, not backwards, for preferment and riches. Surely your abilities must bring you more than honour! Your various publications ought to pour wealth into your lap; for I hear of very great prices being given by the Booksellers for books very inferior to your own. But, perhaps, you have to learn the policy attending authorship. *I* cannot teach you, but I am sure it would be doing you a real kindness, if some friend would let you into the secret. Have you read my friend Gisborne's Sermons? The world, I dare say, will think that they possess too much unction; but the present age wants excitements to piety. A mere fillip will not do; it must be strucken hard to make it feel. H. B.

J. WHITAKER *to* R. P.

MY DEAR SIR, Feb. 5, 1805.

In my late visit to London I was taken very ill; at least so ill as to be deprived of my appetite, and to lose my flesh. The air of London, in the crowded parts of it especially, is so loaded with sulphur from the fires, as to be almost pestilential to a short-breathed man. I was always sensible of this malady, and now felt it forceably for the first time in the atmosphere of London. I had now been just thirty years absent from the City. My native malady had increased in the period much; and I soon began to feel I could not walk, and could not breathe, so freely as I used to do. My stomach, generally active and vigorous before, began to lose its elasticity, and to languish in its vivacity. I fancied meats, but could not enjoy them. I could drink, but could not eat. I thus began to shrink in the size of my corpulence, and to fade in the colour of my cheeks. And I was soon made sensible myself, that my life would be in danger if I did not soon return into the country. Yet my spirits were lively and steady, and I enjoyed the conversation of scholars who came to see me, very much indeed. I saw numbers about me in my lodgings near Covent Garden that I had known only by correspondence before. I found them all very pleasing, very complimentary, and very friendly. I even felt myself raised above myself whenever I was conversing with them, and forgot my increasing malady, for the time, entirely. But,

above all, I was very unwilling to take my daughters abruptly away from London. It was their first visit, and I should have been cruel to cut their visit short. I could not attend them myself, and to procure substitutes for me required time; and I was therefore very desirous to stay with them in London as long as I possibly could. I accordingly staid to the last line of my assigned period; having allowed one week for the journey up, two weeks for the journey down, by Oxford, and the intermediate period to residence in London. I had thus reduced myself so low in health and aspect, that I was in no little danger from my kindness. When, however, I left London, I flattered myself, from the briskness of my spirits, and from the enjoyment of my mind, that I should feel myself well again as soon as I had turned Hyde Park Corner, or, at least, that I should leave my cough behind me on Windsor Terrace. Yet I turned the Corner without losing my cough, and even walked the Terrace without leaving my cough behind me. I actually took it with me to Oxford. I even carried it away with me out of Oxford, after two days stay in it. My malady still stuck close to me, my lungs being still loaded with a mucus from the air of London, and my only relief being by expectoration. My stomach thus had no power of expansion, and my appetite thus had no possibility of exertion. In this manner I went on, amid all the recollections and re-visits of Oxford, through all the exercises of the road, and all the enjoyments of a surviving friend there, not

recovering myself, yet not receding in health; at last I found my long-lost appetite at Bath, where we met by agreement with a family of this neighbourhood that had repeatedly called upon us in London, and that consented to spend a Sunday with us in Bath. I there, after the service of the afternoon, set down at four to dinner, and for the first time relished it very much. I consider this as the crisis of my complaint, and went on improving in health till I reached home. Yet my improvement was so little in reality, that a lady of my parish has since told me, as she looked at me mounted into my pulpit on Whitsunday, she thought me fitter for my bed than my pulpit. I grew better, however, and better, and better still; my spirits settled into steadiness, my appetite gained an addition of strength, and my harassing cough ceased by degrees; yet, all this interval of recovery itself, I felt my mind so weakened by the illness of my body, that I was actually afraid, even while I was reading my own original History of London, of encountering any difficulties in it, or of starting any doubts concerning it; both these I left to be started by myself, or by myself to be encountered at a future time; but by degrees I had the boldness to start the doubts, and to encounter the difficulties from which I had turned or fled before, and I have been ever since I came from London, employed wholly in correcting or enlarging what I had written before, intending for many months past to resume the series of my history, yet still diverted from my intention by

new objects in the past parts. I have of late been particularly busy in the Norman period of my history; which has been very wretchedly told by the only historian of London who has told it at all, yet it is pregnant with notices general and useful and curious; but I have resolved at last, and determinately, to resume my series next Monday, and to begin what alone remains for the completion of my whole work, my eighth chapter.

"Before you left Cornwall," you tell me, "you spoke of some notes on Bodmin and other towns, which you had in reserve for me." I had forgotten that I promised you any notes upon Bodmin; I have since promised them, I find, to another writer, as an intimation from this other has reminded me some time ago; but I had promised you I see before he was promised, and yours is for the County at large. I shall, therefore, transcribe what I have written, and send it to you at Truro in the course of this present week. "On this, and the success of your literary expedition, I expected to have the pleasure of hearing from you, especially as having got rid of your great work, I supposed you tolerably free from learned cares." By my "great work," I suppose you to mean my Antient Cathedral of Cornwall; but this I did not send to my printer till I had returned home; and then my malady disabled me from attending to anything very closely. I even thought of this work with so much indifference, that I parted with it in a perfect apathy almost about its fate. I left it all to my bookseller, and, as I have

recovered my antient spirit, I never was more burdened with literary cares than I have lately been. For a fortnight past I have been deeply engaged in particular, by what I mean to insert in my very next publication, the origin of Oxford as a Town before the University. I have a clergyman employed in Oxford at present, in examining some points that I have seen, but neglected at Oxford formerly. In the mean time, however, you fancy you catch me under a new publication. "Some communication, indeed, I have certainly had with Mr. Whitaker every Saturday, but this was in common with others; and, to my regret it is now ceased," you was thus deceived as even I was myself. In the first paper, containing what you mean, I read over one paragraph with pleasure; I then began to think the author writing just as I should have written; I then suspected these were my own sentiments and my own expressions. I even turned at last to my own preface of Flindell's own Bible, and you might well recognize myself in myself, the prefacer to the Bible in the essayist of a newspaper. "So perfectly," as you add, "am I acquainted with your style and manner, that I am sure I am obliged to you for the sacred columns of the Truro newspaper."

"In consequence of Overton's attack upon me, which has kept alive the memory of the Hawkerian Controversy, I have been repeatedly urged by a Staffordshire friend, a truly Christian believer, to publish in some shape or other my Vindication of my Religious Principles." In that controversy

I took part against you, I remember, by a private letter to you; you had not, if I remember right, distinguished properly between the principles of the Church of England, that are in my estimation the very "Pillar and ground of Faith" within this island, and the opinions of Methodists, either as wildly Calvinistical under Whitfield, or as adhering with some erroneousness about Justification to the Doctrines of the Church; yet I have lately thought more of these Methodists than I once thought. The strange tergiversation of Wesley himself towards the close of life, has undeceived me in a particular manner. I remember to have formerly seen in the hands of Mr. Baldwin, then at Manchester, a letter written by Mr. Samuel Wesley, the master of Tiverton school, and the brother to John as well as Charles, predicting, if they went on in the manner which they had then begun, "they would come at last to lick the spittle of the Dissenters." This prophecy has been latterly accomplished in full form to our ears and to our eyes. Wesley himself had the daring presumption to assume the power of the episcopality to himself, though a Presbyter only; and so to begin a second succession of usurping Presbyters in the Church. And, as the Rev. —— —— in his Bampton Lectures, has lately shown this part of the history of Methodism, in a strong light, in a fuller form, and with convincing circumstances; so has he particularly displayed the versatility of John's judgment, in proving him, whom I remember to have been at first a favourer

of the American Rebellion, to have been converted very ingeniously by Dr. Johnson's pamphlet against it, to have then published his abstract of this pamphlet as his own, to have made many converts by the abstract, and to have been thanked for it personally by the King himself; yet at the close of all, when rebellion had prospered, to have written in favour of rebellion, and to have openly disowned all that he had said before. Such a poor creature was he in reality when he came to be fairly tried! and such poor creatures were those simpletons of our communion, who confounded religiousness with methodism, who having no life of religiousness in themselves, fancied all was methodism, and thus did all that they could do to make methodism that "Vital spark of Heavenly flame," which can alone save any Church or any Christian from final reprobation.

Yours, &c. J. WHITAKER.

The same to the same.

MY DEAR SIR, Wednesday, March 27, 1805.

Your two last letters found me visited with a sickness, that I cannot call a paralytic stroke, but must call a paralytic affection. In consequence of it a numbness seized one half of my body, and I was afraid was stealing over my mind; but, thanks be to God! all fear of the latter is gone off, and all feeling of the former is much lessened.

I remain, with a pen apparently faultering from my late attack, but likely to recover (I hope) by continued and moderate exercise, my dear Sir,

Yours, &c. J. WHITAKER.

The same to the same.

MY DEAR SIR, Saturday, June 16, 1805.

Attention to my health, so necessary from my feeling, till the paralytic stroke which I received a few weeks ago, and from my apprehension of feeling another, if I do not constantly attend to my airings, has prevented my replying to your letter. I beg you will put me down for one of your subscribers for two copies.

I see also with satisfaction, that your third volume is published already, and that you mean to publish speedily another volume on the Civil and Military History of Cornwall, from Edward I. to the present time.

I had resolved to send you a Dissertation which I thought I had lent you before, but find kept among my own papers, on Pope Nicholas's Valor. Had I found it before, I should have inserted it in the Appendix to my Ancient Cathedral; and to you it is useless now, unless you can insert it with propriety, and wish to insert it in your Civil and Military History. You can best judge of this, as you see your proposals favoured or discountenanced. That they will be discountenanced, I have no notion; that they ought not to be I am

clear and certain; and, if they are, I shall think it a disgrace to the whole county. Yet I know too well the spirit of the world, even of the world of scholars, not to be sure of success for you. Even scholars have their vanity so coloured with their selfishness, that this unites with that to discourage such undertakings as yours. I have felt the spirit myself in others, where no selfishness could stimulate, and only vanity could instigate.

At present I am very busy in completing my History of London; it takes up much of my time and thought; yet I move very slowly in finishing it. I have long been in the concluding Chapter of it, and was hoping to rest at the goal before this day; but the goal flies before me as I advance, and I am still in the course; so I shall be for some time to come I foresee; yet I have lately been cheered in my labours, by recollecting what I had pointed out more than forty years ago to a friend, yet had nearly forgotten of late, a passage proving a Church in London to have been Roman in its origin; and, as I have yesterday drawn up my recollections in form, I am particularly pleased with them.

In so writing, I have anticipated part of your second letter of May the 22d. and the other part I shall now answer. "From your attendance at the Visitation," you say, "and your good spirits through that day," as announced to you by the Archdeacon, "I infer that you are considerably improved in your health." I am, I thank God, much recovered from the kind of paralytic

touch which I received about nine or ten weeks ago. This benumbed my limbs, and weakened my mind considerably for a time, but I betook myself directly to the exercise of a chaise, and have even lately purchased a pair of lively horses for the purpose: with these I go out three times a day, and move so rapidly, that some envious simpletons in my neighbourhood fancy I move for parade, not for health. By this means I am recovering, though but slowly; yet, by persevering, I hope to recover more to my own feeling, and more to the feeling of others. My spirits have always been the promptest instruments of my mind, and will continue to be the promptest (I believe) to the day of my death.

"The fourth volume of the Cornwall," you add, "will be immediately put to the press; but I wait for the Bodmin Notes, &c. which you so long ago promised me." I shall therefore send them with the Dissertation hinted at before; they shall go off to Truro next week with a note inclosed to you, and I am happy to find that they will be of any service to you.

"Have you heard any thing of the threatened invasion of the Lysons, or their Cornwall? They are said to be formidable gentlemen." I know only Samuel Lysons, whom I saw personally in London in my lodgings; he is so great a talker, that I said to myself of him when he was gone, after hearing him alone for two hours,

> The rattling and audacious tongue
> Of saucy Eloquence.

He talked incessantly and eloquently, but therefore allowed me not to talk with him. Of him I have never heard, but am expecting every post to hear; when I hear, you shall hear from me. What his "Cornwall" is, in execution or in design, I know not; when I do, you shall hear also.

Yours, &c. J. WHITAKER.

The same to the same.

MY DEAR SIR, Monday, June 24, 1805.

I wrote to you this day week, and then promised to send you some papers in the course of the week by the Helstone carrier, supposing him to reach Helstone on Saturday, and intending to send to him at Truro by Thursday; but vain are the promises of busy men about sending papers. On Thursday a new game started up under my feet, and I was busy all the week in pursuing it. This being now done, I turn to you before a new hare starts up. This morning I have found out what I thought I had sent you before, what I originally intended to have printed, and what I have therefore, I see, written out fair for the press; only I must observe what the Archdeacon told me at the Visitation, that Pope Nicholas's Valor has been printed.

This and all you are at liberty to publish with my name to all; I objected to this part of your conduct before, but now consider it as most dignified in you; you assume not to yourself the

merit of any thing meritorious, and you leave them to answer for any thing otherwise.

I also send you the account which I drew up of Bodmin, for my journey last year through Bodmin to London.

I thank you for reminding me that I had promised you my Antient Cathedral of Cornwall. I will write to Mr. Stockdale about it this evening.

Yours, &c, J. WHITAKER*.

J. JONES, *Esq. to* R. P.

MY DEAR SIR, Exeter†, June 15, 1805.

I am told that Lord Melville has got rid of the

* It was about this time (perhaps writing this very letter) that he fell from his chair upon the carpet. His duteous daughters re-placed him at his desk, and he resumed his pen, perfectly unconscious of what had happened. He notices above, his "Ancient Cathedral of Cornwall." For the description of the Nemæan wood, and a well (which I visited at his desire), he is indebted to my observations. He had forgotten to subjoin a note of acknowledgment: his memory, indeed, had failed him some time before what he called "not a stroke but a paralytic affection." See "Antient Cathedral," &c. vol. II. pp. 200, 201.

I think this work one of the most valuable of Whitaker's Antiquarian productions: here is completely demolished the old Historical fabric of the Western Bishops. I consider the new edifice as for ever immoveable. Among several little errors, however, I have this moment, glancing my eye over the pages, detected one. "Even Probus (says W.) is of so much value in itself, that the late Bishop Ross got 8000*l.* for the renewal of a lease upon it," p. 261. The fact is, Bishop Ross got 8000*l.* for adding two lives on a lease of Cargoll. Probus is comparatively a very small estate.

† Jones, on the death of his highly respectable uncle, had come down to Exeter, and succeeded him as an attorney at law.

Parliamentary Impeachment by a small majority; but, that the Crown prosecution is to proceed against him. I wish that those who join in the clamour against him be not instigated by malice, envy, or revenge. The loudest in the outcry have not been much celebrated for the purity of their principles; and however blameable he may have been, it is not, I believe, as yet pretended that any actual loss or mischief has accrued to the country. He has been an excellent servant to the state: it will be lamentable to see him in his old age in poverty and disgrace.

Yours, &c. JOHN JONES.

Miss SEWARD *to* R. P.

MY DEAR SIR, Lichfield, June 16, 1805.

Your letter was five days on the road, and came to me yesterday. I wave every other claim upon my pen that I may reply to it instantly, so impatient am I to be acquitted of all that has strangely seemed to you as ingratitude, disrespect, nay, even the possibility of insult. Good Heaven! you whom I have, with reason for the conviction, always and invariably considered as my friend, though I have not the happiness to be personally known to you. You, whose genius I have as constantly admired; of whose reported various knowledge I have never questioned the testimony. Indeed, indeed, I am neither thankless for kindness, nor fickle, nor insincere. Never, surely, did such a

change from pleasure to pain result from the perusal of the same epistle! Yet, amid the grief I feel at having given you involuntary offence, my esteem for the generosity and goodness of your disposition and heart is augmented.

Strange, also, and thankless, must seem the long delay of the copy destined for you*. Johnson must know you well; your name is peculiar, and the local direction to you, which I transmitted to him, was, I believe, accurate. What could occasion the book to fall into other hands? But now it matters not, since, at last, it has found its proper owner†.

* About the year 1792, Mr. Cowper sent Dr. Darwin a lively and pleasing encomium in verse upon the "Botanic Garden." This agreeable eulogy justly says, no poet who can refuse to bestow a wreath upon Darwin deserves to obtain one for himself. It was accompanied by another poetic tribute from Mr. Hayley, of yet warmer praise and more brilliant grace. "Mr. Polwhele, also, addressed a fine sonnet to Dr. Darwin on his "Botanic Garden," who, by inserting it in his work, proved that he thought highly of its merit, and that he considered such praise as genuine fame. The neglect of Mr. Polwhele's poetic writings is a disgrace to the present period of English literature. Our botanic poet had in general no taste for sonnets, and particularly disliked Milton's. The characteristic beauties of the legitimate sonnet, its nervous condensation of idea, the graceful undulation of its varied pause, which blends with the sweetness of rhyme the dignity of blank verse, were all lost on Dr. Darwin, at least from the time in which he entertained the design of becoming a professed poet. Absorbed in the resolve of bringing the couplet measure to a degree of sonorous perfection, which should transcend the numbers of Dryden and Pope, he sought to confine poetic excellence exclusively to that style."—*Seward's "Memoirs of Darwin," pp.* 385, 386.

† It is not worth while to mention the cause of my displeasure; my resentment was but for an hour.

Monday Evening, June 18.

My friends left me at noon to day. So the Anti-Jacobin Review abuses my volume: I have seen so much praise of vapid compositions, and so much illiberal and ignorant censure of ingenious ones, in reviews and magazines, that I seldom look into any of them; never when they are likely to speak of my writings; because their praise would not teach me to think better of my work, while their more probable censure would vex me. Many of my literary friends know with what cheerfulness I kiss the rod of just criticism; but of obtaining that from hireling censors, experience, respecting their treatment of others more than of myself, has made me hopeless; and injustice, whether extended to myself or to others, is painfully hateful to my feelings.

Of the review in question I have seen little. That little, however, enabled me to perceive it a party composition of most illiberal acrimony; branding with the odious and undeserved title of Jacobin, all whose principles, and they have influenced the senate, had saved Europe from its present humiliation, prevented the deplorable aggrandisement of France, preserved the consequence and prosperity of England, and arrested, on its accumulation, that incalculable mass of homicide and anguish, which the measures they fruitlessly combated were so likely, so certain to produce. This review, not content with such a slanderous opprobrium on genuine patriotism, affected to despise whatever publications contained the slightest

tincture of it, however rich in genius and erudition: to look down on them as feeble, or to ridicule them as fustian. Dr. Darwin's avowed dislike of the nine years insane crusade, drew upon him all the malice of the Anti-Jacobin censors. My defence of his principles on that subject, in my Memoirs of his life, makes me not surprised that they load that volume with abuse. With what tasteless invective have they pursued the poetic galaxy, where Coleridge and Southey were the bright and leading stars! The consciousness that from these courtier critics I share the fate of such writers, ought to make me invulnerable on the side of feeling to expected shafts, in whatever venom they may be steeped; but since for those true poets, though unknown to all of them, either personally or by letter, I could not help experiencing painful indignation, I could not hope to escape it when my own writings were attacked; therefore do I avoid the sight or knowledge of criticisms so certainly invidious.

For your amusement I will now present you with the little biographic sketch so long promised.

Mrs. P. once Miss L. is about my age, and we were acquainted in our years of girlhood. She was an orphan; her fortune £1500; a sensible, well-disposed, handsome girl; unsuspicious, and a little romantic. At 18 she went to live at Birmingham. There she met a young man, who said his name was Montague; that he was of a noble family; that he was absconding for college debts; that he was an orphan, and had austere guardians;

that he should be of age in two years, and must then come into possession of a considerable fortune; that he was the author of an anonymous novel, then admired and popular, its title "Lady Julia Mandeville." His person was not unpleasing; his manners prepossessing. They won Miss L.'s heart and confidence, and away to Scotland fled the lovers, and there they married. Her repentance of this rash step soon followed, when she found her bridegroom arrested on his return to Birmingham, for money due to various tradesmen. She paid his debts. The novel he had publicly claimed was then avowed by its real author, Mrs. Brooke. I do not exactly know where they lived till the soon-arriving period at which he had expended the last shilling of her fortune, and at which she became the unhappy mother of a female infant. It was then, all means of support exhausted, that he confessed that his name was P.; that his parents were petty grocers in the town of St. Ives; that he was their only child; and that the dawn of talents, which they believed eminent, had induced them to struggle hard to give him a university education. That he was some years older than he had pretended, and that he must trust their experienced fondness for assistance in the present distress. The poor, honest old people, received him, his wife, and child. Deacon's orders, and the curacy of the parish church in P. were procured for him. This account of her reached me from her friends, about the year 1768. Enquiring after her about the year 1770, I was

told, that P. had run away from his wife, child, and parents, and disgraced his profession by making a married strolling actress, of the real or assumed name of M. the companion of his flight to Ireland; and that, having taken her name and profession, he was acting in itinerant companies with her, and publishing books with the signature of C. M. That his parents were almost heart-broken by his misdeeds, yet kindly continued to support his wife and child. In a few years after I heard they were dead of grief and poverty, and that Mrs. S. P. was in London, supporting herself and child by the honest labour of her hands. In the year 1782 Mr. W. a man of genius and fortune, much elegance of manners and respectability of character, and benevolent to enthusiastic credulity, came to visit me for a week, and brought with him the specious P. who had some time back returned to England, professing deep repentance, and resolution of amended life, in every respect except re-union with his wife, for whom he confessed aversion, which he said had been long mutual between them. He had gone down to B. in great distress and poverty. Such a melancholy sense of his past vices did he assume, and so warmly did Mr. W. vouch for the reality of his reformation, that I also was persuaded that he would henceforth prove a valuable character. They returned to B. and by sending me his works, accompanied by letters of professed esteem and offered service, he involved me in a correspondence with him. Some time after Mr. W. wrote

to me, that poor P. as he called him, was an infatuated man, whom no exertions could rescue from the consequences of his restless spirit and thirst of authorism; and that he had deserted his situation very unhandsomely. P. wrote to me that he found himself unable to submit to the sacrifice of his talents and time in the drudgery of his B. situation, and that the fame and emoluments which ought to wait upon genius were only to be obtained in London. In the Autumn of 1784 I went to Buxton, and there met with the clergyman of P. whose curate P. had been. You anticipate my resolve of breaking off all connexion with such a man. I wrote to him to avow it, and mentioned my reasons, under the permitted authority and name of my informant. His reply, though deeply artful, excited only my indignation. It said, that as I had received him to my friendship, as he called it, not as a blameless, but as a repentant man, I had no right to cast him off on account of former errors. He intreated me to reflect that I was an author, to whom literary reputation must be dear; that upon the fiat of the reviewers it depended; that he was not only the master-spring of two of the most popular ones, but was concerned, more or less, with all the reviews; that, continuing to give him my countenance and correspondence, I might depend upon seeing my writings extolled in all of them; if otherwise—there he broke off. I persisted in my resolve, and avowed my scorn of his covert threat. In the course of three months it was put in ample

execution. The European Magazine and English Review accused my poems of fustian, of vulgarity, of immorality, and even laid covert obscenity of meaning to the close of my elegy on Captain Cook. In the course of another year or two, I heard, that abuse of Mrs. Siddons' theatric talents, with accusations of avarice, appearing in the newspapers, had been traced to P. by Mr. Siddons. She had repeatedly lent him money, and on her first refusal to continue these loans, the poor revenge ensued. In process of time I heard that P. had been obliged to go abroad, after having been caned in a public coffee-house, by a gentleman, whose wife he had traduced in a newspaper. On his return he had the impudence to write to me, solemnly disavowing the having had any thing to do with the abuse of my writings, at any time, or on any occasion. I must have been a credulous fool indeed if such declarations could have done away with my proofs that it originated with him; and so I told him in my answer. I could fill many pages with details of similar vileness, which reached my ear, as committed by him through the course of years which have elapsed since that period. He has always had the art to impose himself upon wise and good people, for a time, as a reformed man, if he found they knew any thing of his history; if they did not, as one injured and calumniated for mere indiscretion. Some thirteen years ago, his injured and truly estimable wife passed a day with me, stating to me

fresh instances of his ill conduct to his parents, herself, and others.

A lady told me, that when he was in Worcestershire, three years ago, and dining in a large party, the conversation turned upon a person of the neighbourhood who had been unkindly treated by his parents. P. affected great agitation, ending in a pretended hysteric fit; from which, when he appeared to recover, he explained what he asserted was its cause to the alarmed and concerned company, and told a long piteous tale to the same infamous purport of what he had held out to the public in one of his publications; thus outraging the character of his honest though mean parents, whose peace he had destroyed, whose boundless indulgence he had abused, whose substance he had wasted, whose days he had shortened.

The same to the same.

MY DEAR SIR, Buxton, July 1805.

* * * * * * *

To have been once deceived by fair appearances into erroneous belief concerning the heart of him who displays them, is no real disgrace to the soundest understanding, or to the purest principles,

> "Since neither man nor angel can discern
> Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
> Invisible, except to God alone."

There is no marvel that you should have believed, on the testimonies you mention, that P. and myself

were either on friendly terms, or might become so by the explanation of probably mistaken circumstances. Mr. W. did certainly, in the year 1781, induce me to partake his credulity. The credulity cost me the disgrace of having held a friendly correspondence with P. for two years, during which period I threw away time, not only in answering his professing letters, but in writing that prologue, and in the much longer task of weeding from his poem, "Sympathy," the docks and dodders and knots and knares with which it was covered, and in planting something more like flowers in their room. He circuitously procured for it the same sort of service from other writers. Nay, even years after I saw him in his proper colours, and had become incapable of any voluntary intercourse with him, or attention to his flimsy writings, I was induced, by complicated artifices, not worth enumeration, to correct, and in several places alter, his poem to the philanthropic Howard, being taught to believe it the first poetic attempt of a young and amiable man, to whose person and name I was a stranger. After all which I could spare time to do for it, it remained an unequal, and, on the whole, feeble and common-place business, which, on its first publication, he attested in the newspapers was either Mr. Hayley's or Miss Seward's; and then, in a few posts after, a paragraph appeared in the same papers to this effect: "The late beautiful and admired poem, in honour of the great Howard, so universally believed to be Mr. Hayley's or Miss Seward's, now comes out

the avowed composition of the celebrated author of 'Sympathy,' &c. &c."

He has been, from the close of the year 1784, perfectly aware how thoroughly he was unmasked in my sight. I bid him remember his recent audacious and public pretences to be a man of family, and his ingratitude to the kind parents who had supported, in the midst of poverty, his wife and child!

He once arrogated to himself the literary graces of Mrs. Brooke's "Julia Mandeville." On the possibility that I did not know the author of those memoirs he adopted, he unequivocally asserted that they were his own.

You express kind solicitude for my health. It is not better than when I wrote last, and I think it will never know renovation more. In the hope of assuaging bilious and rheumatic disorders I came hither, but have scarcely known a day's health, or any thing resembling health, since my arrival; and my spirits are still further oppressed, instead of feeling cheered, by the society of strangers.

Since I came hither I have been in company with your friend Greville. We united to deplore your exiled state, and the ungrateful insensibility of those Ministers of whom you had hoped too well, and whose cause, he said, you had defended. Alas! they who have ruined Europe by their councils and their bribes, deceived and betrayed Ireland, and endangered the very existence of Britain as an independent state, are not likely to

perceive the value of talents in an individual, or to feel the duties of gratitude.

The country seven miles round this thronged and gay scene is a desert of vast, monotonous, and barren mountains, strikingly contrasting this crescent palace, built of amber-hued stone, and raised, and crowned with every grace of architectural skill. To a young lady, the companion of my journey, who, with a taste for landscape, had, till now, only beheld that of the rich inland counties, where sublimity is unknown, I was desirous of shewing some of those parts of the Peak, my native Peak, where grandeur and beauty hold divided, or I should rather say united, dominion. By the extreme fatigue of effecting this purpose, in an excursion of 18 hours yesterday, I have injured myself considerably, though I did not descend with her and another young lady, who went with us, those lovely luxuriant dales, into which we looked from the brow of mountains over which we travelled, but sat in the chaise while they, accompanied by my servant, explored them; following the course of those bright rivers which wind through their bosom, with banks fringed with alders and nut trees, with small meadows tufted by hay-cocks, and divided from each other by lavish hedge-rows; while grey broken rocks, green smooth cliffs, and vast hills, curtained by underwood, intersect each other at different points, and form the steep boundaries of the vales.

This letter has been written at different times,

and in a hurried depression of spirits—pardon its consequent blots and inaccuracies.

Yours, &c. A. S.

R. P. *to* K.

MY DEAR SIR, Nov. 20, 1805.

* * * * * * *

This much for lighter reading. Among the more solid is Nares's "View of the Prophecies:" and, really, the Archdeacon need not shrink from a comparison with any one of his predecessors in the Warburtonian lecture. The sermons are excellent, from the strength of their reasoning and their perspicuity. His view of the types of the Old Testament, in particular, is very satisfactory. Not to admit any circumstance as typical which has not been so represented by some inspired person (p. 84), is given as the best general rule. I strongly recommend these discourses to your perusal. Attached as you may be to Hurd, you will be highly pleased with Nares. Enough, however, of books. Would that I could throw them all aside, and resign myself to my old amusement of planting! A letter which I have just received from an old College-friend (a Mr. G.) has set me (if I may speak like my neighbours) "all agog!" I feel here as in a prison. I long for my paternal acres. G. says: "My family consists of seven sons. To trace out a path for their future provision requires no small degree of foresight. My natural spirits, however, are as good and as uninterrupted

as when you knew me; and so long as I retain them, so long shall I persevere in fighting the battle of life with unabated vigour. As a proof of this observation, I can tell you, that I have purchased 184 acres of land, 80 of which I have planted, and the remainder will be finished (if I live so long) in 1806. These will produce in 25 years, for my children, many thousand pounds." Now I need not purchase land for planting; I have full enough already. Of nearly 500 acres within a ring-fence, 200, at least, might be planted to the great advantage of posterity; and (like Glynn) Polwhele might still be preserved to my family by its trees *.

* * * * * * *

Yours truly, R. P.

R. P. *to* E. P. *his son.*

DEAR EDWARD, Manaccan, Helston, Dec. 9, 1805.

It is with sincere pleasure that I congratulate you on your safety, and on the honour you have acquired under the conduct of the immortal Nelson. From the omission of your ship in the returns of the killed and wounded, we were kept a long while in suspense respecting your fate; but the arrival of your last two letters has been perfectly satis-

* This idea was deemed chimerical by my advisers. But 200 acres planted in 1805, and well fenced, and weeded at intervals judiciously, would at this moment sell for more than the produce of my livings for the last forty years!—Not that I regret my devotion to the church.

factory to your friends. From a former letter dated off Cadiz, we were led to expect the engagement that soon followed; and now, I think, you need not fear being exposed to similar danger; since the French will, hereafter, be so much afraid to meet you, that they will not suffer themselves to be again ensnared by any feint whatever.

Wishing you, therefore, good health, and good resolution to persevere in the honourable path before you, I remain, yours, &c. R. P.

E. P. *to* R. P.

My dear Father, Spithead, Dec. 18, 1805.

You wish to know where I was quartered, and how I was employed during the action. I was quartered on the forecastle, with a lieutenant, mate, midshipman, and 20 men. We fought four guns, and our duty was to repair and stopper the rigging; but in ten minutes our rigging was past all stoppering. Not long after the commencement of the action, the command devolved upon me; for my lieutenant was the officer who attempted to board one of our prizes, and the boat sunk under him, and he was upwards of three quarters of an hour hanging on her in the water; so that afternoon I acted both in the capacity of a commanding officer, mate, midshipman, small-arm-man, and powder-boy. For when we could not bring either of our guns to bear, I had recourse to a musquet, and I and the boatswain fired till our pieces became so hot we were obliged to drop

them. When I came out of action I could neither speak nor hear, nor scarcely move; but I leave you to guess what must be the feelings, the resolution, of a person in the capacity of an officer, when he hears men (as I heard) on their way to the surgeon, one in particular, with all his bowels hanging out, encouraging his gunmates, and huzzaing along the decks as he passed below. The only thing that affected me, was some of my messmates wishing me well and shaking hands, which was a sort of thing I thought, and told them, might be dispensed with, as it only tended to cloud and not exhilarate the spirits. In action I felt myself as cool and as composed as I am now, with a determination to do my duty, and show an example to my inferiors. If I fell, I thought, it would be a consolation to my friends to hear that I died fighting for my country. But Providence, in whose protection I have always trusted, has, in his great mercy, reserved me to again, I hope, fight the battles of my country. Four men fell at my quarters, and six were wounded: I leave you to judge how lucky we were, as we counted 87 shot-holes in our foresail, which was set over our heads; another instance of the sort, I suppose, was never heard of.

CHAPTER IX.

Section I.

Kenwyn, near Truro.

An increasing family, at a distance from schools, often suggested the thought, that the removal to a town or its neighbourhood, would be a measure of expediency, if not of necessity. Though we had expended more than £200 in repairing and rebuilding the Manaccan vicarage; yet the house was too contracted for such a progeny. Of this the Bishop was fully aware: and had he lived, he would doubtless have removed the Vicar of Manaccan (kind and considerate as he always was) to a house more roomy, and a benefice more fruitful. If a living, however, was unattainable, a curacy near a town was perhaps within reach. And the vale of Truro, above which Kenwyn stands, offered us schools for the education of our children. Fully aware of these circumstances, Bishop Fisher had the goodness to recommend the cure of Kenwyn (then happening to be vacant) to our attention: and Bishop Pelham, his successor, had no hesitation in granting me licences of non-residence.

To return to the scene of early life, is on some accounts pleasant: yet after long absence, we must see many of its features altered by years, and strangers usurping (for it seems a usurpation) the residences of old friends. Such changes happen everywhere. But Truro was far from the same. It had lost its humour, its jokes, its hilarity. All its amenities had passed away. Of the old inhabitants, indeed, a few still lingered, the historians of the place: and there was pleasure in anecdotes that brought to mind domestic habits now exploded, and pastimes ill suited to philosophic seriousness. But enough of this. In 1809, St. Anthony, adjoining Manaccan, was given me by the Lord Chancellor, at the instance of Bishop Pelham and Lord De Dunstanville. But my two little vicarages were resigned to the care of others; as the clerical duties of Kenwyn and Kea were every day so pressing, as seldom to admit of a visit to Meneage.

Yet, as if those duties were easy and light, I was active in fabricating trouble, by forcing on the parish of Kenwyn an additional church-yard and a new church. I was "active" in raising up enemies around me! The old church-yard was so full of graves, that the ground was scarcely ever opened without the turning up of putrid bodies, or skulls, or skeletons; and the ancient church was well nigh a ruin. Both its north and south walls, and its whole range of columns, kept up only by iron bars and cramps, were tottering to their fall. The doubtful state of the tower-

pinnacles first attracted our notice, and then the church.

In order to carry into execution the Act for building new Churches, the Bishop of Exeter thought proper to direct the Rev. T. Carlyon, rector of St. Mary's, Truro; the Rev. H. Pooley, vicar of Newlyn; and the Rev. R. Polwhele, vicar of Manaccan and of St. Anthony, to form themselves into a District-board: and, accordingly, a Board was instituted at the Council-hall, Truro, on the 4th of January, 1819.

It was announced that on the 8th of October, 1820, the Kenwyn new church would be opened; and on that day (the anniversary of the Kenwyn parish-feast) it was crowded by a very respectable congregation; two appropriate Sermons were preached, one in the morning, the other in the afternoon; a liberal collection was made towards defraying the expences of the building; and no less than fifty children were brought to be baptised, each child in its nurse's arms, attended by four sponsors. Such, however, was the confusion at the font, that much of this business was deferred till the next day *.

* Mr. P—'s original project was to build a Chapel at Chacewater: but this could not be immediately effected. Besides, the Bishop very properly observed, that the old church at Kenwyn had the first claim to our attention. With respect to Chacewater, it would give pleasure to all who are well-wishers to our Church Establishment, to witness the exertions of Mr. Coleridge. The name of Coleridge, indeed, must at once raise expectation; and, however high that expectation may be raised, in the new Vicar of Kenwyn no one *can* be disappointed!

It was no relief to my church-cares, that the politics of the day were continually obtruded upon me. In 1812, an insurrection of the miners struck terror through the country; in consequence of which, the Justices declared that, "exerting themselves to the utmost, in a time of such scarcity, for the relief of the miner; they were yet determined to punish all rioters and disorderly assemblies according to the laws entrusted to their execution." And they enjoined the miners, at their peril, to "return to their own homes, to remain there peaceably, and to resume their proper employments." The declaration was signed by "F. Gregor, W. Gregor, E. J. Glynn, John Gould, Jos. Pomery, R. Polwhele, H. Pooley, Thomas Rawlings, Edw. Stackhouse, John Thomas, J. Trist, Robert Walker, James Willyams, Justices:" and it was countersigned by John Vivian, High-Sheriff.

The consternation was without a cause. Though often in his conduct rash and daring, the miner is intelligent, and may always be "reasoned with." With little pretensions to courage, I had no fear in accompanying the Sheriff to Liscus, in Kenwyn, where a large body of miners were occupied in seizing upon, and threshing out, and carrying away the corn of the farmer. We appealed to their sense of right and wrong; their leaders were ashamed of themselves; the flails and the sacks were abandoned, and the crowd dispersed.

In 1817, the assault on the Prince Regent occasioned a spirited Address from the parishes of Kenwyn and Kea, drawn up by the Curate of Kenwyn,

which was most graciously received by the Prince. This Address was well-timed: "At the moment, when a prevailing indifference to rank or station, was noticed as a strong symptom of disloyalty; when Jacobinism was again at work; when multitudes were seduced by specious theories and schemes of reformation, and not only extravagant and pernicious doctrines had been widely disseminated, but (remote as we were from scenes of riot and confusion) the murmurs of disaffection had reached our doors;—we could not, with all the consciousness of fidelity, suppress our feelings of disgust and indignation. And, on every occasion, we have been prompt to exert ourselves, *individually,* with a view of discountenancing and repelling a spirit of insubordination and of faction, so disgraceful to the character and the fame of our country." The whole Address, and a controversy it occasioned, may be seen in the "West Briton."

It was in the same year that our reformers (as they are called) were more than usually active; nor was there a want of vigilance or spirit in those who disapproved of movements ill-timed, though well intentioned—movements which, whilst they indicated virtue and integrity, betrayed a dangerous rashness.

In the summer of this year, the itinerant distributors of seditious tracts were very frequent in Truro and its neighbourhood; and one of the most notorious was committed to Bodmin Gaol by Mr. P.

On the 16th of November, 1819, at a meeting of the Mayor, Aldermen, and Inhabitants, of

Truro; it was resolved, "That, as true Britons, and, especially, as "the faithful Cornish," we are determined, "one and all," to support the just prerogatives of the Crown, and the authority of the Government; standing firm in defence of the Throne and of the Altar.

"That, impressed, equally, with a sense of British Liberty, we never will lose sight of the constitutional rights of the People, more particularly the right of meeting and petitioning for the redress of grievances, deprecating, at the same time, that tumultuous mode of assembling which threatens the destruction of social order, and, if sanctioned and suffered to prevail amongst us, must necessarily terminate in all the horrors of anarchy."

These Resolutions were read by Mr. Polwhele, who, holding fast opinions long settled and avowed, on the subject of popular assemblies, acted on that day from a principle of benevolence, and with a spirit of conciliation;—in the hope that the whole assembly (however differing in political sentiments, when descending to minute discussion,) would unite in the two general Resolutions.

In December 1820, the loyal inhabitants of Kenwyn and Kea, were desired to assemble at the Vestry-room, in Kenwyn-church-town, "for the purpose of preparing an Address to the King, expressive of their attachment to the Monarchy, their reverence for Religion, and their devotion to the Laws; and announcing their resolution to stand firm in support of his Majesty's person and

government, amidst conspiracy, blasphemy, and sedition."

To the meeting Mr. P. read an Address, in which, among others, occur the following spirited passages:

"Deeply do we regret, that a restless curiosity, which delights in innovation, and a fondness for political discussion, which is often no other than a revolutionary spirit, should have been so extensively excited by seditious meetings, and so long gratified by a press, still more and more licentious.

"It is with sorrow that we have perceived an indifference to all that is just, and fair, and honourable; that we have noticed dissatisfaction brooding over plenty, and beneficence repelled by ingratitude; that we have witnessed the oblivion of heroic atchievements, and even a forgetfulness of recent honours, as if ages had rolled over the trophies of our conquests; that we have observed a contempt of dignities, whether civil or ecclesiastical, and a rancorous schismatic zeal on one hand, and on the other, a deistic insensibility; but above all, the arrogance of Infidelity, and its audacity beyond all former example, in disseminating its destructive doctrines.

"It is not, therefore, a matter of wonder that on every event which more immediately concerned your Royal House, we should have seen the mockery of respect for the reality, and on a late emergence in particular, the profession of sympathy without pity, and the signals of rejoicing without gladness."

In the mean time the ardour of publication (unfortunately, perhaps, become habitual) was scarcely abated.

Publications in Poetry, and relative to Mr. P.'s Poetry:

"Poems, by Mr. Polwhele," 3 vols. 1806.

"The Family Picture, a Poetic Epistle," 1808.—See Anti-Jac.

Review, p. 61—76. Brit. Crit. 1809, p. 181. Gent. Mag. 1809, p. 47.

"Poems," 5 slight volumes, 8vo. 1810.—See Poet. Reg. vol. viii. Europ. Mag. Aug. 1811.

"The Minstrel," a continuation of Beattie's "Minstrel," published in the Poetical Register, vol. viii. pp. 48, &c.—In Book III. Stanza xii. read, for "*flames* of fire," "*plumes* of fire." This erratum spoils the effect of the whole stanza.—In Stanza xxiv. for "*doe*," read "*roe*."—In Stanza xxxv. for "*riffling*," read "*ruffling*."—In Stanza li. for "*blazed*," read "*glow'd*."—In Book v. Stanza xxix. for "*descent*," read "*desert*."

"The Deserted Village School," a Poem, Edinburgh, 8vo. 1812. —See Europ. Mag. 1814. p. 227.

"The Fair Isabel," 8vo. 1815.—See Brit. Crit. New Series, vi. 90. Gent. Mag. 1815, ii. p. 50. Aug. Rev. p. 341.

"Specimens of the Picturesque," 1819.—See European Mag. lxxv. 127. lxxvi. 402.

The first collection of Poems was thus noticed:

"This ingenious Author has several times appeared before us as a poet, and always with credit. Yet we do not scruple to say, that he goes on to improve in his art; the present volumes exhibit more accuracy of style and expression, and in all respects a more careful finish, than those which we have formerly perused.

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"From 'The English Orator' we quote the characters of Lord Chatham and his Son, which will give a proper taste of the spirit and elegance of the poem. In the clear energetic style in which these characters are delineated, we have proof of a poetical eloquence well suited to the subject. * * * *.

"The variety of poetical style employed in 'Sir Allan,' sometimes serious, but more often lively, affords a strong test of the Author's powers. The whole, being the work of fancy, displays a rich and various imagination. The descriptions are vivid, the situations well imagined, and the versification free, yet harmonious. * * * In the third volume the *Translations* will confirm the fame of the writer, as a spirited translator. From a volume so various and so excellent, we regret that we cannot take more than a single specimen, which, however, is

such as cannot fail to excite curiosity with respect to the remainder. * * * * * *

"The songs have all that simple beauty which is the best characteristic of such compositions. The elegance and convenient size of these volumes, combined with the great diversity of entertainment which they offer, will doubtless ensure them circulation and popularity."—British Critic, vol. xxxi. pp. 265, 266, 267, 268.

It would be an easy task to select from the criticisms on Mr. P.'s publications in Poetry, in the pages of the Anti-Jacobin Review, the Gentleman's Magazine, the European Magazine, the Poetical Register, &c. passages equally complimentary to Mr. P.'s Muse; but we shall content ourselves with one more extract from that masterly Review of Literature, which appeared in the Edinburgh Annual Register for 1808. "The Local Attachment," is appreciated with candour and elegance, The critic observes:

"In poetry of this description we expect beauty in the sentiments, and simple elegance in the mode of expression. Yet excellence in this is as difficult to attain, as the successful execution of a bolder plan. The graces of Metastasio, and the charms of the pathetic sonnets of Petrarch, are not more easily caught than the wild and fantastic beauties of Ariosto, nor even than the bold tone of the Epic Muse. But though perfection in either kind of composition may be equally difficult of attainment, the sentimental poet has an advantage over his rivals. The poetry which awakens a natural and amiable train of feeling, which reminds us of the romantic sentiments of youth, and speaks to us again of a fairy-land which we had lost for years, finds in every bosom a judge inclined to receive it with favour proportioned to the modesty of its pretensions. This is more particularly the case when we can discover that the heart of the poet beats in unison with his lyre. Some of Mr. Lisle Bowles's sonnets are of this affecting and interesting kind. And among

the poems that have not received their due share of public attention, we are disposed to reckon Mr. POLWHELE'S 'Influence of Local Attachment,' which contains some passages of great beauty; but its desultory plan has probably been unfavourable to its popularity."—See Edin. Ann. Reg. vol. i. part ii. pp. 442, 443.

Mr. P.'s poetry has been frequently noticed with commendation by his brother Poets and Authors: by Mr. Bowles, in his edition of Pope; by Mr. Chirol, "On Female Education:" by Mr. Warner, in his "Tour through Cornwall;" in Sharpe's editions of Knox's "Elegant Extracts," and "Translated Poets;" in Pratt's "Sympathy;" in Eton's "Translations;" and in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," p. 325; where Sir Walter Scott says, "The Influence of Local Attachment has been exquisitely painted by my friend Mr. Polwhele."

Dr. DRAKE, in his "Literary Hours and Winter Nights," 1820, has exhibited Mr. P.'s character as a Poet, on a more extensive canvass than hath ever been done by any former critic. A perfect stranger to the author, his testimony must be received as impartial. In one instance, indeed, even the name of the author, whose poem he was criticising, was unknown to Dr. Drake. The Doctor has placed the Ode to the "Genius of Pandemonium" (published anonymously) in the first class of English Lyric pieces.

In April 1820, Mr. Polwhele delivered to the Literary and Philosophical Institution of Truro, a Lecture on Taste, in the course of which he read

copious extracts from an unpublished poem on the "Pleasures of Taste," which he arranged in three parts; and concluded by paying a handsome tribute to the memory of some eminent Cornish characters lately deceased; John Stackhouse, esq. Sir Vyel Vyvyan, bart. Francis Gregor, esq. and the Rev. William Gregor, all highly respected individuals of uncommon attainments, who in life exemplified the rare union of the Christian, the Scholar, and the Gentleman *.

In History, &c. &c. &c. Mr. Polwhele published the following works:

1. A New Edition of "the History of Devon," in 3 folio vols. with an Index, 1809.—See Brit. Crit. for April, p. 321.

Slighted as it may be by disappointed vanity, who will presume to say, that the geological part of the "History of Devonshire" is not well executed, in opposition to the united evidence of such men as JACKSON and SHELDON of Exeter, and TOWNSEND of Pewsy? The first two (men of independent minds, who cared not whether, by their judgment of his work, they pleased or displeased the author,) were astonished at the production; and the third, referring to it, has confirmed its accuracy, by his own immediate observation. See his "Moses," particularly at p. 238.

2. "History of Cornwall," in 7 vols. 4to. 1809.—See Brit. Crit. 1809, p. 490. 1810, p. 23. 1811, p. 28.

These two important publications have been respectfully noticed in various subsequent works:

1. Subjoined to the New Edition of Fuller's Worthies, under Cornwall, the Editor observes: "To complete the list of its regular historians, must be added the labours of the Rev. Richard Polwhele; who has published an Iliad in a nut-shell,—'The History of Cornwall, Civil, Military, Religious, Architectural,'

* See Gillet's Paper, April 1820.

Agricultural, Commercial, Biographical, and Miscellaneous,' very excellent as far as it goes; but all comprised in three [now seven] slender quarto volumes," p. 231.

Subjoined to Fuller's Devonshire. "The late Rev. S. Badcock gave his friends and the publick some reason to expect a complete History of Devon, from MSS. which had been intrusted to his revision; and from his splendid talents much was to be expected. But he grew weary of the undertaking, and wholly declined the task; which devolved to another divine of well-known eminence in various branches of literature, the Rev. Richard Polwhele, who, in a printed prospectus, undertook to include the whole county in three folio volumes; and published, in 1793, the second volume, containing the first part of the Chorographical Survey of Devon; and in 1797, part of the first volume, containing the Natural History of the County, with dissertations relating to the British period [and Roman, Saxon, and all the subsequent periods of English history]. The [British] dissertations he had published [more at large] in the 'Historical Views'." "The folio work was completed, or rather *cut short* in 1806. The specimens, however, which are actually before the publick, cannot but excite regret that the whole work should not have been finished by a gentleman, who from his local situation, as well as every possible talent, was so eminently well qualified for the important task he had undertaken. Still the Topographer is under considerable obligations to Mr. Polwhele for what he has performed." p. 308.

2. Lord de Dunstanville's "Carew," 1811.—See British Critic, xxxviii. 210.

3. "Observations on the Tin trade, &c. 1811."—See pp. 23, 24, 60, 61. By Sir Christopher Hawkins, Bart.

"Sir Christopher Hawkins, though he differs from Mr. Polwhele in his view of the Ictis of Diodorus Siculus, has treated Mr. P.'s hypothesis with that respect to which we think it justly entitled."—Brit. Crit. xxxviii. 299.

4. Lysons's "Cornwall, 1814."—See p. 60, for Manor of Polwhele; and p. cxi. for the family and arms.

5. Dr. Paris's "Guide to the Land's End, 1815, 1816."—See p. 50, respecting Mr. Polwhele's Irish hypothesis.

6. "Dictionary of Living Authors, 1816."

7. Drew's "Cornwall, 1816, 1817." See vol. i. pp. 703, 704, 705, 706, for Literary character; and vol. ii. p. 159, for Polwhele Manor, and family estate. In the literary memoir Mr. Drew has displayed a degree of candour and benevolence equalled only by his ingenuity. For the Methodists a devoted champion, who had considered himself, in common with his brethren, extremely ill used by the Author of "the Anecdotes," we should scarely have accused Mr. Drew of illiberality had he but slightly noticed, or even passed in silence Mr. P.'s publications. Yet among various other eulogia (carried on through thickly printed pages) Mr. D. speaks of the outlines of the Cornwall History in particular, as "volumes containing an almost inexhaustible fund of valuable materials,"—as "a work evincing considerable industry, and displaying an ample field of resources, over which the author has ranged with sufficient care to enrich himself with its spoils." "The language (he continues) is perspicuous, easy, and expressive, frequently elegant, and sometimes sublime." "Viewed as a divine (he adds) Mr. P. has invariably manifested an attachment to the interests of the Established Church, without, however, that liberality which might have been expected from a gentleman of his erudition, acquaintance with human nature, strong intellectual powers, variety of acquirements, and high literary character."

8. Heard's "Cornwall Gazetteer, 1817."

9. Carlisle's "Description of Endowed Grammar-schools, 1818." From the "Cornwall schools," we make some extracts, with observations.

"*Bodmin.*" "Here HUMPHREY PRIDEAUX, D.D. Dean of Norwich, received a part of his elementary education."—p. 137.

"*St. Ives.*" "Here, that eminent critic, JONATHAN TOUP was educated."—p. 138.

"*Liskeard.*" "Dean PRIDEAUX received his elementary education here (see *Bodmin*), which he completed under Dr. Busby, at Westminster."—[Here Dr. CARDEW, late master of Truro-school, p. 141, was a pupil of Rev. Mr. HAYDON.]

"*Truro.*" "Among the distinguished characters educated at this school, may be enumerated," "SAMUEL FOOTE, the Comedian;" "the Rev. EDW. GIDDY, of Tredrea," [father of DAVIES

GILBERT;] "JAMES. ANDREW, D.D. Prebendary of Rochester," [the most benevolent man I ever knew.] "General JAMES MACARMACK*." "Colonel JOHN LEMON, late M. P. for Truro." "FRANCIS GREGOR, of Trewarthennick, esq. late M. P. for the County of Cornwall, and author of several political tracts." "The Rev. HENRY MARTYN, a native of Truro, B.D. Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, translator of the Scriptures into the Persian language," [who died at Tokat in the October of 1812.] "FORTESCUE HITCHINS, esq. author of Poems and a History of Cornwall," [a history written by Drew, and well written: scarcely a line belongs to Hitchins.] "The Rev. RICHARD POLWHELE, author of numerous publications." "The brave Admiral Lord EXMOUTH." "PASCOE GRENFELL, esq. M.P.†" "Sir HUMPHREY DAVY, bart. LL.D. the eminent chymist." "JOHN COLE, D.D. rector of Exeter College, Oxford ‡." "The Rev. EDWARD SCOBELL, M.A. author of a much-approved volume of Sermons, lately published." "The Rev. THOS. VIVIAN." "JOHN VIVIAN, esq. V. Warden of the Stannaries of

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* Who succeeded his father as a wine-merchant at Truro; who bought Penhellic, and rebuilt the mansion-house on the summit of the hill; who pulled down almost every hedge upon the place; who flung open his doors to all, attracting the high and the low by politeness, and gaiety, and festivity; who through a lucky hit was returned M. P. for Truro; who raised a regiment, of which Jamaica was the grave; who was Governor of Cape Breton; who printed a volume of Sermons for the use of his government; and who, with all his vanity, and all his profusion, had a truly good heart, and died, as he had lived, an unshaken believer in Revelation.

† Who was a school companion of R. P. and who, amidst the splendours of wealth and fashion, forgets not early friendships.

‡ Lively, kind-hearted, and sincere; at school he was beloved by his master and his fellows. In domestic life, a son, and a brother, affectionate beyond example, he submitted to many privations for the sake of his family. At sea, his society or assistance was courted by officers and sailors; in college, by undergraduates and doctors; at court, by princes! He was a good scholar, almost by intuition; for careless in his studies he was often indebted to R. P. and others for a theme or a declamation

Cornwall." [And why omit JOHN THOMAS, esq. the ex-V. Warden, who does equal honour to Truro-school?] To bring up the rear, we have General Sir R. Hussey Vivian, K.C.B." [son of the V. Warden, and M.P. for Truro,] p. 151. [To this list, should be added, THOMAS POLWHELE, of Polwhele, esq. father of R. P. It is pleasant to hear the old people of the neighbourhood say, "There never lived a better man than your father!"—To hear this, is refreshing to my spirit! We have often heard it.]

10. "Gilbert's Cornwall, 1820."—See vol. i. p. 150. vol. ii pp. 239, 823.

In Divinity, and respecting Mr. P.'s Divinity.

1. "Drew on the Resurrection of the Body, 1809." "Mr. Drew's account of himself is written in a style which raises our admiration of his talents. This little piece of biography, however, is not quite equal to the original sketch, drawn by the same author at the request of Mr. Polwhele, for the Literary History of Cornwall, and inserted in that work. Drew's life in the Cornwall History has some pleasing features of resemblance to that with which Gifford has introduced his incomparable translation of Juvenal."—Brit. Crit. xxxv. 116.

Gifford and Drew were both shoemakers; so was Holcroft, whose dramatic pieces have done him more credit than his political principles. Robert Bloomfield was a shoe-maker, when he wrote his "Farmer's Boy." Dr. William Carey, Professor of Sanscrit and Bengalee in the College

which he could have himself composed with superior ability; but though in his reading desultory, in the service of a friend he was indefatigable. Owing to a long and painful disease, his peevishness and apparent capriciousness for a year or two before his death, were complained of (I think unjustly) as repulsive to the College. His little foibles, however, were infinitely over-balanced by his good qualities.

of Fort William, Calcutta, and translator of the Scriptures into many of the Eastern languages, was in early life a shoe-maker in Northamptonshire; and Mr. John Strothers, the author of "The Poor Man's Sabbath," "The Peasant's Death," and other poems, is still, I believe, a shoemaker. I could add other names of some celebrity to the list. And whence it happens that the old adage, "ne sutor ultra crepidam," should be so often set at nought, might furnish matter for pleasant speculation. Perhaps the admonitory proverb originated in the overweening and ridiculous ambition of the gentlemen of the *last*. But we do not perceive in either of the instances above, that "Cynthius aurem vellit et admonuit."

2. "Stabback's Gospels, 1809." To lay claim to an argument in favour of our Saviour's Divinity, which I am sure originated in myself, but which Stabback has interwoven with his notes, without the slightest reference to its author, is doubtless natural, and justifiable. It is an argument drawn from the conduct of Judas Iscariot. I value this argument as of more intrinsic weight, and consequently more valuable, than all my reasonings, wherever dispersed, in sermons or in essays, or all Mr. Stabback's, wherever scattered through his "Gospels."

3. "Sermons;" a new vol. 8vo. 1810. Of this new volume (in connexion with the first two volumes of DISCOURSES published by Mr. P. some years ago) the following Notices have met the observation of Mr. P. and his friends:

THE ENGLISH REVIEW. "In the number of men of genius that the Church of England is constantly retaining in her ministerial service, we wonder not at the multiplicity of publications from the pulpit."—"And the modes of preaching, like other modes of composition, are successively improving in justness of thought, in refinement of observation, and in elegance of lan-

guage."—"In the Sermons before us, the author shews us how well he can execute the rules which he had laid down, so judiciously, in his 'English Orator'."—"They hold a high rank among discourses from the press; and contain in them many new but just remarks upon life, many refined but manly observations upon the heart, much originality, much orthodoxy, and much religiousness."—See vol. xx. pp. 95—102,

THE ANALYTICAL REVIEW. "These volumes exemplify with considerable success the principles prescribed by their author in his 'English Orator'."—"The discourse on the wisdom which is from above, abounds with strokes of eloquence."—"The illustration of our Saviour's unpremeditated instructions, is a subject on which Mr. Pierce, Dr. Jortin, the late Bishop of Carlisle, Mr. Bourn, and Dr. Townson have all touched, but not in a way to disparage Mr. Polwhele."—"The discourse on 'the Passion' is orthodox and animated."—"That 'on the Arabs,' is an ingenious discussion of the history and manners of that singular people."—"In treating on 'the recognition of our friends in a future state,' Mr. P. has given an excellent specimen of that style of argument, most suitable to a popular address."—"In the character of 'Shimei,' we meet with a variety of sprightly and ingenious strictures; and that of 'Barzillai,' is displayed to advantage."—"The philosophical disquisition 'on the designation of man,' &c. is of considerable extent, and discovers many evidences of the author's acuteness."—"The sermon 'on the danger of miscellaneous reading,' contains many judicious observations, well adapted to the taste of the times."—"On the dissipation of fashionable women, the author is very, and deservedly, severe. We recommend this discourse to parents in particular, and especially to those whom it immediately concerns."—"Its sequel cannot be perused without considerable advantage."—See vol. v. pp. 67—72.

THE CRITICAL REVIEW. "The discourses of Mr. P. are clear in their views, perspicuous in their language, and pure in the doctrines which they inculcate. They contain no deep disquisitions, no recondite criticism, but are such as may, with propriety and advantage, be preached to a popular congregation."—"That 'on the universality of the Christian religion,' we consi-

der as a very advantageous specimen of the author's ingenuity,"—"The prophecies relating to the 'Jews' and 'Arabs,' are explained with great clearness from their history; the Arabs as well as the Jews, undoubtedly remain signal monuments of the providence of God, and of the truth of his prophets. What he says of Judas Iscariot is very ingenious."—And "his character of St. Paul and his writings, is just and comprehensive."—"In short, these volumes add much to Mr. P.'s credit, which stands high also on other grounds, particularly in the poetical department."—vol. LXVII. pp. 123, 124, 125.

THE MONTHLY REVIEW. "Mr. P. states with great strength and clearness, the argument for Christianity deduced from the continued dispersion of the Jews; and declaims ingeniously on the character and state of the Arabs, as descendants of Ishmael. He also delineates agreeably some of the leading features of Christianity, particularly its simplicity, and its tendency to interest the heart. But his most pleasing sermons are those in which he illustrates scriptural incidents, and those which touch the tender passions, or describe human life and manners. His discourses on the 'Character of Barzillai;' on 'the Duties of Husbandmen;' on 'the Recollection of our Puerile Days,' and on 'Tender Partialities,' are excellent. Those on 'the dissipated Characters of fashionable Women,' and on 'the Domestic Character of Women,' exhibit pictures of manners well contrasted, and evidently drawn from an attentive observation of the world."—"His practical discourses are more consonant to our taste than those which are doctrinal; and though we cannot subscribe to all that he advances in them, we are often pleased. His manner is peculiar, and generally striking."—"Monotony is not a rare fault among divines. One prominent subject often takes the lead in their thoughts; and, whatever be the text, this must be pulled in, as the common people say, head and shoulders. We cannot, however, charge Mr. P.'s pulpit eloquence with this defect. To the charm of variety, he adds the quality of originality."—"His style is generally elegant. Notwithstanding some little defects, we with pleasure acknowledge these discourses to possess a considerable share of merit; and think them no unsuccessful exemplification of several of the Author's

precepts in his poem on the Oratory of the pulpit."—See vol. i. (new series) pp. 303, 304, 305; and vol. LXVII. pp. 390—393.

THE ANTI-JACOBIN REVIEW. "The pious sentiments conveyed in the sermons before us derive an additional interest from the circumstance of some of the subjects being such as are not usually considered in publications of this kind. It has been sometimes observed, that nothing *new* is to be met with in sermons. Yet (as in these discourses) may the same faith, and the same precepts be recommended in some new light, or under some new mode of illustration and persuasion; and many incidental circumstances too, which of themselves would avail little towards the establishment of truth, may be strikingly displayed, so as to assist conviction, and to confirm belief."—"We admire the piety, and the ability of Mr. Polwhele; we have seen much to please us, and we think to benefit the world, in his sermons; and (if he duly attend to the hints we have given) we hope to see many other volumes from the same pen."—See vol. XL. pp. 271—277.

THE BRITISH CRITIC. "In the various lines of authorship, successfully undertaken by Mr. P. there is no one, perhaps, in which he is better qualified to excel than in the composition of sermons. That activity of fancy which leads him into the regions of poetry, is here subdued by the temperate consideration of the divine, and produces no other effect, than that of giving originality to his views and liveliness to his expressions, and gratifies with novelty of illustration in support of ancient truth. Poetical imagination, subdued by sound judgment, is always useful; and theology rejects not the aid which is so valuable in other sciences."—"The sermon on the circumstances which occurred between our Saviour's passion and ascension, is of the most valuable kind. The observations it contains, are at once new and judicious; they are of the highest order."—"That on Christian sensibility, abounds with observations drawn from a correct knowledge both of human nature, and of the Christian covenant."—"The Sermon which treats of the Arabs, is very rich in illustration, drawn from various sources of knowledge, and does honour therefore to the application as well as to the sagacity of the author."—"In short, they all abound so much with valuable and original remarks, that if we were to attempt

to expatiate on the particulars, we should write a book rather than a review. Since the publication of the first two volumes, it appears to us that Mr. P. has improved in every quality of a writer and a preacher; and has now attained great excellence." vol. xxxiii. pp. 177—189.

4. "Twenty-five Sermons." A new edition, with additions, 2 vols. 8vo.

5. "The Churchman and Methodist contrasted," 1812.

6. A Letter to the Rev. C. V. Le Grice on the Revivalism of the Methodists: to which are added "Anecdotes of Methodism," and a Sermon. By the Rev. R. P." 1814.

7. "An Account of the Revival," &c. by Riles, 1814.

8. "An Essay on Enthusiasm," &c. by a Layman, 1814.

9. Thruston's "Night of Treason." In his truly original view of the Night of Treason (a work of uncommon ingenuity) the Rev. F. Thruston has built much of his hypothesis on a passage in Mr. Polwhele's Sermons, where are brought forward incidental proofs of our Saviour's Divinity. "The Lord turned, and looked upon Peter."—See pp. 117—120, 250—271.

10. "D'Oyley's and Bishop Mant's Bible," 1814-1817. Exodus xii. v. 14, is illustrated by an extract from Bishop Kidder, Bishop Wilson, and Polwhele; as likewise Deuteronomy, c. v. verse 12, by an extract from Bishop Kidder, Gilpin, and Polwhele.

11. "Sermon on the Death of the Princess Charlotte." 1817.

"The subject was well calculated (said the Bishop of Exeter) to call forth your feelings and abilities, and you may fairly reckon that your discourse will rank foremost among the many excellent ones which the lamented death of the Princess Charlotte has produced."

12. "Essay on the intermediate State of the Soul."—"Much curiosity has been excited to discover the real name of *Eusebius Exoniensis*, to whom was lately adjudged the premium of the Church Union Society (£50 donation from Lord Kenyon) for his Essay on the State of the Soul between Death and the Resurrection; and we have the pleasure to announce that it is none other than the Historian of Cornwall and Devon, the Rev. Richard Polwhele. Open as was the theatre of contention to all England, or indeed to Europe, the competitors were probably numerous as well as respectable. We understand the Bishop

of St. David's has called upon the Author to publish his Essay." —Flindell's Paper, Feb. 2, 1819.

13. "Lavington's Enthusiasm," 1820.—See Class. Journal, Sept. 1820, pp. 32, 246.—Anti-Jac. Rev. June, September, and October, 1820.—Gent. Mag. June 1820, p. 529.

14. "Two Sermons preached at the opening of Kenwyn New Church," 1820, 1821.—See Gent. Mag. p. 239.

It is asserted that Warburton, too much occupied by theological controversy, neglected his family and friends. Of Bishop Horne, it was observed, that, whilst Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, he was often unwilling to step forth, from his studying closet, for the maintenance of public order. They were great men. In their literary recesses they were labouring for the good of future ages. Of Bishop Horne at least, this may be said truly and justly. For such seclusion the humble Curate of Kenwyn would not presume to offer an apology. Of a disposition, however, to social enjoyment, there is ample proof in a meeting of friends, yclept "The Jubilee *," to whom the "animæ quales," &c. &c. might be applied with unquestionable truth,—candid, liberal, enlightened, religious. Nor, amidst a numerous offspring, could a father regard his literature as a primary object of pursuit. To the laurels of Trafalgar †, his gratulations were due: yet scarcely were they paid, before the cypress claimed his tears ‡.

* So called from its having commenced in 1809, the fiftieth year of our late venerable Monarch's reign.

† Edward Polwhele was honoured with a medal, bearing date Oct. 21, 1805.

‡ He was made a lieutenant, and not long after returned ill and died, and was buried at Gosport.

The visions of fancy might still amuse the parent; but often was the sigh devoted to realities; whilst *two* military sons were banished to India, and a *third* hurried, a sailor, over the Eastern ocean, then to the shores of the Mediterranean, and then over the vast Atlantic, to the gulphs and rivers of America.

Section II.

Letters from Dr. Cole,—Sir Isaac Heard,—Sir Walter Scott, &c. &c. &c.

R. P. *to* H. B.

My dear Friend, Kenwyn Vicarage, 1806.

I have but a moment to inform you, that we have taken leave of the Phenician peninsula, and pitched our tent on a very pleasant spot indeed; not the less so, from its immediate vicinity to the place of my nativity. We owe to the kindness of the Bishop of Exeter*, our removal to one of the

* The Bishop of Exeter, on the receipt of my letter, wrote "immediately to Mr. Gwatkin, reccommending me *most strongly to him*, and expressing a hope that he had not made any conditional arrangement with any other gentleman." "I shall be happy (added his Lordship, in his letter to me) to assist a person

best vicarage-houses in Cornwall. It resembles more, in fact, an elegant mansion, than a vicarial residence. With a beautiful lawn before it, sloping towards Truro *, it looks down on the vale where that delightful town is situated, and seems to exult in the prospect of the winding river Fal, and of hills and dells, and richly wooded hedge-rows; the intersecting lines of which are lost in distance so that they assume an appearance truly picturesque. But I must reserve for an hour of leisure, a more complete description of one of the finest views in Cornwall.

R. J. *to* R. P.

DEAR SIR, St. Keverne, 10 June 1807.

There has been killed lately, near Penzance, a male and female bee-eater, the *Merops* of Linnæus and *le Guépier* of Buffon. A species of bird, I believe, never known in this island before; there were five in company. The Bee-eaters are often seen in the southern parts of Europe, and in Candia are very numerous. R. J.

who has deserved so well of the publick, and who, from his personal character and large family, has such good claims for assistance as you unquestionably have." In May 1806, the Bishop says, "I have received and thank you for the copies of your Sermon on the Sacrament, which I much approve of."

* See View of Truro, in the History of Cornwall.

R. P. *to* LORD MULGRAVE.

MY LORD, July 25, 1807.

Though my name, either as the representative of an old and respectable house in this county, or as author of various publications, all tending to the support of sound religion and truth, may be unknown to your Lordship; yet as the father of a numerous family, no less than eleven children, I presume to address you in behalf of my eldest son, Edward Polwhele, a midshipman. He has had the honour of serving his Majesty at sea, several years in the West Indies, and on the Home Station; and every where has behaved in such a manner as to conciliate the regard of all those under whom he served. In the battle of Trafalgar he bore as distinguished a share on board the Tonnant, as the station of a midshipman would admit of. In one part of the action, indeed, whilst his single ship was engaged with three, he may be said to have discharged the duties of a midshipman, a mate, and a lieutenant. In March 1806 he passed for lieutenant with considerable applause. That to corroborate Captain Tyler's and other recommendations of my son, Lord de Dunstanville, and the Members for Cornwall, will gladly add their testimony, I have no doubt. Referring your Lordship to these gentlemen, I have the honour to remain,

Your Lordship's most humble servant, R. P.*

* In consequence of this letter, my son was made lieutenant.

H. Reynell *to* R. P.

Dear Sir, Hornchurch, Sept. 9, 1807.

When I look at your list of publications, I am surprised by the consideration of your continual fruitfulness; your genius seems to be, *ver perpetuum.* I read and write a good deal myself, but I am an idle fellow in comparison of you; and after all, how are you repaid for your exertions? My little attempts are wretched effusions, which I throw out merely in hope of some little service to the common people. I have lost no credit, and am not much out of pocket; but I believe I shall not venture into the world again speedily, except, perhaps, to try my hand upon the Sermon on the Mount, which I think the Bishop of London has not sufficiently expounded in his Lectures. It appears to me that the Beatitudes, as far as verse 20, chap. v. form the *analysis* of our Lord's *own* doctrines through the *whole* gospel, which may be traced to these beatitudes as *heads* of his arguments; and that all which follows from v. 21 to the end of the seventh chapter, are confutations of errors, principally those of the Scribes and Pharisees. I am also of opinion that the phrase, "Repent ye, for the kingdom of Heaven is at hand," has the same sense, in this place of St. Mathew, as the words, "repent ye from *dead works,*" *viz.* the *works* of the *law,* as opposed to Christ's *spiritual* teaching. If this be so, a different train of reasoning may be adopted from that of the Bishop of London. I

have met with no author, except Gardiner, who wrote a moral commentary on this Sermon in 1720, which he calls a Practical Exposition. Do you know of any *other* writer on this subject? I have no room to enlarge at present, so take my leave. I am, yours very sincerely,

W. H. REYNELL.

H. S. *to* R. P.

REV. SIR, Preston, Lancashire, Feb. 17, 1808.

In a paragraph of the Globe, of the 13th inst. mention is made of a blacksmith, Samuel Cornish, having on Saturday the 6th inst. fallen into a shaft of Creekbraw's mine, above seven fathoms deep, where he remained till the Tuesday following. He lived at Twelve heads, in Kenwyn, near Truro. The celebrated Ladock-conjuror, on being consulted when the man was missing, told the enquirers that he was alive and well, sitting on a stone at the bottom of a shaft; and that if they took some pains, they would find him as described before Tuesday noon. The event astonished them by answering their expectation, or rather by exceeding it. Your answer to this, as facts, are stubborn things, and your attestation, *verbo sacerdotis*, will much oblige your inquisitive friend and brother, H. S.

P. S. "I am one of those who, in compliance with common sense, or *simple apprehension*, would ever be open to conviction; but the world, it seems, grows wondrous wise, and because our an-

cestors made a blundering statute in swimming witches instead of sinking them, we are now to contradict the plain sense of scripture, which mentions witches, wizards, and dealers with familiar spirits, &c. &c. I have some very interesting little tracts on different subjects, though alluding to our grand adversary and his agents, which I should like to send you, if you can tell me your Member of Parliament, through whose post-healing franks I may convey them. I shall thank you to write soon, as I have not much time to lose, being 72 the 9th instant.

I believe some such answer was received from our Delphi. The voice from Ladock is still oracular. Money of a great amount has been often recovered through its influence. I witnessed once, myself, the restoration of 20 guineas to the place whence they had been stolen, by a wretch who feared the conjuror more than any justice of the quorum. During the last fifty years, however, superstition has been gradually losing ground in every neighbourhood; though here and there we meet with a strong feature of it. Within my remembrance, there were conjuring parsons * and

* In the last age some of the rusticated clergy used to favour the popular superstition, by pretending to the power of laying ghosts, &c. &c. I could mention the names of several persons whose influence over their flock was solely attributable to this circumstance. By far other means, we now endeavour to secure the good opinion of those who are committed to our care.

There was a familiarity between the parson and the clerk and the people, which our feeling of decorum would now revolt at;

cunning clerks; every black-smith was a doctor, e. g. "I have seen the ungodly flourishing like a *green bay* tree." "How can that be, maister," said the clerk of St. Clement's. Of this, I was myself an ear witness. At Kenwyn, two dogs, one of which was the parson's, were fighting at the west end of the church; the parson, who was then reading the second lesson, rushed out of the pew, and went down and parted them, returned to his pew, and, doubtful where he had left off, asked the clerk, "Roger, where was I?" "Why down parting the dogs, maister," said Roger. A very short time since, parish clerks used to read the first lesson. I once heard the St. Agnes clerk, cry out, "at the mouth of the burning viery vurnis," "Shadrac Meshac, and Abednego, com voath and com hether." [Daniel chap. iii.] A clerk of St. Anthony, in Meneage, used invariably to read (though I, more than once, endeavoured to set him right), "the *ragging* (for the *raging*) of the sea." "Thou shalt break their *bones*," for their "*bonds*;" and for "*dragons*," "*dragoons*." The clerk of Lamorran, in giving out the Psalm, "like a timorous bird to distant mountains fly," always said, "like a *temmersum* burde," &c. &c. with a shake of the head, and a quavering of the voice, which could not but provoke risibility. At no great distance from St. Anthony, a wreck happening on a Sunday morning, the clerk announced to the parishioners just assembled, that "Maister wud gee them a holladay;" this is a fact: but whether maister cried out as his flock were rushing from the church, "Stop, stop, let's start fair," I will not aver. It is certainly true, however, that a Vicar of Manaccan, reading the narrative of St. Paul's shipwreck, an old bargeman near the pew, rose and exclaimed, "St. Paul was a d—n'd bad sailor." At Mevagizzey, when non-resident clergymen officiated, it was usual with the squire of the parish, to invite them to dinner. Several years ago, a non-resident clergyman was requested to do duty in the church of Mevagizzey, on a Sunday when the Creed of St. Athanasius is directed to be read. Before he had begun the service, the parish-clerk asked him, whether he intended to read the Athanasian Creed that morning? "Why?" said the clergyman. "Because if you do, no dinner for you at the Squire's, at Penwarne."

every old woman was a witch *. In short, all nature seemed to be united—its wells †, its plants ‡,

* We have more than one old woman in Newlyn, whose charm can stop blood, in the persuasion of the neighbourhood. In some cases, this persuasion has done the business.

What is called a *kenning*, *kerning*, or a *horny* white speck, on the eye, we have several old women here, who profess to cure by a charm. Possibly *kenning* may imply a defect in the *ken* or sight. The old word *ken* is used for *sight*, in Cornwall as well as Scotland. I should not omit to state, that the application of some plant to the part affected, usually accompanies the muttered incantation; in the present case, crowfoot is the plant or herb, here yclept "*the kenning harb.*"

A notion much prevails here, that the seventh son of a seventh son has the gift of healing. This very day, July 7, 1823, a man so designated is perambulating the parish of Newlyn. He has been applied to for the cure of rheumatism; but he professes to cure wounds only.

For "the *reumatis* boiled *dunderbolt*" is the sovereign remedy, at least in the west of Cornwall. I knew an old woman who used to boil a *celt* (vulgarly a *dunderbolt* or thunderbolt) for some hours, and then dispense her water to the diseased. The wonder with her was, that none of the celt would ever boil away.

† The Holywell has still its votaries. On its anniversary our villages are quite forsaken.

‡ I have often regretted that our village herbalists are fallen so much into disrepute. There are some plants have qualities which are disallowed or neglected, by botanists. And these qualities brought into action by a church-town-crony, will sometimes cure a disease, which has been given up by her betters as irremediable. For instance, to the wound occasioned by the bite of an adder, a decoction of plantain and sallad-oil has been successfully applied by our cottage doctors; the part affected, indeed, must be cut open, the decoction and oil rubbed in, and some of the decoction and oil taken inwardly. A woman of Edles, a few years ago, bitten in her thigh, was soon cured by this process. The anus of a young pigeon imbibing the poison has been known to effect a cure. The well-bred sons of Hippocrates,

its birds *, its beasts †, its reptiles ‡, and even

however, slighting these remedies, and resorting in vain to modish medicines, have often abandoned their patients to their fate.

Not many years ago, I knew a lady who professed to cure scrophulous diseases, and have often seen her "golden stamp." It was a gift of Queen Anne to one of her family, whom the Queen had touched for the evil. But this lady trusted more to a preparation of simples, than to the virtues of the "golden stamp."—See Shakspeare's Macbeth, Act iv. scene 3.

* For a rookery, many people, even of education, in this county, entertain almost a superstitious regard. That rooks desert an old mansion with a declining family, and return to it on a reverse of fortune, is an opinion still current among us. Yet, wherever there is a good "town of trees," we now observe a rookery; as the common farmers are at length convinced of their error in treating rooks as their enemies. The following incident is very remarkable: During the early part of October 1823, the rooks at Trelill, near Helston, were observed to be carrying materials for building their nests, with as much activity, as if it had been the month of April, and on the 25th of November one tree was climbed, in order to examine a nest, in which were supposed to be young ones, and there was found a single young bird in it, about half fledged. But what is still more singular, it was discovered that the hair with which the inside of the nest was made, had been twisted into a small line, one end of which was tied round the young bird's leg, and the other fastened to the nest, as if instinct had pointed out to the old ones the necessity of adopting such an extraordinary method for securing their young from the inclemency of the season. It is believed that there were several nests with eggs, if not young ones in them, which were destroyed by the violent storm on the 30th of October.

Evil is at least portended in the poultry-yard, where kites or hawks are more than usually familiar. But hawks are very bold in pursuit of their prey. Many years ago, at Polwhele, a kite hovering over the poultry, stuck its claws into the servant's cap, and carried it off; which, of course occasioned great consterna-

† See note † p. 609. ‡ See note ‡ p. 609.

inanimate things §. in sympathising with human

tion; she had run out to rescue a young duck from the plunderer. At Halvoze, in the parish of Manaccan, a hawk pounced upon a chick at the very threshhold of the kitchen, where a servant was standing. And about the same time, a hawk pursued a sparrow into the dining-room of the Cornwall Infirmary, where a large party were at dinner; the hawk entered at one window, and flew out at the opposite one. The poor sparrow escaped, concealed under the side-board.

† On the morning of the Nativity, the sheep are seen to walk in regular order through the fields—an anniversary procession in commemoration of the glad tidings to the Shepherds; and in the evening of that day, the oxen kneel down with one accord in their stalls, in memory of the oxen at the manger where the Holy babe was laid. Our oxen, therefore, are let loose on that night. Once or twice, in this parish of Newlyn, when they had been tied in as usual, they were found dead in the morning!!! It is on *old Christmas day* that these religious obeisances of our sheep and oxen are noticed; doubtless a strong argument against the *new style!!!*

Aug. 2, 1822, a man from Trerice, (Sir Thomas Acland's) called at the Vicarage, to tell me "that a strange thing had just happened; that he had caught a *black hare* the day before; that he had put the hare (for the time) into a poultry-coop; but that in the morning no hare was to be found." This he told with a look and a tone of wonder, intimating that the said black hare must have been some supernatural animal, perhaps an emissary from his infernal Highness. The coop, it seems, was whole and strong. How the hare escaped, he could not devise. Black hares (though not black rabbits) are rare, but the man could not have mistaken a hare for a rabbit; he had risen from a poacher to a gamekeeper, and was conversant all his life with the beasts of the field. Besides, several of the Trerice family saw the black hare when brought in, and saw it closed up in the coop.

‡ The skin of an adder suspended from the ceiling, is considered (as an amulet) a preventive from fire. I have often in the west of Cornwall, observed the skins of adders in cottages. To

credulity; in predicting or in averting; in relieving or in aggravating misfortune *.

R. P. *to* a FRIEND.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Kenwyn, near Truro, 1808.

We have just lost "the humble historian of Truro,"—not "the *sad* historian"—for he was always more cheerful than his children or his grand-children. To him I was indebted for anecdotes of Foote, and of many other characters not less interesting than Foote.

Yours, &c. R. P.

Lines on Mr. RUNDLE, *who died at Truro, Oct.* 2, 1808, *aged* 86.

FORTUNATE SENEX!..... *Virg.*

Yes! thou art fall'n asleep! happy old man!
Thrice happy!—calm thro' all thy length of days,
But not more calm than at thy closing hour!
Alas! fond hope had promis'd me, once more,

---

render the skin efficacious, I think there are some who hold that it must be taken up recent, just as the adder has disengaged herself from it.

§ One of the most respectable farmers in the circle of my acquaintance, has an amulet infallible in the cure of the tooth-ache. It is a letter from our Saviour to a person troubled with that ache. Let the letter be read aloud; and relief comes with every word. The farmer shewed me the letter, which he always keeps in his pocket book.

* On visiting the church at L. St. Columb, as Dean-rural, I saw, very deeply impressed, the marks of a *horse-shoe*, which had been nailed against the church-door, to ward off mischief from witches or from evil spirits. The churchwarden had very properly ordered the horse-shoe to be taken away; it remained for the Dean-rural to order the door to be cleaned or painted.

Thy pleasant portraits, as the historic tale
The *ancient town* recover'd, and call'd back
Its natives link'd in cordial love, and trac'd
Features long lost amidst the oblivious grave.
For thine was MEMORY clear, describing still
The generation past; tho' not more clear
Than was thy CONSCIENCE. Hence the placid smile
That on thy pillow could relieve the shade
Of gathering death, like the last ray that gilds
Yon evening cloud, as twilight steals o'er all.

R. P. *to* T. C.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Jan. 1809.

* * * * * * * * *

You ask me, whether I can give you any information respecting the non-residence-enquiry, so much agitated last year. I can only inform you, that the Bishops, in their answer to the questions proposed to them, are, in general, content with stating mere facts. Dr. Fisher, late Bishop of Exeter (now of Salisbury), says: "I have issued no monitions, because I have made no return of those Incumbents who possibly may be non-resident with licence, exemption, or notification; not being able in the very extensive Diocese of Exeter to ascertain the actual fact. But I firmly believe, that the number of residents is increased."

But I read, with peculiar pleasure, the letter from Dr. R. Hurd (late Bishop of Worcester), dated Hartlebury-Castle, Oct. 26, 1807:

"Upon the whole (says that venerable, that good and great man) it seems to me, that residence cannot be enforced more strictly than it is at pre-

sent, under the favourable construction of the late Act, without throwing numbers of the Clergy into such a state of uneasiness and discomfort, as must injure, and not serve, the cause of true practical Religion. And it is on this ground that I have not thought it necessary or proper to send out those citations or monitions, which the Act permits me to do." He died in 1808, aged 88.

Yours, &c. R. P.

Dr. Cole *to* R. P.

Dear Polwhele, Oxford, 1809.

Your letter has been unanswered longer than I intended. The delay has been occasioned by business which has occupied me, as well as by a desire of picking up information on the subject of your enquiry. But I have failed in every thing but the dates. My friend, the President of Corpus Christi College, was Mr. Whitaker's contemporary, being nearly of the same age; but as their habits were different, they seem to have had very little intercourse. The latter was from the beginning of his time in college a very hard Student. He was elected a Scholar of his College *

* About this time, I received the following information from a friend at Manchester:

"My absence from business, for the last fortnight, has prevented me from obtaining for you a copy of the annexed particulars of the late Mr. Whitaker's birth, &c.; which is taken from the Parish Register of the Old Church of Manchester.

"Wishing you success in your intended publication, I remain,
Yours, &c. C. B."

2nd of March, 1753, and Fellow the 21st of January 1763. He was presented to the living of

Christening at the Collegiate and Parish Church of Christ, in Manchester, 1735.

May 11. John, son of James Whitaker. Entrance at the Free Grammar-School.

1745, January 7. John, son of James Whitaker, Inn-keeper.

1752, June 26. James, son of James Whitaker, Inn-keeper.

1752, May 8. Mr. Whitaker made Exhibitioner to Oxford, at £10 *per annum*.

1753, July 17. An Exhibition of £10 paid to Mr. Whitaker.

1754, May 17. Ditto, paid to Mr. Whitaker.

1755, May 7. Ditto; the last Exhibition paid to Mr. Whitaker, £10.

1759, February 27. John Whitaker, Corpus Christi College, Oxford, admitted M. A.

1767, July 1. John Whitaker, Corpus Christi College, B. D.

"Among the Scholars of this House (Brazen-nose) was the Rev. John Whitaker, B. D. Rector of R. Lanyhorne, Cornwall, the learned author of the "History of Manchester," &c. &c. who entered this College in 1752, and continued about twelve months, after which he was elected Scholar of Corpus." A History of the University of Oxford, by Alexander Chalmers, pp. 257—260. 1810.

Before the arrival of these letters, I had drawn an outline of Whitaker's life, for Flindell's paper, and the Anti-Jacobin Review. See vol. xxxi. Appendix. It afterwards appeared in the British Critic, under the article "St. Neot," which I reviewed at the request of the Editor. And at length it obtained a permanent place in Nichols's "Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century."

It was a sketch of a few hours only, roughly done for Flindell's paper. I had not time to transcribe it. The Gregors were both surprised at the rapidity of the composition. A Bishop cut it out of a provincial print, and sent it to me as worthy my perusal.

To my Review of Whitaker's "St. Neot," the Editor subjoined the following note: "Of the British Critic he was the regular coadjutor in antiquarian lore, from the beginning of

Ruan, upon the death of Mr. Henchman, July 16, 1777. He scarcely associated at all, which

1797 to the very end of 1801; when a refusal to admit his opinion on the subject of Ossian, caused a separation between him and the conductors of that work, though by no means any irritation or quarrel. We saw him, on his last visit to London, with great satisfaction and increase of regard." See "British Critic," for January 1810 [the first article].

In my Introduction to Bishop Lavington's Enthusiasm, I have given several anecdotes of Whitaker; to which I might add many more, much to his credit. The following, this instant, occur to me.—One day, delighted with a highly-seasoned paragraph in Flindell's paper, Whitaker sent him a guinea!—Flindell would have spurned at the present from any other man (perhaps justly), but he pocketed the affront.

Flindell's loyalty was not always so rewarded. Flindell refusing admittance to a letter, in vindication of Wardle, from a man of "high consequence," received this note from his "Highness:" "Thou pander of corruption—thou tool to the Vicar of Manaccan!" July 1809.

I find Wolcot continuing his correspondence with Whitaker. In 1805 he visited his Cornish Friends. And from my juvenile prejudices in favour of Wolcot, it was natural in me to hope, that, notwithstanding all the storms that had "vexed and darkened the day," his evening might have closed in peace. His two sisters at Fowey, Mrs. Stephens, widow of Mr. Stephens, Surgeon-apothecary, and Miss Wolcot, a maiden lady, would have been happy, I was informed, to protract the pleasure of his conversation. And, in his old age almost blind, and ready to drop into the grave, I should have conceived him deriving comfort from the sound sense and religiousness of two such valuable friends. Yet after having fiddled and punned, and laughed for a while with all his youthful levity, he left his sisters and returned to London. Such was Wolcot! And when we reflect on his growing depravity, we can scarcely reconcile ourselves to his intercourse with Whitaker.—To his other vices we must certainly add hypocrisy. For Whitaker would not have tolerated the slightest approach to scepticism or profaneness. He, who had rebuked

gave the idea that his circumstances were narrow. He was a youth of great particularities. He kept the fast of Lent, and fasted every Friday till supper time, when, the President says, he used to astonish them by eating double or treble commons. He visited Oxford about three years ago, but called on no one of his own Society. Dr. Wetherell, the Master of University, was the only person he favoured with a visit. I am told that he expressed his sorrow afterwards for this unwarrantable neglect of Corpus Christi College.

This is all that I know of your late friend. If any thing else should occur, you shall hear from me.

If you ever are tempted to travel Eastward, you will, I trust, contrive to pay me a visit. You will easily believe me, when I say that I am delighted with my situation, and most thankful to Providence for the blessings that I enjoy.

This place affords temptations for you in abundance, and amongst them, I hope, is the residence of your very old and sincere friend,

JOHN COLB.

J. HARINGTON *to* R. P.

DEAR SIR, Penzance, Jan. 1809.

I have sent the only two letters, I have in my possession, of our worthy and lamented friend,

the Bishop of Derry, who had smitten his Lordship (too light in talk) upon the knee, would have indignantly turned Peter Pindar out of doors, had Peter Pindar lost sight of decorum for a moment.

Mr. Whitaker for your use, leaving them at your service, with the request that you will have the goodness to return me the same when copied. I was much pleased, Sir, with your account of Mr. W. in the Cornish paper, and it is with pleasure I hear that you are about publishing his Life. I have had the honour of being acquainted with Mr. W. fourteen years, and am proud to say, have gleaned much knowledge and entertainment from his sprightly and animated conversation; indeed, I quite idolize my old friend; he was certainly a *great* and *good* man. I had the pleasure of seeing in manuscript his London and Oxford, which I hope will be given to the publick, as I am convinced had Mr. W. lived, he would have published them. I have been greatly entertained with the Ancient Cathedral of Cornwall, which my friend W. made me a present of. I shall be happy to see the Life of Mr. W. whenever it makes its appearance.

I have the honour to be, Sir, your humble servant, JOHN HARINGTON.

The following is one of those "two letters:" the other, on Predestination, my readers have seen in the first volume, at pp. 471, 472.

REV. J. WHITAKER *to Mr.* HARINGTON.

DEAR SIR, Penzance, Nov. 3, 1806.

With a hand still affected sensibly by my late illness, I return you thanks for your kind letter

to me. That illness was the severest which I ever remember to have had. It was brought on merely by my over studiousness. This you have long known to be the striking propensity of my life. It is indeed an honourable one, and I glory in it; but on this occasion I indulged it rather too freely. I wanted to finish a work which I had been engaged upon for some years, a History of London; I fancied I could free it from a multiplicity of errors and mistakes, which I saw repeated and renewed in every history that I consulted. The thought was certainly a bold one, especially in a man living so far from London, and at an age so far advanced as mine; but boldness is the true sign of an enterprizing genius. In the execution of this bold plan, I had proceeded very far, to the injury of my health, last spring. I therefore resolved to go to Cheltenham at Whitsuntide with my wife and daughters. They meant to drink the waters; but so fearless was I of all maladies, even from my long continued over-studiousness, that I, who meant to go for no complaint whatever, should be puzzled (I said) what to do with myself while I was there, and was aiming merely at a long interval of idleness: yet my spirits (I recollect now) were loaded with a great weight of depression upon them.

* * * * * * *

Even at Bath, when I was in company, I felt surprized I could engage with so much briskness in conversation, but I was soon seized there with my grand complaint. I was seized there on the

Saturday following my arrival with a paralytick affection. I was obliged to take shelter in my bed, and I was confined to my bed for several weeks; there I was cupped and scarified, blistered and tormented, even pronounced to be in great danger of my life once. Yet, I thank God, my spirits were so firm in themselves, and so founded in confidence upon God, that I did not believe I was in danger except once, and even then did not fear the danger. I remember only to have thought of my expected death, as what would cut short my publications, and deprive me of the honour I expected from them. So faithful was my soul to her favourite passion, as even in death to preserve my attachment to it! I prevailed, however, upon my physician, Dr. Archer, of Bath, then upon his annual excursion of a few months to Cheltenham, to let me set out for Ruan. I therefore did set out with great satisfaction, got to Bath that evening not very much fatigued, but furnished with written directions from the Doctor for Mrs. W's. management of me in future. At Bath, we staid four days, visiting our friends, showing them how much I was pulled down by my late sickness, and hearing one of them report that I looked worse when I went through before to Cheltenham, than I now did on my return from it. In my way back, I just called upon Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, stopping at their gate, and announcing by my appearance how ill I had been. I then turned away to examine the new road over the marshes, a few miles off, which were the very

marshes that concealed King Alfred once, and of which I had taken only a slight survey on going. I now took a full one on my return, and I made out all that I wanted to know concerning it.

On my return home, I found I had been given up for a dead man. Mr. Bedford, who had kindly acted as my Curate in my long absence, and received letters from my wife or daughters, in the extreme moments of my illness, had very wisely ordered my men to cut down my hay, in order to secure it for the family. This circumstance flew of course, and made all the neighbourhood conclude I was dead, So happily was the hay saved from the very wet weather that ensued; and so convinced were all the gentlemen round that I had been in a dangerous way, that they could hardly believe I was yet in a safe way. Many came to call upon me who had not called upon me for years before, and perhaps will not call for years hereafter.

My looks, however, soon recovered themselves, and I appeared as full and fresh in the face as I used to look; but my limbs were still languid, particularly my legs, and (as my writing even now shews) my fingers; yet, in spite of all, I quickly got to my History of London, and was intending to finish it, but as I was very cautious from my late illness, I soon found it requisite for the sake of my health to desist; yet I only desisted to change my object. Before I had undertaken the History of London, I had written much upon the History of Alfred; with a view to

this, I had turned aside to examine the marshes of Somersetshire; and I now resolved to substitute this history for that, as much easier in the execution, and to be executed much sooner. In this, therefore, I have been employed ever since. yet even this I have enlarged so much by mixing with it the History of Oxford, that I know not when I shall be able to finish it; I mean, however, to finish it at my full leisure. My experience of the past has taught me not to be too eager for the present. And I therefore look forward for the future as what will properly fill up the remainder of my time.

I am glad to find from your letter, that you have been able to fix your son in the Marines, that he is now on board the fleet, in that thirty-six gun frigate the Penelope, and that he behaves extremely well, being not extravagant. I am also very glad to hear your father is well, enjoying the charms of musick at 78. I saw him in my two passages through Bath, but was latterly too ill to stop his chair for talking with him.

In my first pass through Bath, I sent up to enquire after Mr. Thomas, and found he was not at Walton; when I saw him at Walton, I could just note he did not look well, any more than Mrs. Thomas; but I was so ill then, as not to be capable of getting out of the chaise, and yet —— of making many enquiries concerning Alfred's road in the marshes adjoining.

I have seen Mr. Trist several times since I came home. I called upon him the last time, hearing

of an express arrived at Tregoney, with the news of the dissolution of Parliament determined upon, and supposing he had not heard it. He had not heard, though I had; and we each of us made use of the intelligence as we liked.

I am sorry I have not been able to write to you more fully than I do. But we have been waiting in expectation of hearing, every day, for three weeks past, of the death of Mrs. W's sister, Miss Tregenna. You have seen her at this house, I believe. Mrs. W. has been to visit her in her sickness repeatedly at St. Columb. She has been with her, particularly about ten days ago, and every morning brings us the mournful expectation of her departure. My daughters have been repeatedly with their mamma there. Miss Tregenna has much to bequeath; but what she will leave to my family, I cannot say. I am not so much in her favour as I should have been if I had been less a dissembler. What she has, however, I want not, being quite satisfied with what I have got; and very much with my kindest compliments to Mrs. H. my dear Sir, hers and your friend and servant, JOHN WHITAKER.

D—— *to* R. P.

SIR, January 5, 1809.

I delayed writing to return you my acknowledgments, until I had received your Poems, from Cadell; they arrived a few days ago, and I now

beg you to accept my best thanks for the treat which they have afforded me. With several of them, indeed, I had been previously acquainted; but "Sir Allan," and some of the smaller pieces were novelties. With the "Knight of Expiring Chivalry" I have been much delighted; it is, in fact, a domestic epic, and supported with great spirit, and a strict attention to old English costume.

Of the various productions, however, of your Muse, the "Influence of Local Attachment" is, I confess, my favourite. Without the smallest intention to flatter you, I do not hesitate to declare it (and I know that I should be supported in the assertion by nine out of ten) one of the most exquisite and interesting poems in the language. I found great difficulty in procuring the edition of 1798; having sought for it in vain in London; I had, at last, the good fortune to meet with a copy at York, during a tour to the Lakes in the Autumn of 1807, and I made it the companion of my journey.

* * * * * * *

Your "Ode to the Genius of Danmonium," struck me as breathing a tone of high enthusiasm.

I will not affect to deny, that the opinion which you have been so good as to express of my lyric attempts, is peculiarly grateful to me; springing from such a source, indeed, a favourable verdict must necessarily be of the highest value. Believe me, Sir, with the greatest respect, your very obliged servant, D——.

G—— *to* R. P.

DEAR SIR, January 21, 1809.

I received the "Family Picture," and your two letters, which were favours that I ought long since to have acknowledged, and should have done so before this time; but to tell you the truth, the opinion which you have been pleased to express of my judgment, was so flattering and so far beyond my pretensions, that I shrunk from those acknowledgments which were due to you, as a task, in the performance of which I might fall short of your expectations.

Your poem has given me great pleasure: for while it delights the imagination, it warms the heart, and invigorates those feelings which it is the business of poetry to improve.

Permit me to express my surprise that a person like you, whose reputation as a Scholar and a Poet is established, can condescend to pay attention to the cavils of a news-paper critic: he cannot depress you, but you may elevate him: if a gentleman fights with a street-bully, he may gain the victory, but the mud of the kennel obscures all his laurels. By replying to such a person you gratify him by the thought that he has vexed you. I am younger than you, but I too know the pangs of authorship; there is nothing dearer to us than praise, and yet nothing which the world gives with so grudging a hand. Perhaps I have got more praise than I really deserved, by a studied apparent disregard of it; thereby disappointing

malevolence. You, like myself, have, I dare say, presented a book to a friend, who the next time you met him, most carefully forgot to mention it, When I published my .... (thanks to your praise of it) I sent the whole impression of it to London. I would not let it lie in the bookseller's window in this town, to be fly-blown, and purposely neglected;—but to return to your poem:—you say, "perhaps I differ from you on the subject of public schools." I certainly am an advocate for them in part, that is, I think that the disputants on each side suppose, with respect to public schools, extreme cases which do not exist; as if by going to a public school, the boy was transported for ever out of reach of all intercourse, or advice, or endearment of his parents and friends: this might be the case formerly; but now there are so many seminaries which must from their number vie with each other in domestic attention to the personal and moral happiness of the pupils, that they, in some degree, are like a family establishment. Private education is a good thing; but where is the family so regularly, so calmly, so philosophically conducted, that such education can be pursued uninterruptedly? And if a uniform and steady course is not kept, if instruction be conveyed only by fits and starts, if the habits are not disciplined, little good will be done; to say nothing of the fretfulness, impatience, and selfishness, which are too often the characteristics of boys bred at home. With regard to girls, the question admits but of one solution—*private* by all means; and you properly

make this a striking feature in your poem. For boys, you adopt the medium which disputants neglect, and you properly recommend the public school *near* the parent's home; and I think the lines, p. 15, "Each little neighbourhood," to the end of p. 17, among the most picturesque in the poem.

If I were to point out the several lines that particularly please, I should fill many pages. I admire the lines p. 34,

Ah! what avail'd it that, &c.

and

Light with ashen blaze the pannell'd wall,

is to me a beautiful line. I admire very much p. 7, "And as I nestle," to the end of p. 9. Is not "cold shriek," p. 38, a hazardous expression? So "flippant yards," p. 43. Your ending, p. 66, is charming—poetry and religion hand in hand. I do not quite understand the *two* last lines, p. 66, "friends doubly dear:" do you mean your children? If so, it is not quite clear, as they are not yet dead, and the previous hopes are founded on your surviving them. The description of the ancient Aspasia, from p. 52, to "enamour'd Fair," p. 55, is excellent, written in the very spirit of poetry—Amid the simpler fare of the *Sermo pedestris* it comes in like a remove, a rich ragout, full of spices, and those well mixed: forgive my Aldermanic simile, and let me proceed with it by asking a question: is not this ragout a little too rich; will it not pamper the appetite which you wish to check? After recommending plain modest economy, will not this spicy dish make your guests

lick their lips? Might not the rich heiress say, "I am rich and accomplished—I will be an Aspasia?" I think there requires some moral—some reflection to make the dish more wholesome. I know what you mean, that she was a heathen, &c. &c.; true, but still it is like poison made palateable.

I trust that you will not be offended at the general freedom of my remarks: I really think you or your friends ought not to condescend to enter the lists with a Newspaper Critic: at the same time I think a good quotation, without any comment, is a fair mode of claiming public attention. It is natural for hogs to attack under-hand and sideways, *Obliquo dente timendus aper;* if they come in front and openly, they would be incapable of doing harm. Among a good deal of wheat there must be some chaff, which, of course, *porcis comedenda relinquis.*

The Bee-eaters being found in Madron parish, was such a curious circumstance, that I wish they had been in time to be mentioned. Buffon speaks of some being seen in Picardy, as a phenomenon*.

Yours, &c. G——.

* I gave my singers a treat the other day, and ordered tea instead of spirits for the young women. The bill delivered was literally thus:

The Rev. ——, Dr.

	s.	d.
To the Sinners - - - - -	10	6
To two Girls - - - - -	3	0

Sir Isaac Heard, *Garter, &c. to* R. P.

Rev. Sir, College of Arms, 6 February, 1809.

Accept my acknowledgments for your obliging favour of the 13th ult. and the assurance of my regret that you should have suffered from indisposition. The same cause has so long delayed my answer.

I should have thought, from the rank and antiquity of your own family, that you might have compiled a History of Cornwall with success and honour; especially as very little has appeared respecting *family* antiquities; and had the sketch begun by Hals in his parochial History, and alphabetically continued down to letter H, been finished, it might have afforded good groundwork for a complete History. I am not aware whether the materials used in the compilation of that alphabet, be extant or not.

I do not keep out of view the great labour and the various difficulties which attend the arrangement of a County History. I sincerely condole with you on the disappointment relative to your "History of the County of Devon;" for which I thought there had been considerable collections made by Chapple, Incledon, and various others of later times, as well as of a more early period.

Yours, &c. Isaac Heard.

B. *to* R. P.

DEAR P. April 2, 1809.

* * * * * * *

Jackson (the Dean) received me as a father would a long absent son, with great esteem and kindness; and I passed my afternoons in the common-room with a very pleasant set of men, who acknowledged me their senior, and treated me with every mark of respect.

The fire broke out very soon after I left Oxford, and, with great concern, I hear that poor White's books and manuscripts are all destroyed; a very great loss, I should conceive, to Literature.

I have now to relate an event which I know will give you uneasiness, I mean the death of our friend, Miss Seward; she died last Saturday, and was privately buried in the choir of our Cathedral this morning. The last time I saw her was at H——, when we had much conversation respecting you. She had a very high opinion of your poetical abilities, and I know she would have been highly delighted to have known you personally. She has died, which very few poets do, rich; but at present I have received no accurate account of the distribution of her property.

Yours, sincerely, B.

The same to the same.

MY DEAR FRIEND, June 1, 1809.

* * * * * * *

According to the newspapers you have suc-

ceeded with the Chancellor *, and I heartily wish you may long live to enjoy your preferment. Let me know the history of your success.

Had I been able to go to Lichfield last week, I should have purchased, no doubt, many of Miss Seward's books, which were sold by public auction; amongst the number was the copy you gave her of your "Local Attachment," and I understand she had filled it with notes, and various observations. A friend purchased for me Hayley's Life of Cowper, and his Letters, and I find every page crowded with criticisms. I have been much entertained with their perusal; but it is evident she hated Cowper. I pity her!

Yours, &c. B.

* Nothing could be more gratifying than the attentions with which I was honoured on this occasion by Lord De Dunstanville, Bishop Fisher, and the Lord Chancellor himself. By Lord De D———, who informed me, March 9, 1809, that "he had forwarded to the Lord Chancellor my letter, and at the same time had given the opinion which he really entertained of my family, character, talents, and literary attainments;"—by Bishop Fisher, who said, that "he had delivered my letter to the Chancellor, and recommended me most strongly to his patronage;"—and by the Lord Chancellor himself, who "had only to regret, that St. Anthony's was not a better living. Such as it is, (continued his Lordship) it is much at your service;" concluding "with much respect, Eldon." In the mean time he intimated to Lord De Dunstanville, that, "he had ordered a *fiat* to be prepared for directing a presentation to St. Anthony to be made out in favour of Mr. P—— before he had the honour of receiving his Lordship's letter." "And it is a great satisfaction to me, (he added) to have done what, in some small measure, may be useful to a gentleman of whom you think so well. I wish the living was of more value."

F. Hitchins *to* R. P.

Rev. Sir, St. Ives, April 15, 1809.

Though I have not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with you, yet knowing the friendship which existed between you and my late worthy and lamented father, I do not hesitate to send you a Sonnet, occasioned by the perusal of your Poems and the "History of Cornwall."

Yours, &c. Fortescue Hitchins.

A Sonnet *to the Rev. Mr.* Polwhele.

Poet!—Historian! (by whatever name
The Muse may hail thee) fain would I desire
(The strain tho' feeble) that *my* humble lyre
Might add one flow'ret to thy wreath of Fame.

Nor let the Bard of haughty scorn assail
A bosom lab'ring with poetic fears;
For friendly is the tribute—tho' too frail
To brave (like verse of thine) the shock of years.

Whilst on Oblivion's cloud-encircled plain,
Urged by Despair, I join the plodding throng,
'Tis thine, Polwhele, a deathless name to gain—
The mutual pride of History and of Song.

For as thou mak'st Cornubia's annals known,
The trump that sounds *her* fame—proclaims *thy own!*

R. P. *to* H. B.

My dear Friend, 1809.

The last packet from the Brazils has brought us the sad intelligence of the death of an old ac-

quaintance, one of the worthiest men I ever knew; —which reminds me of some beautiful lines, presented to me some time ago, by one of his amiable and accomplished daughters, not sixteen when she wrote them. It is not the poetry which "plays round the head,"—it will go to your heart.

Yours truly, R. P.

TO MY FATHER.

For us, regardless of the toil,
With none the moments to beguile,
Thou'st travel'd many a weary mile,
My Father.

Tho' cause to grieve thou oft didst find,
And disappointments vex'd thy mind,
Yet unto us thou still wast kind,
My Father.

When the sun setting in the sea,
With golden tints gilds ev'ry tree,
How oft alone I think of thee,
My Father.

Think how, when young, each task I fear'd,
And with what inattention heard,
The precepts from thy lips preferr'd,
My Father.

How vex'd was I when called away
From any foolish, trifling play,
And murmur'd, though I did obey
My Father.

Ah! when so foolish, childish, vain,
If e'er I gave thee cause for pain,
I hope I never shall again,
My Father.

My constant care it now shall be,
When in distress, to comfort thee,
And add to thy felicity,
My Father.

Of worldly riches dispossest,
How cheerful still would be my breast,
If with thy presence we were blest,
My Father.

But should the world its blessings pour,
And leave us nought to wish for more,
Without thee, sad would be each hour,
My Father.

Then never leave us more by choice,
And oh! how we shall all rejoice,
Again to hear thy soothing voice,
My Father.

LISBON.

Tho' smiles on every face I see,
Lisbon! my heart still sighs for thee,
To see thy goats so playfully,
On mountains high,
Nip the wild thyme with mirthful glee
At liberty.

Yes, Lisbon! thou wilt ever be,
And thy concerns, most dear to me;
When pensive I shall think on thee
And all thy woe,
My soul will sigh most heavily,
And tears will flow.

Oh! I should weep with joy, to lie
Again 'neath the blue canopy,
To see the ox so quietly
Tread out the corn,
With spell from witch to keep him free,
Hung round his horn.

I long thy mountains high to climb,
To taste the scented breeze, what time
The glorious sun, on his decline,
Fades from the trees,
And hear of village bells the chime
Borne on the breeze.

When Fancy on such scenes does dwell,
Methinks the sad and solemn swell
Of some departed spirit's knell
Salutes my ears;
Or the sweet evening vesper bell,
Calling to prayers.

Methinks I see the prostrate crowd,
Erewhile with look erect and proud,
Praying, with meek submission bow'd,
To her in heaven,
Who dwells beyond each gold-ting'd cloud,
To be forgiven.

Ah never, when the moon so pale
Shines mildly on the olive vale,
Shall I the breath of flowers inhale
That gently wave,
Fann'd by the fragrant evening gale,
O'er Mira's grave.

And still will rise the tall green pine,
And still the fertile wandering vine,
Will round the cane its tendrils twine
So dextrously,
And form a shade in summer time,
But not for me!

Still in my mem'ry lives pourtray'd
In colours that will never fade,
Each open lawn and cooling shade
I lov'd so well,
To which, alas! I now have bade
A long farewell!

As a young child to school first sent,
From home, his absence does lament,
Dwells on each hour that there he spent
With fond delight;
Sighs as each thought is homeward bent
To share its flight,

So, Lisbon! torn from thy blue sky,
Forc'd from thy genial sun to fly
To the cold north, where bitterly
Blows the keen air;
Lisbon! for thy mild scenes I sigh,
Thy scenes so fair!

R. P. *to* E. C.

MY DEAR SIR, February, 1810.

Enclosed are the lines you wished to see *. In haste, yours, &c. R. P.

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* "On Monday the 12th instant died, at the Royal Hospital, Gosport, at the age of 24, Lieutenant Edward Collins Polwhele, son of the Rev. R. Polwhele, of Polwhele, near Truro. He was the eldest of eight sons. Diligent and active in the service, respectful to his superiors, gentle and considerate in his treatment of those over whom he was placed, interesting in his manners, and correct in his morality; truly and justly is he regretted by all who knew him. After a long absence, first in the West Indies and lately in the Mediterranean, his more immediate friends looked forward with increasing pleasure to the prospect of meeting him full of health and of spirits, on his return to his native country, and of congratulating him, more particularly, on the credit he had gained at the battle of Trafalgar. But, "what are the hopes of man!"

Erewhile, from earthly glory, to the praise
Of thy approving God, the immortal palm
Of Christian faith, my numbers strove to raise
Thy soul, my Son! The perishable bays
That human fame bestows, how weak to calm
One dying agony! But 'tis a balm
To this sad heart, that virtue clos'd thy days
In peace, while seraphs a consoling psalm
Breath'd o'er thy pillow. Yet the parent's tear,
(Tho' He who taketh be the God who gave),
Midst sister-sighs regrets thy early bier!
And wert thou hurried o'er the distant wave,
O my poor wanderer! many a long, long year,
To reach thy native shores, and find a grave?

B—— *to* R. P.

MY DEAR SIR, April 25, 1810.

I have delayed thanking you for your obliging letter and present, till I had an opportunity of reading over attentively your Theocritus. I can truly say I think it most admirably executed in general. The second Idyl I think the most perfect. The passages very difficult to render in a translation, I think you have done as well as could be. What I chiefly object to, and this very seriously, is the frequent admixture in some of the translations of mere English *colloquialisms* (if there is such a word)—for instance:

The wink she tips.

I have not time to specify other things of this sort, but they will readily occur to you.

We go to town to-morrow, and shall stay a few

days at Reading with Mr. Nares, who always mentions you with much respect.

Yours, &c. B.

SIR WALTER SCOTT *to* R. P.

MY DEAR SIR, Edinburgh, Oct. 11, 1810.

This accompanies a set of poor Miss Seward's Letters, which I hope you will have the goodness to accept. Another cover will convey to you the three poems which, I regret to find, have not reached you. Miss S. left the greater part of her correspondence to Mr. Constable, of Edinburgh, who is, I believe, taking measures to publish them. It is very extensive, occupying many folio MSS. for she kept a copy of almost every letter which she wrote.

I will be much obliged to you to send your valued publications under cover to Mr. Freeling, or to J. W. Croker, Esq.; either of whom will forward them in safety.

As I know you are a great master of northern lore, and interested in all that belongs to it, I am anxious to bespeak your interest in favour of a publication intended to illustrate these studies. It is a quarto volume, entitled "Northern Antiquities," to be published by the Ballantynes of Edinburgh. May I hope that you will, either for this or the next volume, favour us with a communication? The subject (provided it be connected with antiquities) is entirely at your choice. I

wished to add to the packet I transmit for your acceptance, a copy of Sir Tristram, in whom, as a hero of Cornwall, you must doubtless be interested. But the edition is entirely out of print.

I am very glad indeed you like the "Lady of the Lake;" but if you knew how much I admire your poem on "Local Attachment," you would not have threatened me with so terrible a compliment as that of laying down your own harp. Believe me, my dear Sir, very truly, your much obliged servant, WALTER SCOTT.

P. S. Some time ago (several years now) I met with two very pleasant young men from Cornwall, Mr. Carlyon and Mr. Collins, to the former of whom I was indebted for the honor of being introduced to your notice. When you favour me with a line, I shall like much to know how they have fared in life, which they were then about to enter upon.

The same to the same.

MY DEAR SIR, Merton House, Dec. 30, 1810.

It was very late this season before I got to Edinburgh, and consequently before I had the pleasure of receiving your valuable present, on which I have been making my Christmas cheer ever since, until an ancient and hereditary engagement brought me here to spend my holidays with my chief, the Laird of Norden. I should be very ungrateful indeed if I longer delayed the acknow-

ledgment of the pleasure I have received from the re-perusal of the "Local Attachment" and the "Old English Gentleman," which I take great credit to my taste in boasting, have been long favourites of mine, as well as from reading the other curious and interesting volumes with which I had yet to form an acquaintance.

I have never had the good fortune to see topographical labours conducted at once with the accuracy of the Antiquary and the elegance of the Muse of general literature, until you were so kind as to send me your County Histories, which under a title not very inviting beyond the bounds of the provinces described, contain so much interesting to the general reader, and essential to the purpose of the English Historian.

You have furnished a folio and an octavo shelf in my little book-room with treasures which I shall often resort to with double pleasure, as pledges of the kindness of the ingenious author.

I am very glad to hear that Drs. Collins and Carlyon are well, and settled in their native country. Though I have little chance of ever meeting them again, I cannot easily forget the very agreeable hours their society afforded me at our chance meeting on the hills of Selkirkshire.

Our Northern Antiquities, as we have ventured to christen a quarto undertaken by Mr. Weber and Mr. R. Jamieson, both friends of mine, are to contain a great deal of Teutonic lore. Much of the first volume is occupied by an account of the Heldenbach, a series of romances referring to the

History of Attila and Theodoric, and therefore very curious. Theodoric was to the Germans what King Arthur was to the English, and Charlemagne to the French romances, a leading King and Champion, who assembled at his Court a body of chivalrous knights, whose various adventures furnish the theme of the various cantos of this very curious work. This is executed by Henry Weber, who is chin-deep in all that respects ancient Teutonick poetry; and it is perfectly new to the English Antiquary. Jamieson gives some translations from a collection of heroic ballads, published in Denmark about the end of the sixteenth century. Their curiosity consists in a great measure in the relation they bear to the popular ballads of England and Scotland. I have promised to translate some Swiss war songs, and other scraps of poetry. In short, our plan is entirely miscellaneous. And if, my good friend, you have any thing lying by you, which you would entrust to this motley caravan, we shall be much honoured. But I hope soon to send you the first volume. Perhaps you may like to review it for the Quarterly. Believe me, my dear Sir, with the best wishes of this season, your obliged humble servant, WALTER SCOTT.

T. *to* R. P.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Dec. 3, 1810.

The same post which announced your publication of Sermons, did also announce a gratifying

application of your former edition. It brought me a letter from my eldest son, in India, commencing thus: "Whilst reading over one of Mr. Polwhele's sermons, (the text 'My daughter is even now dead, but come and lay thy hand upon her, and she shall live,') your letter arrived with the painful intelligence of the mournful event which has befallen us, the death of our dearest Louisa."

Yours, &c. T.*

SIR ——— *to* R. P.

DEAR SIR, April 23, 1811.

I am happy to inform you of the general approbation that your son received at the examination

* At a Boarding-school, in Exeter, the governess read Mr. P.'s sermons to her young ladies, on Sunday evenings, in regular order, without selection or discrimination. Arrived at the XIXth Sermon, vol. II. (1st edition), this likewise she read. But the following passage occasioned a little choking: "Unexposed to the corrupting influence of a public seminary, where the first ardours of passion are fanned by communicated sympathy; where confinement generates artifice, and where the lessons of ignorant and conceited teachers produce levity, frivolousness, and dissipation; it is their happier fortune to have every licentious emotion precluded by the delicacy that accompanies chastised affection, to nourish that open ingenuousness peculiar to youth, and to learn, under the eye of parental vigilance, what is estimable, and useful, and rational."—"The mother would do well to reflect, that her daughters may return to her with notions above their sphere in life—with cold-hearted vanity instead of amiable sensibility—with opinionative forwardness, instead of retiring diffidence."—A young lady, my informant, was a pupil and a hearer.

that took place yesterday at Adscome, by Colonel Mudge, before a deputation of Directors of the East India Company.

I assure you, I early noticed your son's very ready answers to the mathematical questions and algebraical calculations proposed by Colonel Mudge: and he seemed chosen in preference to the others to explain the uses, the names, and the rules for making the fortifications which the young men had drawn. Colonel Mudge rejected one, and reserved others, for future consideration; but it was with great satisfaction I heard him give his unqualified approbation to your son's performances.

It is usual for the Company to pick out the cleverest young men for the Engineers, and to give them a better education than is required for the Artillery. The only question is, therefore, if he shall go out now in the Artillery, or remain six months longer, and be appointed to the Engineer service.

Your son possesses great quickness, and at the same time great steadiness and application.

I assure you I noticed your son before I heard his name; I had, therefore, the greater satisfaction in finding out that he was your son. I have the honour to congratulate you upon it, and remain, dear Sir, yours faithfully, C.

Rev. EDW. GIDDY* *to* R. P.

DEAR SIR, Tredrea, Sept. 5, 1811.

I meant to have put into your hands an excellent sermon of Herbert Marsh, Div. Prof. at Cambridge, preached and published at the desire of the Society for propagating Christian Knowledge; but found I could not. In order to lend my assistance in its circulation, I left three copies on my road, in three cities—Bath, Wells, and Exeter. I have ordered two at Harry's; and two at Michell's—one of which is for you, who will make the best use of it.

"Gradus prealtus, quo Editior in curriculum tuum,—femora denuda."

I am really very much of the opinion of the Bishop of Chichester, that the progress of the Dissenters is alarming, and that Lancaster has set on work a very powerful engine, the effects of which all friends of the national religion should counteract by the mode which Marsh has so well recommended. Our Bishop, I hear, is assiduous in his endeavours to establish in Exeter a school on Bell's plan.

Yours in haste, at Tredrea, EDW. GIDDY.

DR. COLE *to* R. P.

DEAR POLWHELE, Taplow House, Nov. 15, 1811.

I dined at Dropmore yesterday, and had an opportunity of mentioning your name to Lord

* *Mr. Giddy* (father of Davies Gilbert) and *Colman* (the translator of Terence) were the two best theme-writers of Christ Church Oxford.

Grenville, who will be very glad to receive your book, which I will present to him, if you cannot contrive a journey for the purpose of doing it yourself. Pascoe Grenfell and I were almost the whole party yesterday, when we talked of you our old school-fellow. His Lordship spoke of you as his contemporary at Christ Church. Hereafter, perhaps, you may profit by his recollection of you as a Fellow Collegian.

You quite mistake my situation with the Regent. I am not in the habit of calling at Carlton-House. At the Duke of Clarence's table I have sometimes been honoured with meeting the Prince, and receiving the most flattering marks of his attention. But nowhere else have I presumed to offer myself to his notice. With the Duke of Clarence I have ever been on terms of intimacy; on such terms, indeed, as to warrant my making any observations to him. Mr. Tyrwhitt is perhaps not unknown to you—Lord Grenville suggested, that he would be the proper person to present your book to the Regent. I am acquainted with him, if you are not, and can take the liberty of making this request for you. Your fits of the gout and twelve children will, I fear, deprive me of any chance of seeing you in Oxford, which would afford me very sincere pleasure. To talk over old times with old and dear friends, is one of the greatest delights which life has to give. And my recollections always excite in me a sense of gratitude to Providence for the many blessings I enjoy; which, though not free from alloy, are as

great as commonly fall to the lot of man. I have no children, but I have a little angel of Pascoe's, my god-daughter, now on my knee, who is very troublesome, and does not suffer me to say a word more than that I am your very affectionate friend,

JOHN COLE.

WALTER SCOTT *to* R. P.

MY DEAR SIR, Edinburgh, Dec. 1, 1811.

I received yours when I was in the very bustle of leaving Ashestiel, which has been my summer-residence, and a very sweet one, for these eight years past. It was not, however, for a distant migration, as I was only removing to a small property of my own, about five miles lower down the Tweed. Now, although with true masculine indifference I leave to my better half the care of furniture and china, yet there are such things as books and papers, not to mention broad-swords and targets, battle-axes and helmets, guns, pistols, and dirks, the care of which devolved upon me, besides the bustle of ten thousand directions to be given in one breath of time, concerning ten thousand queries carefully reserved for that parting moment, by those who might as well have made them six months before. Besides I really wished to be here, and to consult with my friends and publishers, the Messrs. Ballantynes, before answering the most material part of your letter. They will esteem themselves happy and proud to publish any thing of yours. They only hesitate

upon the scruple of its not being an original work, but a continuation of one already before the public; one or two attempts of the same kind having been made unsuccessfully. I told them I thought the title-page might be so moulded as not to express the poem to be a continuation of Beattie's work, and that the explanation might be reserved for the preface or introduction. As this was an experiment, they proposed the terms should be those of sharing the profits with the author, they being at the expense of print and paper. I can answer for their dealing justly and honourably.

With respect to the work itself, I believe Beattie says in some of his letters, that he did intend the "Minstrel" to play the part of Tyrtæus on some invasion of his country. But I conceive one reason of his deserting the task he had so beautifully commenced was, a suspicion that he had given his hero an education and a tone of feeling inconsistent with the plan he had laid down for his subsequent exploits; and your termination of Edwin's history will be much more natural and pleasing than that intended by the author himself. I shall have the utmost pleasure in attending the progress of your poem through the press, and doing all in my power to give it celebrity. I was under the necessity of making the Ballantynes my confidants as to the real name of the author, which, be assured, smoothed all difficulties at once; as they are both readers of poetry, and no strangers to yours.

Yours, &c. WALTER SCOTT.

R. P. *to* J. T.

MY DEAR SIR, Dec. 20, 1811.

You spoke highly of Miss Seward's Letters, at our last interview. I have since read them with the pleasure of a common reader such as yours; and I have read them with the additional pleasure of a friend. With her scenes in general I am little acquainted; but I am well acquainted with many of her characters. Besides, I was her immediate correspondent.

In the first volume of the Letters*, Miss H. More and the Bristol milk-maid are introduced. I know something of this transaction: Miss H. More treated Lactilla contumeliously—I mean, as a poet would treat a poet! But how infinitely superior was Lactilla's poetry to Miss Hannah's!

In the second volume is printed (very incorrectly) an Ode of your humble servant to Miss Seward†. In the same volume we have notices of Opie and Wolcot; on which I could throw much additional light‡.

In the fifth volume, Miss Seward, addressing Mr. Cary§, says: "Several of the simply beautiful and touching parts in Shenstone's charming pastorals have been laughably travestied." — This burlesque occurs in our Devon and Cornwall poets. It is ostensibly my old friend Major Drewe's. Had I told Miss Seward, that the ridicule which

* See p. 395.
† Vol. II. pp. 49, 50.
‡ Vol. II. pp. 276.
§ Vol. V. p. 137.

has thus raised her indignation, was started and pursued by the Major and myself, *tête-à-tête*, over a bottle of Claret, my name would never have occurred in the list of her honoured friends!

In the same volume, Miss S. thus addresses T. Park, Esq.: "I have never seen a British Critic since the arrogant nonsense of its pages respecting Mr. P———'s Poems met my eye, and sickened me afresh of that publication."

We will now recur to the second volume, in which she has inserted my lyrical effusion. I have said that it was printed incorrectly. And by a strange mistake Miss S. says, in a note on "Yoxal's shade,"—"Wroxal, the name of the place where Mr. P——— lived."—It is the name, however, of the place, at no great distance from Miss Seward's own residence, where a friend of Mr. P. (and of Miss S. herself) then lived—a friend, whom Mr. P. had congratulated on his recent marriage.—"I am tempted to hazard (says Miss S.) a seeming vanity, by inserting an Ode presented to me by that ingenious, learned, and able writer, Mr. P. whose didactic poem on Eloquence, and translations from the classics, are so deservedly admired."—I give you the Ode corrected.

Yours, &c. R. P.

While Friendship hails the rosy plume,
That wafts bright joy through Yoxal's shade,
Say, shall not Gratitude illume
The breast that erst, its hopes to aid,

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* Vol. V. p. 264. See likewise, p. 340.

The Muse of Litchfield cheer'd with genial ray,
And gave the unfolding blossoms into day?

Yes! to the sweetest of the choir,
For whom attendant genius brings,
Caught from the sorrow-breathing lyre,
All the rich music of its strings,
In vivid feelings the low notes shall rise,
And mix their numbers with self-doubting sighs!

And tho' the momentary strain
May feebly touch thy finer ear,
The tribute shall not flow in vain,
Which springs to truth and virtue dear;
For then ingenuous merit heeds the lays,
Nor spurns at ought but unappropriate praise.

E'en while a world's life-giving charm
Bids thy pale André's closing breath
Revive, amid thy colours warm,
And triumph o'er opprobrious Death;
And while that world may bid thy genius claim
The power to blazon Cook's immortal name;

Or, whilst the universal voice
Shall hail thee the enthusiast's child,
To whom, delighting in her choice,
Nature unveil'd her pictures wild,
And in Louisa flash'd along the lyre,
"A soul all fancy, and an eye all fire;"

Lo! Gratitude shall prompt the song;
And in the plauding *Poet* sing—
In sooth, the least of all the throng
That rise on the poetic wing,
Yet not regardless of his destin'd way,
If Seward's envied sanction stamp the lay.

I alluded to the marriage of a friend. The following rhapsody was written (July 27, 1785) in

consequence of his marriage, and of the death of his father.

Their kindling vale, where rapture breathes
Melodious orisons, thro' Needwood blooms,
While waves the sympathising shade above,
To grace with all its luxury of wreathes
A *Pair*, to whose enamoured view
Many a year, high Fancy drew
Her fervid scenes!—Lo! softer light illumes
The beauteous picture of connubial Love!

Yet, as affection, borne on trembling pinion,
To bless the holy tie,
Flutters to the silken bands
Into linked Love's dominion;—
Ah! see in filial duty's eye
The drop still lingering stands!

Ingenuous youth!—tho' sorrow pay
A debt fond Memory shall renew,
Nuptial Love reflects a ray
To gild the tear to duty due!
She sees a soul with generous thought
And the rich store of feeling fraught;
Not with those fleeting—dubious fires
Which Fancy or Caprice inspires,
Which from their casual object part,
And leave no traces on the heart!
No!—in thy feeling she descries
The unsullied worth that never dies—
A worth that shines without alloy,
And gives stability to joy;
Shaped by thy care whilst yon pale urn
Foreshews the *husband's* kind concern,
And to prophetic Piety
The future *father* marks in thee!

R. G. POLWHELE *to* R. P.

MY DEAR FATHER, Calcutta, Jan. 8, 1812.

I take up my pen with pleasure, to say how fortunate I have been since I have arrived at this place. Soon after I had finished my last letter, and sent it on board one of the ships preparing to sail for England, I took a boat, and went to Calcutta, and when I got there, I repaired immediately to the Fort-Major to report myself, who to my surprise informed me, that (if I knew no one in Calcutta) I must live at an inn, at my own expence, until I could go to Madras, which would not be for a month to come; but, that if I were in want of money, he would advance me three hundred rupees (equal to about thirty-seven pounds sterling), which I accepted, and hired a lodging at the best inn I could find. But a few days after, I met with Mr. Luke, a nephew of Dr. Luke, who is chief officer in one of the East India ships, and having seen him often at Mr. B.'s, he invited me to dine with him at Captain Stevens' of Penzance. Captain Stevens, as soon as I was introduced to him as a Cornish man, shook me by the hand, and you cannot conceive how glad he was to see me; and when he found out that I was living at an hotel, he desired me to go that evening, and get all my things to his house, and live with him until I got a ship to go to Madras. He has given me a letter of recommendation to Colonel Bell, Commandant of the Artillery at Madras, which will be of great service to me,

and has also been so kind as to take charge of this letter, which he said he would deliver into your hands himself, as he is going home with the next fleet; therefore, my dear father, I introduce you to Captain Stevens, as the greatest friend most likely that I shall ever find while I am in India. He is married and has one child, a very fine little girl. Mrs. Stevens is a very pleasant woman, and has been very kind to me all the time I have been at her house. Captain Stevens has been twenty-seven years in India, as a captain in the country service; but he has been very unfortunate of late, having been cast away twice, and lost two of his own ships. He has built a third, and is now going home, I hope with a large fortune, to reap the fruit of all his long labours. I am quite delighted with Calcutta; it is a second London, and is increasing in size every day; the buildings are infinitely superior to those in any part of Europe; the King's palace at Windsor is nothing to be compared to the Governor's house at Calcutta; I dare say I shall never see another building to equal it; and the fort and fortifications round it are strong and beautiful. A violent shock of an earthquake was felt all over Calcutta, the 28th of last month; Captain Stevens and myself were talking together about Cornwall, and Mrs. Stevens was in her room with her little child, when, about ten minutes after seven, the windows clattered, and the house shook as if it were coming down, the glasses full of oil round the room entirely turned over, and the oil spoiled the covering of

both the sofas, and other things. We were all so frightened that we ran down stairs, thinking that the house would fall every minute; and the only consolation I received when I got out was, that the Bramans had foretold this, and also another in a few days, which would destroy the most part of Calcutta. Mr. Luke, not being well that day, went to lie down on his bed in the afternoon, and when we went in to see him, he accused us immediately of playing some trick with him; the bed was completely moved from its former place, and he said that he was very near being jerked out of it; nor would he believe that it was an earthquake, until he saw the condition the lamps and other things were in. I am happy to say that we have heard of no lives being lost, which must be attributed to the amazing strength of the houses. There have been several shocks felt in Calcutta within these few years, but none so violent as this; the direction it appeared to have come in, was from East to West. This is the pleasantest time of the year in Calcutta; the mornings and evenings are delightful. I have felt it considerably hotter in England than it is here in the middle of the day, and I can assure you that I sleep under two blankets every night, it being so cold. No one of respectability walks in the streets of Calcutta: all are carried in palanquins, which I am not very fond of. I am obliged to keep five servants; I pay each of them at the rate of eight rupees a month, and my palanquin costs me about sixteen rupees a month. — The Artillery is re-

spected very much in all parts of India; almost every subaltern keeps his horse, and many their gigs, which are very cheap. Our pay is about thirty pounds a month, which is considerably more than an Infantry officer's.—The two French frigates that escaped from Java, we fear have fallen in with the Baring Indiaman, as she has been expected for some time past, and not arrived yet. It will be a great loss if she is taken, for Sir George Nugent, the Commander in Chief of all the forces in the East Indies, and several other great men, had taken their passage in her before I left Europe. It was a terrible thing that so many as twelve English frigates, that were cruising about Java at that time, should be so blind as to let them escape. They were blocked up in a place, where one large frigate of ours that was stationed at the mouth of the harbour, could effectually hinder them from coming out without an engagement, but unfortunately she left her station to get water, and placed another small frigate and a sloop of war to guard the entrance; but the French frigates seeing this, got out one evening, and a chase ensued, when the sloop of war, not being able to sail well, was towed by the frigate, and the chase continued in this way for some time, but it was all in vain, and they escaped before any of our other frigates could see them. Lieutenant Macgrath, a nephew of Captain Stevens, returned a few days ago from the expedition at Java; he is about my age, and went from Calcutta under the care of his father, a colonel in the ninth regiment

of Native Infantry, who was one of the first that perished, owing to the unhealthiness of the climate, which has cut off more of our troops than fell in the field of battle. Colonel Macgrath has left six children, without a mother, to lament his loss; five of them are in England, and the eldest, whom I mentioned before, is just come home from Java. You cannot conceive how melancholy he was when he entered the house, to think that a few months ago, he had left it with his father. Captain Stevens is very fond of him, and I dare say he will do as much for him, and his brothers and sisters, as he is able. I will give you an instance of Captain Stevens's generosity:—A captain in one of the regiments that were ordered on the expedition was put into prison for a debt of twelve thousand rupees, and when Captain Stevens heard of it, he went to him, and found that it was a young man he knew, from Cornwall, and knowing that if he did not go on the expedition he would have no chance of paying his debt, paid it for him, and fitted him out for the expedition, which not one in a thousand would have done besides. This young man is coming home now, and will have about ten thousand rupees prize-money, which he writes he will pay to Captain Stevens as soon as he receives it. Mr. Macgrath has been giving me a description of the siege of Batavia; it has been the hardest work our troops have experienced for some time; the French had more Europeans than ourselves, but would not venture a general engagement. Their General, to enrage

the ignorant natives against us, told them that the English were a set of monsters, that would destroy them all, and not leave one in the Island; and more than that, he gave men, women, and even the boys, poniards and pikes to murder every one of our troops if they were defeated, and in disorder; and when they beheld the English cavalry cutting down every thing before them, and our brave Scotch regiment charging bayonets, they thought, indeed, what the French had told them was true. On the morning of the day which was to decide the business, the small English army was drawn up before the walls of Batavia, preparing to effect a breach, when the French sallied out, giving three cheers, and it was doubtful for some time which would beat. If our troops had been obliged to fall back, they would, in their confusion, have been all murdered by the natives, who were waiting in the thickets for them, which our troops knew nothing of; but when our brave men charged them with the bayonet, they fled in confusion, and they were all of them taken or killed, and the English standard was planted all over Java.

Batavia is a beautiful town, built entirely in the Dutch fashion, with canals running through it, which makes it so very unhealthy. In some parts of the year they overflow, and all the low grounds round them are quite a marsh, which, when the sun has its influence, dries up, and causes a vapour, that carries off thousands.

It will be a long time before I shall be reconciled

to the Indian style of living. The following lines which I found on reading your "Local Attachment," is quite applicable to me:

Yes! I prefer my light green barley blade,
To breathing maize, to fields of clustering rice;
And visit with more joy the plashy glade
Where crackles at each step the sheeted ice,
Than Indian plains, or Persian, that entice
The soul to pleasure, far diffusing balm:
To me more dear the oak-rough precipice,
Than the deep verdure of the date-crown'd palm,
Where all is lapp'd in ease, one soft insidious calm.
* * * * * * * * *

The Baring is just arrived, and has a number of passengers in her, among whom are the Commander in Chief, and two or three Noblemen.

I am happy to hear there is some chance of our going to war with America; they have been very insolent for some time past, and I hope we shall soon shew them what we are. Russia at war with France is also famous news: but the best news of all would be, hearing that you are all well. How I long for a letter! I hope you and my dear mother are removed to Polwhele, and all your plans settled in the manner you pointed out to me when I left England; Maria and Louisa married; Marianne improving both in mind and person; Tom settled at Woolwich; John a midshipman, with a little dirk by his side; Francis and William vyeing with each other which can translate Latin best; and all the other little ones well and happy. I did not forget, my dear father, your birth-day, on

the 6th, I drank your health in a bumper, wishing you many happy returns of that day.

Your ever dutiful Son,

R. G. POLWHELE *.

Bishop —— to R. P.

REV. SIR, Lambeth-palace, Aug. 19, 1813.

I shall be very grateful for the fulfilment of your promise, and doubt not that it will be found a very useful accession to our stock of materials. It is not information of an abstruse or learned character, that we desire to be the instrument of distributing to the publick. We profess no more than to give a Family Bible for general use; and I meant it to be that sort of work which might furnish sound and practical information to the common, even to the lowest orders, at the same time that it may not perhaps be unacceptable to families in the middling ranks of life.

I am anxious, not on my own account only, but on that of the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, and of all those who have been actively engaged in arranging the business, that this matter should be understood, because I have occasionally heard observations, calculated, I think, to convey false impressions as to the *sort* of publication which the country is entitled to expect from us.

* The insertion of this Letter requires no apology. Simplicity in union with sagacity, must please the most fastidious.

From the attention that I have hitherto been able to give your *Sermons* (confined as I have been to my bed since yesterday se'nnight by a violent bilious attack) I think them likely to afford much useful observation towards the latter part of our work. The subjects of them appear to fall in less with those of the Old Testament, more especially as the prophecies concerning the Arabs have already passed under my hands, and been illustrated with ample extracts.

P. S. I have at this time in the press a Sermon, which I recently preached and was requested to publish, showing the importance of education on the system of the National Society to the cause of religious truth. If I can learn any mode of conveying a copy of it to you, I shall feel pleasure in doing so, as a slight memorial of my sense of your kindness.

Bishop of ——— *to* R. P.

Rev. Sir,

Allow me to return you my sincere thanks for the additional proof you have just given me of your indefatigable labours in your profession—labours which are so highly creditable to you, and which in these days are peculiarly called for.

Dr. COLE *to* R. P.

DEAR POLWHELE, Oxford, Sept. 30, 1813.

* * * * * * *

I returned with reluctance last Monday, leaving my little Parsonage in great beauty, for the labour and cares of office, which I shall resume next week for the last year. My present employment is in a Latin speech for the occasion; and I am at this moment occupied in an eulogy on your old tutor *, the late Bishop of London, whose loss to the Church will be severely felt. I had the pleasure of knowing him well, and receiving some proofs of his regard. His successor is a very fit man for the station, though not in all respects his equal. Of him too I must speak, as well as of every other person and incident which have been memorable during the last year, so that you see I have work enough upon my hands. With best compliments to Mrs. Polwhele, I remain, yours sincerely,

JOHN COLE.

R. P. *to* D.

MY DEAR SIR, Kenwyn, Truro, March 1, 1814.

I know not how I can sufficiently acknowledge your kindness. I will lose no time in transcribing

* My old tutor RANDOLPH; to whose high merits it is gratifying to me to bear testimony upon every occasion.

"The Fair Isabel" for you; and I will gladly trust "the Minstrel" to your correction.

Meanwhile I present you with a few lines written on the eve of Valentine for one of my little boys, who had sent his dancing partner a sprig of peach-blossom (or rather buds) a few days before. The thought, thus accidentally suggested, struck me as original. Yet, I suspect, that cannot be. The melting peach is too obvious a comparison, not to have often occurred on similar occasions. There is, however, unity and something like epigrammatic point in this little extempore thing.

Yours truly, R. P.

That little sprig of young peach-bloom,
The promise fair of sweets to come,
Was sent, in sooth, by me:
And, tho' its tints be all too weak
To emulate thy lips and cheek,
It yet resembles thee!

Then, bid me picture the fond hour,
When, like the fruit, as now the flower,
Nor plac'd beyond my reach,
I may salute thee, rich and ripe,
And (more delicious still the type)
May pluck —— a melting peach.

But lo!—a more "melting" Valentine just flutters into notice.

But yester-morn, was half-conceal'd
A timid violet from my sight:
The rosemary pale and cold, had veil'd
Its glimmering leaves, its virgin white.

I stoop'd to taste the breathing spring,
So gentle in the recent flower,
And welcome the sweet tints that bring
The promise of a softer hour.

Some moments past, I tried to view
The little traits of yesterday;
But gone was all the illusive hue;
The very leaves were shrunk away.

And is that violet's glance so coy,
Which fled as if afraid of me,
Say, is it like a dream of joy
That paints the air, but ne'er shall be?

If I have hail'd thy vernal pride,
Say is thy bower the rosemarine
That screens the blush thy scorn would hide,
The blush I fondly fancied mine?

G. *to* J. T.

June 1814.

If it be good to cherish the memory of those who "died in the Lord;" — to call to mind the virtues of poor F. G. must, I am sure, amend the heart. Miss G. was buried on Tuesday 31st of last month, in the Church-yard of Kea, amidst a large concourse of assembled people. A young person taken off in the very bloom of youth, and the "decent sorrows" of relatives following her in her coffin to the grave, formed an affecting and edifying spectacle; the effect of which was heightened by the solemn and impressive manner, in which the Rev. R. P——— read the burial service.

The character of the deceased was no ordinary character. It will be long and fondly cherished in the memory, and afford a subject of consolation and pleasing reflection to those whom she has

left behind. Artless simplicity, disinterestedness and purity of thought and conduct, and an evenness and sweetness of temper, not to be ruffled or disturbed by vanity, selfishness, or caprice, formed the distinguished traits of it. Superior to the low and little jealousies of envy and competition, she "found it not in her heart" to offend or to be offended. Attentive to the feelings of others, cautious of giving pain to any, kind, affable, candid, and considerate, she found no rival; none, indifferent to her welfare; she conciliated the warm affections of all who knew her. Modest, retired, and unassuming, she did not covet or court admiration; her endowments and attainments were not obtruded on the public eye; but they could not be concealed; the tribute due to them, to which she put in no claim, was readily conceded to her.

Of such a sort was her character in this mortal state, and encompassed with human frailty! And it was grounded on a Christian's faith. She fell a victim to that insidious and lingering malady, before which the bloom of youth, beauty, and talents, in the female sex, has so often faded. She gradually sunk under a pulmonary consumption. Consistently with her habitual principles, she clung not to life, but lifted up her thoughts and hopes to another and more lasting state of being; and herein, she shewed a proof of the benefits of early piety, and of a religious education. The religion of Jesus Christ was her support. Amidst the ravages which disease made upon her bodily

frame, " the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit" suffered no decay; but became more conspicuous. Amidst weakness and sufferings continually increasing, she thought little of herself, in comparison with the tender regard and consideration which she shewed for those whom she wished to comfort! Thus, patiently and cheerfully, without any the least parade, pretensions, presumption, or enthusiasm, with an even and composed frame of mind, resulting from an *humble hope*, and *stedfast faith* in the mercies of God, through the merits of a Redeemer, she " waited the Lord's leisure until she resigned her spirit unto Him who gave it!" And the most righteous amongst us might not be afraid to say, " may my last end be like hers!"

Lines on Miss F. GWATKIN.

If, where to sorrow throbs the mourner's heart,
Joy glisten thro' the tear with kind relief,
'Tis when from candid Truth and Love we part,
And holier Faith that pities human grief.
'Tis when we see from her pale couch, a FRIEND
(*Her* " treasure" to the Christian only given)
With kindling eye look up where Angels lend
Glory, to gild the gates of opening " Heaven!"
Yes! while her dying sweetness would sustain
Our spirits that droop'd around her, and her breath
Heaved short, but Hope subdued the mortal pain;
Rejoic'd we saw—there was no sting in death.
Yes! as her meek demeanor bade her live
The pride of Friendship, such it bade her die!
Yet say, tho' lost so soon, shall Friendship grieve,
That God re-claim'd her to her native sky?

The father of this young lady, R. L. Gwatkin, Esq. is not new to our pages. Her mother was one of the two Miss Palmers, the celebrated nieces of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Herself and her sister, the late Marchioness of Thomond, used often to sit to Sir J. when painting female figures. And it is a fact, that whilst Sir J. was painting Garrick between the Tragic and Comic Muse, Mrs. Gwatkin sat for the Comic. She was then very young. And Dr. Beattie observes of Sir J. Reynolds, that he was particularly attentive to young people, "whose looks and attitudes being less under the controul of art and local manners, are more characteristic of the species than those of men and women. This field of observation supplied him (among many others) with that exquisite figure of Comedy struggling with Garrick, and winning his affections."—See Life of Beattie, I. 278.

Mrs. Gwatkin is not, at present, like the Comic Muse of Reynolds, nor ever was. She had never the *embonpoint*, or the archness there represented. But she resembles *Hope* in the windows of New College. In Hope we see her figure, her features, and her air.—Not long since (as themselves informed me), the person who shewed those windows to Mr. and Mrs. G. observed to Mrs. Gwatkin: "This figure of Hope, Madam, is a portrait of a niece of Sir J. Reynolds."—Some years ago, at her seat of Killiow, Mrs. G. put into my hands the identical cuts appending to —— Dutch Emblems, the copies of which were the first rude sketches of Sir Joshua's pencil. He was then about fifteen years of age. His hand-writing, though a very coarse and vulgar scribble, renders this little book invaluable.

J. B. *to* R. P.

Sept. 1814.

About fifty years ago, the Hon. Daines Barrington, Vice-President of the Royal Society, wrote an entertaining account of Dorothy Pentreath, of Mousehole, whom he considered as the last person that could converse in the ancient lan-

guage of Cornwall. If Mr. Barrington thought Dorothy deserving of biographical notice, I judge that the subject of the following brief narrative is equally entitled to attention:

Daniel Gum was born in the parish of Linkinhorne, in Cornwall, about the commencement of the last century, and was bred a stone-cutter. In the early part of his life he was remarkable for his love of reading and a degree of reserve, even exceeding what is observable in persons of studious habits. By close application, Daniel acquired, even in his youth, a considerable stock of mathematical knowledge; and, in consequence, became celebrated throughout the adjoining parishes. Called by his occupation to hew blocks of granite on the neighbouring commons, and especially in the vicinity of that great natural curiosity, called the Cheese-wring; he discovered near this spot an immense block, whose upper surface was an inclined plane. This, it struck him, might be made the roof of a habitation such as he desired; sufficiently secluded from the busy haunts of men to enable him to pursue his studies without interruption, whilst it was contiguous to the scene of his daily labour. Immediately Daniel went to work, and cautiously excavating the earth underneath, to nearly the extent of the stone above, he obtained a habitation which he thought sufficiently commodious. The sides he lined with stone, cemented with lime, whilst a chimney was made, by perforating the earth at one side of the roof. From the elevated spot on which stood this ex-

traordinary dwelling, could be seen Dartmoor and Exmoor on the East; Hartland on the North; the sea and the port of Plymouth on the South; and St. Austell and Roach hills on the West; with all the intermediate beautiful scenery. The top of the rock which roofed his house, served Daniel for an observatory, where, at every favourable opportunity, he watched the motions of the heavenly bodies; and on the surface of which, with his chisel, he carved a variety of diagrams, illustrative of the most difficult problems in Euclid, &c. These he left behind him, as evidences of the patience and ingenuity with which he surmounted the obstacles that his station in life had placed in the way of his mental improvement.

But the choice of his house, and the mode in which he pursued his studies, were not his only eccentricities. His house became his chapel also; and he was never known to descend from the craggy mountain on which it stood, to attend his parish church or any other place of worship.

Death, which alike seizes on the philosopher and the fool, at length found out the retreat of Daniel Gum, and lodged him in a house more narrow than that which he had dug for himself*.

Yours, &c. J. B.

* A meet companion for "The Black Dwarf."

Sir Walter Scott *to* R. P.

My dear Sir, Edinburgh, Sept. 1814.

Baal is neither dead nor sleeping: he had only gone a journey which was likely to have landed him on the coast of Cornwall, and near your door. —In this case I should have had the honour to have made your personal acquaintance. I have been engaged for these two months last upon a pleasure-voyage with some friends. We had a good tight cutter, well fitted up and manned, belonging to the service of the Northern Light-houses, of which department my friends are Commissioners. We therefore lived much at our ease, and had our motions as much under own command as winds and waves would permit. We visited the Shetland and Orkney Isles, and rounding the island by Cape Wrath, wandered for some time among the Hebrides; then went to the Irish coast and viewed the celebrated Giant's Causeway, and would have pursued our voyage heaven knows how far, but that the American privateers were a little too near us, and the risk of falling in with them cut short our cruise: Otherwise I might have landed upon the ancient shores of Corineus, and made the Fair Isabel my introduction to the Bard of the West. I now return the MS. which I grieve I have detained so long. I hope, however, there will be no delay in getting it printed by January, which is, I conceive, the earliest publishing season. I believe I shall make another adventure myself

about the same time, upon a subject of Scottish History. I have called my work the Lord of the Isles. The greater part has been long written, but I am stupid at drawing ideal scenery, and waited until I should have a good opportunity to visit or rather re-visit the Hebrides, where the scene is partly laid.

On my return, I was much shocked by finding I had lost my amiable and constant friend the Duchess of Buccleugh, a calamity of unspeakable consequence to her family, her friends, and the country at large. She was at once an example to those of her own rank, and a protectress of virtue and merit in those whom fortune had placed under her. My long intimacy in the family, enabled me to observe some instances of her judgment and beneficence, which I now can hardly recollect without tears. I thought to have inscribed to her the work at which I was labouring, but alas! it will now only renew my sincere and peculiar share in a grief which is almost national. I beg pardon for intruding this melancholy subject upon you; but it will be long uppermost in the thoughts of those who shared the friendship of this lovely and lamented woman. Believe me, my dear friend, ever most truly yours,

WALTER SCOTT.

The Rev. T. RENNELL *to* R. P.

SIR, Rivington's, St. Paul's Church-yard, Dec. 15, 1814.

Having been out of town when your letter arrived, it was misplaced among much unimportant

matter, and it was not till this evening that I discovered it. This will, I trust, prove a sufficient apology for my apparent neglect. I can only now say, that I shall consider the British Critic highly honoured by any communication which you may be disposed to make, and that an article upon Lysons' Cornwall will be peculiarly acceptable, whenever it may be convenient to you to transmit it. It shall meet my earliest and readiest attention.

Yours, &c. T. RENNELL.

D. *to* R. P.

MY DEAR SIR, February 10, 1815.

I should before now have thanked you for your kind letter and contribution, had I not again been seriously indisposed. Accept my acknowledgments for your aid towards my ninth volume. Your fugitives will find a place in that volume. From the "Poetic Trifles" I shall not, for want of room, be able to select any thing, till I publish my *tenth.* I was, however, very glad to see those trifles, as I had for years been endeavouring to obtain a copy, in consequence of my having seen the description of Cramp, &c. &c. in one of the Reviews. I did not know that they were from *your* pen.

I am vexed that the Kellys * of Kelly, will not

* It was the wish of Major Drewe that a few of his Poetical Essays (particularly his Poem on Spectres), which he had often

take the trouble of looking for Major Drewe's poem. Upon my honour, some of the folks in your part of the country seem most unpoetically disposed. I dare say they would rather see a ton of tin ore, or a shoal of pilchards, than all the poems in the world. I should feel much obliged to the Messrs. Kellys if they would make a small exertion in my favour.

In one of your former letters you speak of Miss Mitford's compositions with warm praise, which I think well merited. She is a firm and active friend to my Poetical Register, the next volume of which will contain a descriptive poem of hers, superior even to "Watlington Hill." Every body thinks more highly of her abilities than she herself does. Very sincerely your friend, D.

G. HARDINGE *to* R. P.

MY DEAR SIR, Melbourne-house, Esher, May 8.

Though familiar from youth to age, and in age itself, to the syren's cup of praise, I have learnt

read to his friends, should be printed under their care, in case of his decease. This wish he frequently expressed; and it looked like a presentiment of death. He died suddenly, and his Poems were consigned to the care of Downman, Hole, and myself, with a desire that "we would print a few copies of them." Neither Downman nor Hole appeared willing to comply with his request. I therefore applied for the MSS. to his sister, Mrs. Kelly, by letter; in answer to which she said, that "the Major's friends found it impossible to make anything of his Ghost stories, and advised them all to be burnt—which was accordingly done." In the Poem on Spectres there were many beautiful passages.

in general to be afraid and almost ashamed of it, when I have descended into myself; but I cannot be wise enough to be diffident in the taste of a writer, though partial, who can have no wish to deceive me, and who with a myrtle for me sends a laurel of his own.

You remind me, dear Sir, of a departed friend, over whose memory the tears I have shed are not slow to return at the faintest allusion to him by others. But what an electric power has *your* wand over them, when it presents before me the living man whom I loved up to the moment that I lost him, with all the enthusiasm of Eton friendships. No gay butterflies of the Summer's wing could interest me half so much as that "noble" creature, when his *mind* "was overthrown," to use *Ophelia's* language. The generous warmth of his princely heart, his conjugal regret, his parental anxieties, the compass of his learning, the accuracy of his taste, the little episodes of his genuine wit; but above all, the purity of his moral character, made me feel that I had met with an angel visited by calamities. I recollect his eager mention of you to me as one of his peculiar favourites, and if I do not mis-recollect, he tempted me to lay before you some anecdotes of my uncle, whose life by the way has been written by me, but is in manuscript, and at present reduced into no form. I live so out of the world, that although cultivating literature, still I was unacquainted with *you*, but not with your fame in the mirror of critiques upon your pen, accompanied by extracts in some

of the Reviews. But the kind, the affectionate manner in which you have addressed me with "a language of the heart," has endeared you to me *as an old friend.* I will, therefore, begin to defy all gratitude, and fall *without mercy upon your Poem*—for being *so ill printed;* you little know this finical age, if you think *Scott himself* likely to be read on paper like yours. *Apropos*, in the hurry of telling you how you have gratified me by your allusion to this friend of my heart and of my life, I could not wait even to open your leaves, except for the purpose of a desultory and fugitive glance over the introductory address to Walter Scott, which I think as beautiful as any of those graceful handmaids to *his* enchanting muse. *You* have caught his mantle and are so like him, that you would appear to the common parent Apollo:

——————— "Simillima proles
"Indiscreta suis," &c. &c. &c.

Yet many of the images are quite original and your own, but in *his best manner.*—"The vagrant eye's repose"—"the wings of living flame"—"the vengeance of a thunder-cloud breaking upon a rock"—"the vision of departed years"—the *fear and the laugh*—are strokes of gifted genius, which break a lance with *Marmion* or the *Lady of the Lake.*

I was half ashamed of my hermit narratives, put into the hand of that single-hearted and benevolent creature Nichols, whose philanthropy has conferred honour not upon his heroes alone, but upon *his* elevated spirit, which loves to com-

mend, and rescues many a rose to light that but for *him* would have *blushed unseen*. His glorious fault is, that he is *too* zealous in benevolence, and may be compared with one of Homer's beautifully discriminated heroes, who *lived by the road side and loved all the world.*

I have just finished the memoirs of a man whose name but for *him* you would never have seen; but whom I intimately knew and revered. I shall hope to make *you* shake hands with him, and in the mean time shall beg your acceptance of a Russian trumpeter's ode, which has my name to it, *Et in Arcadiâ ego!*

I have been at Cotehele, and was accompanied by the Collins' girls. It was the happiest of happy days, except that *he* was left behind us who had prompted this enterprize for them and for me.

I long for *Isabel*, and thank you with grateful pride for your memory of me as Collins's friend. It may perhaps tempt your smile at the eccentricity of this friend, who, in order to know at *Ledbury* if the vicar was Collins in *his* remove (or class and form), sent him a list of the remove as far as it reached the two names *Hardinge, Collins.*

The answer was equally whimsical: it was the remainder of the list. I then flew to his house, and lost three or four chopping briefs upon the circuit, for the sake of old stories with him. Farewell.

The same to the same.

DEAR POET, Melbourne-house, May, 1815.

I am quite charmed with Isabel, though she has defects; but they are feathers.

The father's anxieties for her on his return are *short.* He laments her with too much *philosophy,* and his appearance at the masque should I think be marked with *grief* like that of *Admetus,* which in the effect of contrast would have given the joy at her appearance a more dramatic spirit and colouring.

I cannot reconcile myself to *rang, strang, sang,* &c. instead of *rung,* &c.

But the pen that marks the beauties upon the margin has no sinecure.

In a constellation of them, if I have my favourite star, it is the allusion to your fortune, to your age, and to your scene. It unites pathetic and picturesque; and sweet powers of description to domestic interest.

Believe me, dear Sir, yours &c. G. HARDINGE.

The same to the same.

Walton-grove, Esher, Sept. 20.

DEAR FRIEND OF COLLINS!

Not even your feelings and your taste—your emulating collision with Scott, my passion,—the lance you have broken with him—and your animated powers in song, your fancy and your musical ear,—nor even the generous predilection for

me, which found its way to my heart, endear you to it so much and so well, as your demand upon me in the title of "Collins's friend." But I thank you for your gift of the charming lines to Vivian, though your popularity had enabled me to see and copy them. In return for them I will send you none of my own fooleries in rhime, but a gem (as I hope you will think it) in *prose*, and with *my signature*, though it was not written by me, who am any thing but a hero. By the way, it reminds me of another family enthusiasm, that which I have long entertained for my uncle, the late Earl Camden. I think you had some hints of mine respecting him through Collins. May I ask if in your History of Devonshire he is introduced, and, if it is not a long passage, could I have a copy of it?—I am writing his life. Mr. Freeling is always kind and generous to me; under his wing I will send you my *Russian Chiefs*, but more as memorials of regard and friendship than as deeming them worthy of so refined and pure a taste as yours. *Apropos* to Collins, do you ever see the surviving daughters? I hope they are as happy as I know them to be good and affectionate. A Hermit's blessing cannot hurt you; accept it in good part, though it has the humble signature of GEORGE HARDINGE.

The lines to Vivian are jewels, and the conclusion most happily timed; but I doubt the accuracy of the word *furl'd*, though I see your object in it, as marking a *dignified repose of the sail.*

D. Hazlewood *to* R. P.

Dear Polwhele, Durham, May 20, 1815.

Charenza whelas Charenza!*—The memory of former instances of your affection is not obliterated by the foot of Time; though I know not whether you have more than once exchanged vows, whose obligations are commensurate with mortal life, or more than one female has ministered to your conjugal bliss; and I am ignorant whether your present family occupies a small or large space in the pew of your parochial preferment. I thank God that I can say I have been married to one wife more than 28 years. My eldest son has been more than four years a Lieutenant in the 14th regiment of foot, two years at Malta, and during the last thirteen months in the territory of Genoa, where I hope he is at present in good health. My second son returned to me from Cambridge a fortnight since, having gone to reside at Trinity College in October last. My youngest boy is in his thirteenth year, and I have three girls.

Lord Viscount Barrington, whom you may remember a Westminster student, who entered at Christ Church the same year with you (I think), has double my number of children, and fourfold preferment and affluence. I have the pleasure, however, to say that he bears his honours very

* My poor friend had not forgotten the Polwhele motto—
"*Love worketh Love.*"

honourably, and lives with the generosity of a lord and the munificence of a clergyman. In my return from a visit to London and Oxford three years ago, I passed about three days with Meakin and Smythe, near Newport Pagnel, in Buckinghamshire, and have since corresponded with them occasionally. They have been happy friends and neighbours many years, and now Meakin is removed to live wholly at Worcester on his prebend, and Smythe's elder son is Meakin's curate at Lathbury, with a good parsonage-house to reside in. Mr. Durell, a student of our time, is one of our prebendaries, and has also the living of Mongewell, near Wallingford, Berkshire, where the Bishop of Durham lives, when not attending Parliament or his diocese. Do you know any thing of Cotton, the vicar of Ellesmere, in Shropshire? Hollier I apprehend is dead. Bailye tells you sometimes what is become of Lichfield men and their connections. Which brings me to "the Fair Isabel," a fair child of your art, who affirms you to be intimate with poetical imagery, and with powers which enchain and exercise a dominion over the mind, as absolute, though not so formidable, as that of the Papists.

If you had not other engagements paramount to poetry, I should not be satisfied with your acquiescing in veiling your bonnet to our Border Minstrel. I got printed, when I was last in London, a few pages as a specimen of an Hebrew Dictionary, a work which has engrossed more of my time in succession, and occupied me more intensely and

gratefully while I laboured in it, than any other I have been engaged in. Believe me, my dear Polwhele, your obliged friend,

DICKENS HASLEWOOD.

G. *to* R. P.

DEAR SIR, June 3, 1815.

I have received the packet which you warned me to expect, and I return you my thanks. The praise of a poet and an historian emblazons my literary coat of arms; an honour which is far above my expectations. I know the value of commendation *a laudato viro*, and therefore feel great pleasure in finding that my necessary effort on such a remarkable occasion has met with your approbation. I hope there is nothing in my Sermon that shews an unchristian temper. The answers to it were full of vulgar abuse and attempts at wit. Could men really believe that Revivalism was the work of God, who employed such weapons in supporting it? Does the Ark of God need such help, such defenders? I made no reply. I put the blasphemy upon record, and that is enough. Many Methodists were ashamed of it, and I believe they all wish it to be forgotten: but it is now upon record. I have reason to think that they bought up the whole impression of my Sermon in town, for, before it was advertized, all the copies were sold in less than a fortnight.

It was altogether a most wonderful transaction, and exhibited such an instance of the power that may be attained over the human mind by human means, that, if we could not refer to the internal evidence of our Divine Revelation from its beautiful morality and pure doctrines, men might be led to think all religion founded in imposture: and I verily believe that Revivalism has had this effect in some degree *.

Yours truly, G.

F. Ennys *Esq.* *to* R. P.

Dear Polwhele, Ennys, July 16, 1815.

I have lately been amusing myself in collecting anecdotes of Cornish Sheriffs †. Can you help me

* About this time several itinerant preachers applied to me for the loan of my pulpit. I sent them to my Diocesan, "whose will" (I told them) "should govern mine," and apprized the Bishop of the circumstance. On which his Lordship was pleased to observe: "If the popular voice be against you for not allowing every itinerant preacher whose zeal is substituted for sound faith to preach in your pulpit, so is it against me; and I shall never feel ashamed of maintaining your opinion with my own, as in my conscience I believe it to be the best to preserve that Church Establishment which you and I are by every tie, human and divine, bound to support.

"However respectable the London Society may be, they certainly have no right to make the application, which in my Diocese at least I trust will be resisted. I shall say nothing of the professed object of this Society, though I have a decided opinion upon it."

† A valuable and entertaining little work. I wish the present Mr. Ennys, who possesses the MS. would give it to the public.

to any of your family? Of Dr. Polwhele, and his attendance on Fairfax I think you can. Do you know any thing about the Collins's, their arms, or any anecdote.

Yours truly, F. ENNYS.

Rev. W. GREGOR *to* R. P.

MY DEAR SIR, Trewarthenick, Aug. 1815.

It was not until yesterday that I could obtain a sight of the character drawn up so eloquently and feelingly by you, in the Sherborn Paper *. Relatives and friends, all in short who regarded

* "On Wednesday evening (the 12th of July) died at his seat at Trewarthenick in Cornwall, Francis Gregor, Esq. at the age of fifty-five. The sensation produced by this event among all ranks of people was never perhaps exceeded on a similar occasion. And never existed a character more worthy of estimation. In youth, the meed of science and literature was adjudged to Mr. Gregor, by the Muse of Cambridge, as to one of her most distinguished sons; and the promise of high excellence, moral as well as intellectual, was completely fulfilled in the subsequent years of a truly useful and honourable life. As the representative in Parliment of his native county, he acquitted himself so much to the satisfaction of his constituents and the public at large, that the resignation of his seat was the subject of universal regret. But the same abilities, the same love of his country, the same diligence and activity, for which he was so eminent in the Senate, were observable in every situation, and under all circumstances, wherever the public was indebted to him for his services, whether at the quarter sessions, at meetings of the county, or on any emergence to call forth his talents and his zeal. And if we consider how sorely he was afflicted with that

and respected him whom it has pleased God to take from us, will feel grateful to the writer for such a testimony. It is amongst the many subjects of consolation that are afforded to us, after our long protracted anxieties, and the anguish of separation from one so near and dear to

painful malady the gout, the spirited perseverance with which he transacted business and surmounted difficulties was wonderful. Of the clearness of his views, his argumentative skill, his patriotism, and his candour, the political writings with which he favoured the public, are a decisive evidence. Nor did his private conduct less merit our esteem. That he was at all times indeed consistent with himself, must naturally have been expected by those who knew (and all who knew him must have known) that he was a man of the strictest religious principle. No longer than he could be useful to his friends, and to his fellow-creatures, (the latter is tautology—for all were his friends!) no longer had he a wish to live. The perfect conviction, that his talents were entrusted to him not for selfish purposes, but for the benefit of mankind, accompanied with the consciousness that he was acting always in the sight of that God from whom he derived them, was the great incentive, we believe, to all his exertions. Under this sincere conviction, and with this delightful consciousness, his manners were mild and affable, and the expression of his feelings simple and energetic, without disguise, without affectation. That such a life was closed on the pillow of resignation and peace, it were almost superfluous to say. Long tormented, and at length exhausted by the disease which we have mentioned, he sunk on that pillow amidst the tears of fidelity, friendship, and love; to be regretted by his neighbourhood as one of the severest losses it hath ever sustained; to be lamented through a far more extensive circle as the most estimable and amiable of characters; to be remembered as one of the fairest examples of human worth, till memory shall cease to sigh over departed virtue, till the sense of honour shall be extinguished among men."

us, that he has left behind him so good a name, and that his loss is really and generally felt.

> "That which should accompany old age,
> "As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,

did indeed accompany him.*

I beg my best compliments and wishes to Mrs. P. and your family.

Yours truly, WILLIAM GREGOR*.

Dr. COLE *to* R. P.

DEAR POLWHELE, Oxford, Oct. 14, 1815.

Although I cannot call a meeting of the College for the express and sole purpose of considering the question respecting some additional assistance towards the completion of your work, yet I can venture almost to answer for Exeter College, that it will unite with the principal gentlemen of Cornwall for this end.

Your letters have come to hand, but have found me much occupied in College concerns, which take up a great deal of my time. Your congratulations on my recovery from a very serious illness were I am sure sincere, and ought to have been acknowledged with thanks long ago. My health

* He, too, is gone!—And in him I have lost a sincere friend. Almost the last time I had the pleasure of dining with him, his literary cordiality (if I may so express myself) affected me most sensibly.

can never be again so good as it has been. I have cause, however, for much thankfulness, and trust that with due care I may hold out a few years longer. I talk of visiting my parish at Christmas, when my stay will be necessarily very short, and my departure may probably be as abrupt as it was last year. My brother's residence in Glamorganshire is a strong inducement to my stepping into a king's vessel at St. Ives whenever it offers. I adopted this mode of travelling last year with so much pleasure and delight that I might be tempted to make another such excursion on my way to Oxford in Lent Term. And in such case I may again give my friends in the east of Cornwall the go by. Do you never mean to leave your native county again?—Whenever you do, I hope that Oxford will have sufficient attractions to make you deviate a little from any line in which your business may call you. I need not say, I trust, how happy I should be to see you under my own roof, and to talk over some of the scenes of our youth.

I am just returned from my little parsonage in the Isle of Wight, where I have spent the whole of the Summer much to my satisfaction. My situation is very beautiful, but my living is very small; the number of souls in my parish less than one hundred. Still it is a most desirable residence for a head of a College, especially one who was almost born and bred in the sea, which washes some of my glebe at Yaverland, and is in view

and not far from my house. After an absence of three months I have much to do, so God bless you. Believe me, your very sincere and faithful friend, JOHN COLE *.

Sir WALTER SCOTT *to* R. P.

MY DEAR SIR, Abbotsford, Nov. 4, 1815

I have been a long and distant wanderer from home; and though I reached this cottage six weeks ago, I only got "Isabel" yesterday. She was in my house at Castle-street, in possession of an old housekeeper, who, knowing perhaps from youthful experience the dangers which attend young ladies on their travels, kept her, with some other captives, until my wife, going to town to attend a grand musical festival, made a general jail delivery, and sent (among many, though none so welcome, packets) the fair maiden of Cotehele. What I liked so much in the MS. gained of course by being made more legible; and did it rest with me, I would rank "Isabel" with "Local Attachment;" that is, with one of the poems of modern times which has afforded me the most sincere pleasure.

Allow me to inclose you a small poem on the

* "The letters of my friends are ardent in youth; in mature life lukewarm; cold as ice when they reach their fortieth year; till at length the feeble spark is exhausted. I could produce an immense collection of MSS. to corroborate this assertion. The rule is universal." See Gleim's letter to Christopher Klopstock, in "Klopstock and his Friends," p. 265, 8vo. 1814.—From my own experience I should judge otherwise.

greatest of all events which has dignified our eventful time. I was gradually induced to commit myself upon this very perilous ground, first by wishing to give something to the fund more handsome than usual for the poor fellows and their relatives who suffered; and then from a sort of pride which was unwilling to retreat from a peril once encountered. In you the verses will find a lenient critic; for you can well appreciate the difficulty of a theme unmanageable in proportion to its magnificence, and rendered still more difficult in proportion to its lateness. It is done and dared however, and there let it pass *cum cæteris erroribus.*

My stay in France, which was pretty long for what we called a flying visit, has still more endeared my own country: and the manly rectitude of its morals, and simplicity of its habits.

Adieu, my dear Sir, very much your obliged servant, WALTER SCOTT.

The beautiful verses to Sir Hussey Vivian also arrived during my Gallic tour.

Lines addressed to Major-General Sir Hussey Vivian, K. C. B. on his return to Truro, July 27, 1815.

O'er the vale of thy birth the calm breezes play'd light,
And the azure waves sparkling in silence were still'd;
The Spire with fine radiance stole soft on the sight,
When all were with shouts, as in extasy, thrill'd—
O Vivian! to blazon thy matchless desert!
How dear is the tribute which springs from the heart.

Thy trophies had Britain with full rapture meeting
On the son of her Wellington graciously smil'd:
But thy townsmen with emulous ardour were greeting
The return of the *Warrior* they knew from the *child!*
From the clarion shrill pæans triumphantly part;
But how sweet is applause, when it bursts from the heart.

As I see thine arm grasping the eagles of France,
Red Azincourt wakens heroic delight:
Again to Black Edward the triple plumes dance—
And again I salute the high helmeted knight!
—To the canvas historic all Cressy may start,—
'Tis the voice of the living speaks home to the heart.

From the plains where dark Tyranny fell in despair,
To mark, in its progress, the pride of thy march,
Lo Fancy, delighting in visions of air,
Had woven to Glory an amaranth-arch:
But Fancy resigns her embellishing art
To the simple expression that flows from the heart.

While the Corsican—he, at whose nod the world trembled,
Now Albion's pale prisoner lies low at thy feet;
The *Stranger* admires thee with joy undissembled—
Thy prowess his glances of gratitude meet;
But the look of the *Friend* who knows all thy desert—
How dear is that look, which comes warm from the heart.

Our sails of dominion so awfully furl'd,
And our spoils from the field so exultingly won,
Whilst *we* hail thee the herald of Peace to the world;—
The *Parent* in safety embraces her son!
Our fond gratulations new pleasure impart;
But sweeter the filial repose of the heart.

In his "History of Cornwall" (vol. IV. p. 102), Mr. P.'s testimony to the merits of VIVIAN is equally strong and animated.

If (says he) at one conjuncture, a *St. Aubyn*, a *Glynn*, or a *Pitt*, have stood foremost in the ranks of our political worthies;

a *Basset* and a *Gregor* have been no less conspicuous at another. And a *Pellew* and a VIVIAN have still raised us to a prouder pre-eminence.

And in a note:

Of Pellew (now Lord Exmouth) I had almost said that the naval honours are eclipsed by the military fame of Sir HUSSEY VIVIAN! Truro is justly proud of both.

CAPEL LOFFT *to* R. P.

DEAR SIR, Court of Sessions, Bury, Oct. 22, 1816.

I am happy that my "Anthology of Sonnets" has introduced me to your correspondence.

I have been variously delighted with your picturesque sketches of the "Old English Gentleman;" your charming and interesting "Portrait of Harriet;" the "Race of the Village Girls;" the "Race-horse and the Dog;"—these scenes vibrate on my mind, my imagination, and my heart.

The "Local Attachments" please me exceedingly. And the subject is the most peculiarly impressive on me, as I am at present living at a distance from the house and grounds of the *Capels*, my maternal ancestors, in which an ever-respected and beloved mother was born; in which her brother, the editor of Shakspeare *, was born; and the children of both my marriages; in which I resided almost constantly for thirty-five years. The trees of the garden and the shrubs, a great part of them planted with my own hands,

* The friend of my revered relation, Mr. Collins.

or by hands that more endeared them and the place itself, its walks, its water, its plantations, are those which I made, and those which I formed; its natural yews, poplars, thorns, laburnums, and oaks, are become as familiar friends to me, and as witnesses of my pains and pleasures, and the circumstances of my life during this long and eventful period.

I have stopped to listen to an exordium by Mr. Stokes on the nature of evidence and the balance of conflicting testimony; which has been indeed excellent in diction, elocution, argument, and oratorical rhythm.

I now resume—I have left Troston for Ipswich; where we are for the education of my younger children. I have let the hall for three years certain.

I remember the late Judge, Mr. George Hardinge, well. He was an Etonian, of older standing than I—a relative to my father by marriage; and frequently have we met, when we were boys, at my father's house at Windsor.

I am much gratified with your Sonnet* on the

* Where sleeps the Muse? Doth no faint echo tell,
O Hardinge! worth that claims supreme applause?
Is it, in sooth, Affliction's silent pause?
Hath cold Indifference damp'd the vocal shell?
Pale at an hour when Sorrow mark'd too well
The dire contempt of ancient Honour's laws,
Did not the few (who "to the good old cause"
Yet clinging, caught with sighs the funeral knell),
See, parting as from earth, the soul sincere,
Undaunted faith, where flam'd the rebel blade,

late judge, of whom I have just intimated my early recollections.

I have had (and the Graces allow me to expect) so little success in my Sonnets, that, ample as my materials are, I have little hope of adding a sixth volume; and, at all events, I should be exceedingly sorry, that upon such a possibility (or were it even a certainty) you should relinquish, or so much as postpone your Sonnets (interesting as they must be) on eminent men. Much do I look for them: with the assurance of great pleasure, should I live to see them.

I have much expectation from your "English Orator," and from your Poem "on the susceptibility of the Poetic Character." The extracts which I had seen, had long given me a wish for a possession so valuable as that which you have conferred upon me: so additionally valuable as a testimony of your opinion.

I should be happy, either as to my Anthology of Sonnets, or as to Mrs. Lofft's and my joint collection of Shakspeare's Aphorisms, if a copy would be acceptable to any friend of yours, and to know when it might be most conveniently sent.

You will probably have seen that the ill-health of the author of the "Farmer's Boy," the circumstances of the times, and the failure of his early publishers, have caused some of his literary friends,

> And legal science, to thy Camden dear,
> And Taste refin'd, that wooed the whispering glade,
> And generous Friendship, that trac'd back the tear
> Still redolent of youth, to "Henry's holy shade!"

particularly his neighbours, Mr. Stewart, the Rev. George Stone, a man of literature, taste, knowledge, and benevolence, the Rev. John Morley, a man of eminent learning, taste, and benevolent sensibility, to set on foot a subscription in his behalf. Mrs. Cobbold, a lady whose benevolent exertions are unwearied, and who loves and cultivates all the fine arts, has eminently exerted herself in promoting the requisite assistance in this county, the parent and the nurse of the pastoral genius of the poet.

This provincial subscription you will probably ere this have seen. Sir Egerton Brydges, Mr. Parker, Mr. Octavius Gilchrist, and Mr. Nevill White (brother of Kirke White), have been endeavouring to set on foot subscriptions in their several districts.

If by your means the plan of subscription may (consistently with your sentiments and inclination) be introduced in Cornwall, this may be a great benefit to Mr. Bloomfield.

I remain, respectfully, and with great esteem, yours sincerely, CAPEL LOFFT.

Dr. COLE *to* R. P.

DEAR POLWHELE, Yaverland Parsonage, Sept. 17, 1816.

I return you many thanks for the divinity and poetry which you presented to your old and esteemed friend, who laments the circumstances which prevent his making this acknowledgment in person. You seldom travel Eastward. And although I am constantly on the move, I feel that a great distance from my grand concern in Ox-

ford is not compatible with my duty there. My residence here, therefore, is preferable to Gulval, as well on other accounts as that it is within reach of any sudden call to the discharge of my academical duties. The enclosed prize exercise of a youth of Exeter College, on a subject which obtained you also so much applause in your early days, at a period of life indeed less advanced than Mr. Burton's, will not be unacceptable to you *. We did not gain prizes at Exeter College during your residence in the University; but, I trust, we shall continue to have our full share of honours. Yours, &c. JOHN COLE.

The same to the same.

DEAR POLWHELE, Oxford, Oct. 30, 1816.

I have often lamented your want of a master's, or a superior degree. The Bampton Lecture would be a fair object of your ambition, and would not fail to reward you amply. The money paid for the eight sermons now amounts to £140. But the degree of M. A. at least is a necessary qualification; and I fear that you have no degree. Candidates are not numerous. The present Lecturer was solicited to undertake the office. I wish it were possible to think of you for his successor.

We have had our old school-fellow Ned Pellew † here again, and have made as much of him as he himself could wish.

Yours, &c. JOHN COLE.

* I have mislaid the Poem. But I had pleasure in perusing it.

† Lord Exmouth.

The same to the same.

DEAR POLWHELE, Oxford, Nov. 21, 1816.

Perhaps Mrs. P. and you may have been waiting with impatience for an answer to your last letter. But you little know the difficulties I have had to encounter in your business. In the first place I could not learn by your letter whether you are a Graduate or not, nor could I find out whether, if not a Graduate, you were on the Law-line and what is called a Civilian. My first step was to go to Christ Church, where, upon a reference to the Buttery books, for which the Treasury was hunted, you appear with *Dominus* before your name. It then seemed evident that you were B. A. But, upon enquiry into the University books, for which the archives were searched by the Keeper and the Registrar, as well as myself, no trace could be found of your having determined or been admitted to your degree. So that it is quite clear, although you may be admitted as a Graduate in your College, you are not so in the University, which has nothing to do with the usages of Christ Church, or any other individual College. Another difficulty now occurred, for it does not appear whether you have in your possession the *Testamur* or examination paper. If you have it, you must produce it; if you have it not, another must be obtained. It was long before it could be ascertained, whether you were examined for a degree in Arts or Law.—This morning, and

not till now, I have ascertained by an old book in possession of the Proctor, that you were examined for the degree of B. A. The way is now clear, I trust, without subjecting you to any further examinations. You and your friend Hazlewood were examined by Wells, of Worcester College, Flamank, and Donald: the latter is dead. The two others, or one of them, may sign a fresh Testamur if you have lost yours. And a dispensation will be granted for the one or two signatures, instead of three. You cannot be a candidate for the Bampton Lecture till you are a Master of Arts, which you may be at Easter if you adopt the following plan, and not else. You must take the degree of B. A. this term. The three regular days are, Friday the 29th instant, Thursday the 5th of December, and Tuesday the 17th. A day or two only will be necessary for this business. An indispensable Exercise is the determination in Lent, which can be done in no other Term, and consists of two Declamations, which you will have to read before the Proctor. Three weeks residence will keep the Term, and enable you to proceed M. A. the first day of Easter Term. But if you should not have occasion for the latter degree immediately, you may defer it to a time of more leisure and convenience. Yet you cannot be a candidate for the Lecture till you are M. A. Do not forget that you cannot *determine* but in Lent. And that a clear Term between the two degrees must be kept. Whenever you come here, you and Mrs. P. must consider my house your home,

unless you happen to fix upon the 17th of December, when I hope to be in Wales, where I have promised to spend my Christmas with my brother, whom I have not visited since his marriage. I leave Oxford, with my niece, on the 11th. Your first step must be to write to the Dean, and desire that your name may be re-entered in Christ Church books. You will of course go out Grand Compounder. The oath is "utrum habeas Benefic' ad valorem £40 (in the King's book) aut alios redditus sive in terris sive in pecuniis ad valorem trecentarum librarum." The two degrees as a Grand Compounder will cost you perhaps £80; as a Petty Compounder, not half the money. Let me know what your plans are, and direct to me in London, under cover to M. A. Taylor, Esq. Whitehall, where I am going next week for some days on College business.

Yours truly, JOHN COLE*.

* I have certainly been strangely inattentive through life to public honours, and to public men.—A fellowship at Exeter College, old Dr. Bray, the Rector, would have ensured me. A Canon-studentship at Christ Church was within my reach. But, after passing through all the preparatory examinations for a degree, I abruptly left College, S. C. L. In after-life I might have written, Fellow of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies: Sir G. Yonge and others more than once pressed these honours upon me.—To present my History of Devon to the King, I declined; though in a letter from Dundas to Sir G. Yonge (now before me), I observed that the King had permitted the Dedication, and that a day was fixed for presenting my book. In this county I might, at one time, have been elected a Capital Burgess of ——, under the auspices of the noble and highly-respected house of Tregothnan; to which I have been more and more

T. *to* R. P.

MY DEAR SIR, June 4, 1817.

* * * * * * *

Of our worthy friend Gregor, I can only say that his days will be few. He is descending quickly to the grave, and will leave a sad and wide opening behind him; which, as far as respects me, nothing can fill up. I see him twice a week; he is steady, composed, and full of humble hope through the merits of his Redeemer. He does not suffer from actual pain, but complains of

attached in proportion as I have learnt to esteem virtue and talent beyond an Earldom's coronet.—Let me add, that invitations to Mount Edgecumbe from the late Lord E. and to Boconnoc from Lord Grenville, couched in terms the most flattering, might have been regarded without the risque of any injury to my children!—And, with respect to Cole, Rector of Exeter College, and Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, had I followed his instructions (as above), I might, probably, have been enrolled among the Bampton Lecturers.

In extenuation of so many sins of omission, I might plead a very early attachment, which interfered even with College-exercises, since "Love absorbs ambition," and a gouty morbid temperament, and habits of domestication, induced by a numerous offspring.

The above is the last letter I ever received from Dr. Cole. He died at Marazion, where he was born, in 1819, at the age of 63; sincerely regretted by all who knew him, and by none I believe more than myself—

Quo desiderio veteres revocamus amores,
Atque olim amissas flemus amicitias!

How we regret our loves of former years!
Our long-lost friendships—how lament in tears!

languor and weakness: and yet he draws grateful conclusions from a comparison of his case with poor Vivian's.

Yours, &c. T.

The same to the same.

MY DEAR FRIEND, May 7, 1818.

Judge of my feelings, judge of your success this evening! I had retired to my study, and had actually, and *bonâ fide*, placed Lowth's sweet Epitaph before me, and leaning on my hands, was applying that cheering part:

At veniet felicius ævum
Quando iterum tecum (sim modo dignus) ero,

when I was roused by the servant bringing in my letters. With what agonized feelings did I indulge in your beautiful and pathetic elegy, and I again gave full scope to all my sorrows, and perhaps never were lines penned more successfully. I value them much; and I heartily thank you for your sympathy, and your affectionate remembrance of us. Yours, &c. T.

A Father's Adieu to his Daughter Maria; April 23, 1818.

——————— paternos
Eja! age in amplexus, cara Maria! redi.
BISHOP LOWTH.

Ah, dearer to a Father's heart
Than all the gifts the world can give,
Alas! MARIA! must we part,
And yet on earth thy Parents live?

To thee, to every duty true,
To every Christian virtue dear,
How shall I bid the last adieu,
And hovering, trembling, linger here?

Oh! thro' the kindling bloom of youth
If angel-graces ever shone—
Ingenuous Candour, simple Truth—
Heaven-born, I hail'd them all thine own.

Farewell, my Love! again farewell!
My faultering tongue would utter more—
But, as Affection fain would tell
What Memory sickens to explore,

Scenes of thy infant years arise
To bring back all my fondest care:
And I would grasp at fleeted joys,
A moment sunk in dark despair.

Yes—but a moment!—Cannot Faith
The heart-pang soften to a sigh;
And gild, amidst the shades of Death,
The gushing tear, the clouded eye?

And is it not a light illumes—
Lo gleam on gleam—my dreary hour?
I see, descending thro' the glooms,
The radiance of no earthly Bower.

And hark—a Spirit seems to say—
Beckoning she waves her lily hand—
"Come—come, my Father! come away!
And mingle with our Seraph band!"

O! 'tis MARIA's self—her smile—
Her gentle voice—It cannot be!
A phantom lures me all the while—
No—no—her accents call on me!

I come! O "dearer to my heart"
Than all the treasures worlds contain—
Nor Death shall dear MARIA part
From these paternal arms again!

Lines, occasioned by the death of another young Lady. May 1818.

Ah! Mira! thy young mantling bloom,
Thine airy form, where frolic play'd,
Light as yon finch that sleeks her plume
And dances thro' the summer-shade;

Thy chesnut hair, whose glossy flow
The blue veins of thy temples kiss'd,
Or cluster'd, to relieve the glow
That kindled o'er thy heaving breast;

The melting glance, that spoke the soul
Soft from beneath thy dark eyelashes,
And lips that Love's own nectar stole—
What are they now—but—dust and ashes!

The Rev. W. MORGAN *to* R. P.

SIR, Abergwilly, Jan. 21, 1819.

As the Bishop of St. David's was in London when I received your letter respecting the Prize Essay, your real name, and place of abode; I have enclosed it to his Lordship, who tells me he has written to you *,

I return you many thanks for your kind offer of a copy of your Sermons, as I pre-entertain a high opinion of their worth and merit, remembering to have seen in the "Orthodox Churchman's Magazine," some subjects very ably handled by Mr. Polwhele.

Yours, &c. W. MORGAN.

*"The Essay (said the Bishop) will not only be very interesting to all sincere Christians, but afford a substantial answer to the Materialists, whom Mr. Rennell has ably combated upon other grounds."

R. P. *to the Rev.* R. LAMPEN, *Plymouth.*

REV. SIR, Kenwyn, June 23, 1819.

Will you have the goodness to accept the following Sonnet on the subject of your "Athenæum," that truly classical edifice, which does honour to the talents of Mr. Foulston? I beg leave to congratulate your Institution on the remains of Grecian genius thus finding a congenial residence on the banks of the Plym.

Your faithful servant, R. P.

SONNET.

Heard ye not erst, from fractur'd arch, and frieze,
And mouldering shaft, where o'er the moss that creeps
To wrap Pandrosus' ruin sculpture weeps—
Heard ye not some sad cadence in the breeze—
As midst that marble fane the Sun's last glow
In cold gloom fainting, ting'd those shaggy steeps?
Ah! 'twas a Carian * Sister!—Silent, slow
Ilyssus paus'd, and caught the warbled woe!
But hark!—far other sounds distinct I hear!

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* Consecrated by the lapse of two thousand years, the Caryatides, or five Caryan Virgins, had adorned the temple of Pandrosus at Athens till Lord Elgin carried one of them away. And when the other four had lost their sister, they filled the air at the close of the evening with the most mournful sighs. Nor was the ravished sister insensible to the sorrows of affection: The lower town, where she was placed, was astonished by her answering in the same plaintive strain!! So was it believed at Athens. See North Douglas's "Essay on the Antient and Modern Greeks," pp. 85, 86, 87.

Wafted across the British wave, a tone
How sweet! that Sister breathes to Pleasure's ear;
And in the kindling form, the living stone
That crowns the banks of Plym to Science dear,
Sees Dorian Grace arise, and beauties all her own.

D. *to* R. P.

DEAR SIR, Aug. 25, 1820.

Your lovely and interesting poem on the "Influence of Local Attachment" is, I perceive, on comparing it with the edition of 1798, improved in many parts by occasional alterations in imagery and phraseology, and by some additional stanzas. The "Fair Isabel of Cotehele" I had previously read; it is, I think, unequal in its execution, but many of its parts are happily finished, and possess much of that romantic wildness of scenery and incident so essential to poetry of this species.

With your sermons, both in a literary and religious point of view, I have been uncommonly gratified. Yet, excellent as they are as compositions, they are infinitely more valuable for their affecting piety and purity of precept. There is indeed, a touching simplicity, a tenderness and charm about many of them, as well in illustration as in subject, which I have seldom or ever met with before, in this department of literature.

They sink into the mind and heart!

Yours, &c. D.

STANZAS *written at Polwhele, near Truro, July* 19, 1821.
(The day of the Coronation.)

"Yes! British youths! the love of home inspires
Generous affections!—Is not the retreat,
Where burn the filial, the parental fires,
Full oft the nursery of the good and great;
Where Friendship kindles an heroic heat,
And, linkt amidst the lofty-pannell'd hall,
Bosoms in sympathetic union beat;
Whence, if their country good or ill befal,
They rise with noble warmth, they start at Honour's call *?"

'Such were my numbers on the banks of Kenne;
Nor could its slow stream sooth the pensive hour
As Fancy wing'd me to my native glen,
And in sweet vision rear'd this distant bower!
'Twas then no mean ambition, fond to tower
Above the crowd, a progeny pourtray'd
Not loitering in green meads to cull the flower,
Not warbling love-notes in the secret shade,
But prompt to instruct rude minds, or sway the ensanguin'd blade.

'Twas then the azure of yon Heaven, my sons!
Had not yet open'd on your infant sight;
Nor could I mark the race that virtue runs,
Perplex'd with troubles, or in glory bright!
Nor could I trace, distinct in various light,
The path of honour each was form'd to tread:
'Twas all Imagination's fervid flight.
I saw no tempest gathering overhead,
Nor trembled at the toils by Vice or Folly spread.

Where India whirls her suffocating sands,
Or in her lightnings scares the forest-gloom,
Say, for your duteous brothers, shall the brands
Of death repose?—Alas, for ills to come!—
What tho' of thousands they have seal'd the doom,
Say, can they bid the pestilence avaunt,
Or stray, unheeding where invaders roam,

* See "Local Attachment," book the third.

Or welcome, from their bulwark'd elephant
The howling wilderness, or scorn the tiger's haunt?
And ye too, whether Destiny may waft
Or death or life, now clustering round your sire,
Firm on old Albion's cliffs, the fatal shaft
Would meet unshrinking, if emergence dire
Ask'd Valour's arm to wake the adventurous fire!
Lo *one*, who hail'd, fair Greece! thine altar-isles!
An embryo Nelson, see his soul aspire—
Alike unmov'd, where vast the Atlantic boils,
Or sleeps the Egean wave array'd in summer smiles.

Yet from this little groupe my Country calls
For aid we rate above the warlike arm:
She looks to Academus's learned halls!—
She looks to where forensic contests swarm
In bloodless strife, and throngs confess the charm
Of Eloquence! Be thine that better part,
My William! in the cause of Virtue warm,
To guide thy flock with no insidious art,
Instilling heavenly truths, a balsam to the heart.

And rest we here? Ah no!—we rest not here—
Three boys untutor'd trip their careless way;
Unweeting, if a sorrow or a fear
Rise, on dark cloud, to dim their sunny day—
If syren pleasure lead their steps astray
When the pale sod shall cover me, so cold—
But why, from boding sighs, why faints my lay?
Hope, angel Hope, O come thy views unfold,
And o'er the landscape shed thy rays of living gold!

O wipe away, sweet comforter! the tears
That gush unbidden from the mournful eye;
And kindly picture all the future years,
Reflecting back the fairest times gone by;
Shew, in clear perspective, my progeny
Still emulous of hereditary worth!
O bid them with their loyal fathers vie;
And, proudly conscious of superior birth,
Salute, as with one heart, their hospitable hearth.

E'en now, perhaps, the chieftains, who unsheath'd
The massy sword, to guard Matilda's throne,
Who, from the plains of Cressy, laurel-wreath'd,
First in the ranks of western warriors shone;
And they who whilom fell, where rebels won
The unrighteous palm,—may hover o'er a scene
So lov'd in life, and listening to the tone
Of dying gales, those tremulous limes between,
Hail the last flush of eve that tints yon glimmering green.

E'en now, perhaps, they note with new delight
The expanding minds of no degenerate race,
And long, as they anticipate the sight
Here opening fast, of every honest grace,
To clasp them in a parent's fond embrace,
Whilst Faith and Truth a blended radiance fling:
And not the minions or of Power or Place
(Tho' Heaven's wide arch with acclamations ring)
Beam from their ermin'd pomp more glory round their King.

Yes! tho' imperial grandeur to the gaze
Of millions, in one pause of wonder, flame,
And coronets flash fierce the mingling blaze,
And echo triumph in the wild acclaim
To ratify a George's patriot aim;—
Such votive offerings as this calm recess
Prefers unpublish'd by the trump of Fame—
The Crown shall, in fraternal concord bless,
And on sure basis fix the Sovereign's happiness!

To these stanzas I add the "Lines in memory of Thomas Vivian, Esq." (brother to Sir Hussey Vivian,) who died at Truro, Thursday Sept. 18, 1821.

If Vivian! from the dawn of infant years,
Thy gentle heart diffused a charm o'er all,
The love that wins, the sweetness that endears,
Mild as the blush of May, at evening-fall;

If, as thy virtue open'd to the light,
To please thy parents, was thy cordial pride;
O! if Affection saw and bless'd the sight,
Thy steps assiduous at thy father's side;
If not a wish sprang ardent to thy breast,
But fluttering sought the sanction of thy sire,
Nor in that Sire one transient frown repress'd—
One wavering doubt thy youth's ingenuous fire;
If Science to thy fast-expanding mind
Unlock'd with liberal hand her various views,
Though Taste her polished votary had consign'd
To the soft nurture of the classic Muse;—
Shall not that worth which won the world's applause
Thy friends regret, who knew that worth so well,
And, as their grief finds utterance, in each pause
Of anguish, all thy merits fondly tell;—
Recal thy every feeling, every word,
Thy feeble frame if pain or pleasure shook,
On Memory's tablet emulous to record
Those trembling accents, that expressive look?
Oh yes!—thy every glance, thy every tone,
Each cadence of thy faultering voice, has power
In tears to soften the lamenting moan—
And that calm languish of thy dying hour!
Sweet symptoms they of satisfied desire!—
"How vain, ye distant climates *! to restore
New life!—how vain fresh vigour to inspire!
But O! ye distant climates! ye did more!
All—all I ask'd, was but at Home to die!
Lo! to my prayer the gracious boon is given!
And from my *earthly Parent's roof*, I fly
Triumphant to *my Father's House* in *Heaven!*"

An excellent memoir of Mrs. JANE COLLINS (who died two months after Mr. Vivian) may be seen in the Gentleman's Magazine for December, 1821, pp. 569, 570.

* Such he felt and said!—On his travels, he did not expect to recover.—All he wished, was to return to his native home, and die in the bosom of his family.

CHAPTER X.

Section I.

Newlyn Vicarage.

In 1821, the Author of these Memoirs was presented by the Bishop of Exeter to the vicarage of Newlyn.—And it was my lot to fix my residence where one of my own family had lived, a vicar of Newlyn, about a century and a half before. His humble habitation had a southern aspect: and his little garden was sheltered by the church rising immediately above it. To the old apartments, several good rooms are now added, fronting the north. The situation is high and open, but the walls are solid, and the building is compact and strong; and they who love sea views, may here be gratified with a prospect of "the great waters."

There was much in the church that required improvement: and it is hoped that in addition to a gallery just erected * (and occupied by the school-children), to * pews along the North wall regularly placed, and to a lightning-conductor *, the repairing of the tower-pinnacles and battlements,

* Chiefly at the expence of the Vicar.

an iron-gate at the porch, a new east-window, and deeper plantations round the church-yard (as connected with the vicarage-house and shrubbery), will recommend the whole to those who love to "visit the temple."

For literature I have not failed to *write*—but have printed little more, since our approach to the shores of the North, than a Prize Essay, and a Poetic Epistle.

The Epistle was addressed to Archdeacon Nares, in consequence of my having been elected an Honorary Associate of the Royal Society of Literature, for "eminent services in the cause of letters," if I may use the words of my certificate.

May I add, that the King has honoured this poem with his notice?

DIVINITY and CRITICISM. "An Essay on Marriage, Adultery, and Divorce, now first printed: and, an Essay on the State of the Soul between Death and the Resurrection, the third edition: to both of which premiums have been adjudged by the Church Union Society. The outline of a Sermon; and a Lecture on Taste. With an Appendix, containing various illustrations, particularly 'the Deserted Village School,' a Poem,' 1823.

"Outlines of Four Sermons, 1824, entitled, 1. The Sepulchre of Psammis. 2. The Knowledge of the Truth. 3 and 4. Insanity, no symptom of conviction or conversion."

1824. POETRY. "An Epistle to an Archdeacon, Vice President of the Royal Society of Literature, from R. P. an Honorary Associate."—"Secum spatiatur arenâ."

DIVINITY, preparing for publication:

1. Sermons, in two pocket volumes, the first intituled, "The Happy Family on Earth;" the second, "The Happy Family in Heaven." In the *first* volume, husband and wife, parents and children, are introduced as exemplifying the domestic virtues.

In the *second*, the same characters are represented as recognizing each other, and as reunited in a future state.

2. "Five Discourses; proving the accuracy of the Bible in its notices of the phenomena of nature."

POETRY, intended for republication:

1. A new edition of "The Influence of Local Attachment," corrected and enlarged.

2. A new edition of "The Fair Isabel," corrected.

3. A new edition of "Theocritus, Bion, Moschus, and Tyrtæus, translated into English verse," corrected, and in many places re-translated. "As a Pastoral writer (observes an intelligent commentator on this Poet of rural life), Theocritus found every advantage in the delicious climate, and luxurious landscapes of Sicily. The picturesque scenery of the hills and vallies, an almost endless variety of trees and shrubs, the grottoes, precipices, and fountains, the sweetness and serenity of the skies, all these, combined with the tranquillity of retirement in awakening the muse, and inspiring the pastoral numbers."—See letters of E. P. Gent. Mag. for May, pp. 416, 417.

POETRY, preparing for publication:

1. "The Pleasures of Taste," a Poem in three parts.

2. "The Nesting-season, or the Adventures of an Ornithologist," in six Epistles.

3. "The Merchant of Smyrna;" a Dramatic piece in three Acts; to which are added Sonnets to eminent Literary Characters.

4. "The Visitation of the Poets," in eight Cantos.

5. "A Poetic Sketch of Dartmoor and its vicinities."

6. "The Fall of Constantinople," a Poem in six Cantos, illustrated by extracts from the Byzantine Historians.

7. "The Grotto of Xenocrates."

8. "The Syrian Princess," a Dramatic Poem, in five acts.

SECTION II.

Letters from 1821 *to* 1824.

Epistle to the Rev. R. GREVILLE *, *rapidly written at Newlyn Vicarage, at the moment of the closing year of* 1821.

Again, to love and friendship true,
I heave the sigh; and bid adieu
This moment to the closing year!—
'Tis past!—It well deserves a tear!
I saw it, like a funeral pall †,
Drop its dim curtain over all.
Say, in this pause so dark, so still,
Doth fancy creep, my blood to chill,
Then rustle in the rising wind
A spectre to my troubled mind?
Say, from the surges of the north
Is she not prompt to body forth
Phantoms that seem to swell the gale,
And urge o'er rocks the headlong sail?

---

* I end as I began, in addressing my "Recollections" to one of the dearest friends of my youth!—His Poetry and Music are beautiful indications of an elegant and feeling mind. From a late publication I extracted the following:

"GREVILLE (Rev. R.) an English amateur composer of glees and other vocal music. His glee, *Now the bright Morning Star*, is a highly celebrated composition in that style. His compositions appeared about the year 1787." See *Dictionary of Musicians*. Longman and Co. 1824.

† "'Tis but the funeral of a former year."

Oh yes !—Too oft to Fancy's power
Have I resign'd the trembling hour,
For confidence, crouch'd low to fear,
And thought 'twas grief, when joy was near.
How chequer'd was the various scene,
While pleasure gleam'd its shades between :
Where, boding now, my mental eye
Saw morning-rainbows span the sky *,
And chas'd, thro' gossamery lines,
The fiery blaze that scalds and shines † ;
Now bade the brightening sun illume
The waste, where erst was heavy gloom !
Yet have I lost the friends of youth,
Unblemish'd Candour, Virtue, Truth !—
He, to her halls whom Isis won
And crown'd with no mean wreath her son,
To whom, in Wolsey's favourite walk,
I owed the first sweet social talk ;
He sees not, number'd with the dead,
The tear Affection loves to shed !
Quaint was his phrase, but deep his thought,
His converse with reflexion fraught.
No levities, that mark the young,
Were his—no flippancy of tongue—
Perhaps, in Wisdom's school too sage,
Too serious for a boyish age :
But, partial to his works and ways,
I deem'd him worthy all my praise ;
Whether o'er tomes where battles bled
We shudder'd, till the Persian fled ;
Or rang'd, where pestilence o'erthrew
More than the sword of warrior slew,
(Tho' in the blood of thousands steep'd),
Minerva's streets with corses heap'd ;

---

* Morning rainbows portend bad weather.

† A scalding sun, and the gossamer glistening in the sunbeams, are sure indications of approaching rain.

What time, in Randolph's * liberal views,
'Twas ours to court the Grecian Muse;
Or whether to the mounting lark
We listen'd, and swift paced the park,
Or ponder'd on the evening-glow,
Round Christ Church meadow sauntering slow;
Or the quick oars, ere twilight, dash'd
Thro' glassy waves that crimson flash'd,
Soon as our straining eyes had conn'd
Thy monk-spelt rhymes, frail Rosamond!
Or whether, safe from wintery storms,
Hoar Plato! thine ideal forms
We fondly started and pursu'd,
And (all in philosophic mood,
To exert our energies resolv'd)
Whole ages at a glance revolv'd!
O what a lapse, since last we met,
A lapse of years!—What suns have set †!
Still in warm colours Hope had traced
The friends embracing and embrac'd,
And with the breath of fragrant May
Embalm'd their cordial holiday!
'Twas but the picture upon air
Glittering, then fading fast!—And there,
Where Oxton rear'd, around its dome,
Its hollies and its ashen bloom,
Purl'd in soft rills thro' woods and glades,
And murmur'd in its white cascades,
Led by the fairy Hope once more,
I hail'd the ever-open door,

---

* *Randolph*, who died Bishop of London, was the Author's tutor and lecturer at Ch. Ch.

† The Rev. *Dickens Hazlewood*. His decease was lately noticed in the Gentleman's Magazine. He was an excellent Greek scholar. During the latter years of his life, he devoted much of his time to the study of the Hebrew.

Where erst in sense, in wit, in glee,
Thy friends, O SWETE! * rejoic'd with thee,
And shared thy hospitable cheer,
One "happy Christmas" thro' the year,—
One joyous dance of festal glow,—
One kiss beneath the misletoe!
Each eager to applaud thy taste
Which lawn and grove and cottage chaste
(A landscape like enchanted land)
Rais'd by its fair creating wand!—
But see—the appalling hatchment flings
Its shadow over meads and springs!
And, sabler than the sombre yew,
The holly streams ungenial dew;
And mountain-ash the green sod sweep,
In pensive guise as willows weep!
Yet, what was Oxton's generous lord,
Alone, or at the social board,
To *him* who, by a sudden blow,
Was hurried from this world of woe?
And oh! if vanishing from earth
We aim to blazon the rare worth
Of Faith, of Truth, in word and deed,
That merited the immortal meed;
And, borne above the venal tribe,
Honour's high sense that spurn'd a bribe;
The mind that, rich in science, drew
(As fleet opinion shifts its hue,
Not from the sciolist, whose boast
Is dazzling artifice at most),
But treasure from no specious store,
Forensic and historic lore;

---

* The Rev. *John Swete*, of Oxton-house, Prebendary of the Cathedral Church of Exeter. In the "Poems by Gentlemen of Devon and Cornwall," some of his Sonnets are finely picturesque. We allow him his merits; though the vindication of myself must necessarily fling a censure on his literary conduct.

Decision, that owed all its force
To judgment, its unfailing source;
Terse phrase and illustration bright,
That with conviction mix'd delight;
And unassuming gracefulness
That shewed himself than others less;
And humour, whose mild lambent play
Lured to its light the grave and gay;—
Breathes one amidst the cultur'd ranks,
Whose domes adorn old Isca's banks,
That in this sketch, unsorrowing owns
Thy likeness, dear ingenuous JONES*?
Alas! three moons have scarcely shone
Since, after years of absence gone,
By too much feeling all unmann'd,
I felt the pressure of that hand,
A volume from the heart which told—
That hand—that heart—ah! now so cold!
Then, then—how emulous to reclaim
The characters of former fame,
We caught (nor was a trait defac'd)
The kindling features of the past,
And imaged, fresh as Flora's bower,
The sweets of many a future hour.
Dear parted spirits, farewell! I mourn,
As I would clasp each pallid urn

---

* *John Jones, Esq.* late Solicitor of Exeter; in early life, an Antiquary, excelling most of his brethren in rational investigation and acute research. In professional knowledge scarcely any were his equals. His judgment—his sound principles were unquestionable. He was one of those few in whom we might place implicit confidence. Who, in his society, could have been otherwise than delighted with his diffidence, his quiet humour, the variety of his anecdotes, and his uncommon adroitness in the application of them to passing transactions?—But his head was to his heart—as nothing. Can there be higher praise?—I do not think it exaggerated: I speak conscientiously.

That holds your ashes!—But to grief
In duty—love—I seek relief!
My soul to sorrow shall I give,
Dear—dearer far whilst others live?—
Others—my wife, my offspring, friends,
O'er whom affection fondly bends;
Nor, slow to succour or to bless,
Who melt in mutual tenderness?—
From this sequester'd spot far hence
While brood thy spawn, Impertinence!
And flutter Fashion's fickle train,
And all the dissolute and vain;
Be mine, my life if mercy spare,
To watch my flock with pastoral care;
And, cherishing the Poet's dream,
If some few summer-suns still beam,
(Ere yet the fine illusion fades,)
To woo, paternal seat! * thy shades,
And, as romance the strain inspires,
To greet proud dames, and vizor'd sires!
And lo!—midst the pale retrospect
Thro' time, 'tis pleasant to reflect,
That here, e'en here, in days of yore,
A reverend father † preach'd before;
That he, too, enter'd yonder church
Thro' the same venerable porch;
That he, too, heard—what legends tell—
The stories of my sainted well;
That where I muse ‡, he thought and read,
And, where I sleep, reposed his head.

---

* Polwhele, near Truro, eight miles from this place.

† The Rev. *Thomas Polwhele*, Vicar of Newlyn, about 150 years ago.

‡ In the old study, and the chamber over it.

The Rev. W. MORGAN *to* R. P.

REV. SIR, Abergwilly, Jan. 22, 1822.

I have the honour and pleasure of informing you, that your "Essay on the Scripture Doctrine of Adultery and Divorce," has been considered, by the Judges appointed to read and examine the Prize Essays, to be the *second best* written on that subject, for which you are by the decision entitled to twenty pounds.

I remain, Reverend Sir, your obedient humble servant, W. MORGAN, *Sec.*

P. S. The Bishop and other good judges consider your Essay as having been written in too much haste; otherwise it would be the best, or equal to it.

T. *to* R. P.

MY DEAR POLWHELE, March 23, 1822.

With respect to your Farmers, in the case of Tithes, it is wise to bend with the gust, holding fast by the root, and you will regain your position. Farmers are to be dealt with in a peculiar way. They have been compared, and with some justness, to the hound, clamorous when in pack, and skulking when detached. Accordingly, wise Vicars will never call them together to make or to receive proposals on the subject of Tithes, but will take them individually. You state, that they

compounded with Pooley at 15*d.* in the pound. I would advise you not to recede from that composition; it is moderate even in these times.—I have ever considered small Tithes equal to the Tithe sheaf. And now, the increased culture of turnips, and of the potatoe make them superior. You will gradually become acquainted with the respective merits of each farm, and may, if you see occasion, give up some temporary sum; and this may be wise to do, as long as they free you from all rates. Here is the reason for my advising you to bend with the present gust; for they may probably tax you with a £40. or £50. assessment, which you will have a difficulty in resisting. I should, therefore, by all means keep my ground at 15*d.* and even look to 1*s.* 6*d.* if they rate you. But I think your ground not comfortable to be unrated; for it will affect your decisions as a Magistrate, or rather their opinion of your decisions. It will be constantly thrown out, "Mr. P. pays nothing to the rates, and therefore doth not care what he orders." I think every Magistrate should stand to the rates, and should maintain his Tithes for his successor, as well as on his own account; and I am clearly of opinion that 1*s.* 3*d.* is below the value, even in these times.

The pressure of the times is shared largely by the clergy, reducing them to the condition of their predecessors, at the middle of the last century, when but few possessed papered or carpeted rooms. We have been floating on the late high tides of ideal wealth in common with our fellow-

men; the ebb tide has come upon us, and we find ourselves unexpectedly aground. During the flow we got into better habitations indeed, and perhaps into more indulging habits, and, it must be allowed, into an advance of income, which if we can hold, we may keep our ground until a rise of rates, which will assuredly come, may again set us afloat. All this argues the propriety of yielding to the elements, taking care not to cede to any spurt of wind, much less to meet its noise and bluster.

My old friend ******, fought with the beasts at Ephesus, when Rector of ———, admirably; he always kept his temper, and when his farmers stormed, as they did, against him, he had always a good humoured smile and answer for them, and so he weathered the storm. In this respect you cannot follow a better example*.

Yours sincerely, T.

The same to the same.

MY DEAR POLWHELE, March 27, 1822.

* * * * * * *

I hope you received my letter, respecting your situation with your new parishioners. These are times when we must be all things to all men. It will hazard our peace, if not our interests, to have recourse to the Ecclesiastical Laws. A sturdy squire

* This is a very sensible letter: It may be useful to my brethren.

of our acquaintance can at any time raise a posse of 500, and lead them forth to a crusade without the magic of staff or cockle-shell; and at the dinner board will be cheered by three times three against the whole hierarchy—against law, sense, and reason.—Let the crusaders weary themselves out; in due time they will discover the true merits of the champions. There never was an hour, when the reflection of Richard Hooker more happily applied than the present. It is so rich and full, that I desire you to take down instantly the Eccles. Pol. and read the first section of his first book. You no doubt know it well, but you know not half its beauties, if you omit this occasion.

One of the most providential dispensations for immortal creatures is, that their temporary residence should be full of troubles. I know nothing superior to this, except God's Revelation; was it not for the Bible, we should be, as reflecting creatures, the most miserable of the creation. With that book in our hands, and possessed of the peace of mind which it can convey, the vexations of this mortal coil are not half so painful as that little excrescence on the toe, which we call a corn. Disappointment and neglect are amongst the vexations of this world, and merit is commonly visited with these checks, and well it is for us, on the score of humility. Those, who like you, have laboured for the public, are and ever will be exposed to these overlookings; and well it is that they have not their recompence in this world. It is better for them to receive in their life time evil

things than good things. Here, a little Borough interest would outweigh eight books of Eccles. Policy.

I am reading Dr. Chalmers' "Christian and Civic Economy," in which I find much to approve, though I am not a friend to his style; but he satisfies respecting the services of the Dissenters. Perhaps the sin of Schism attaches to communities, and not to Christendom at large. If so, the Presbyterian and Quaker are no Schismatics. But the apostates from the rules and ordinances of any Established Church, without scriptural foundation, are guilty of the offence. If it were not for opposition we should grow fat and sizy, and our establishment would itself be a sore evil.

I hope you like your residence at Newlyn. It is healthful, and your brother Hocker is a proof of the salubrity of the air, and I hope you will be another sample of the like effects.

Yours sincerely, T.

R. P. *to* T.

MY DEAR FRIEND, 1822.

We were declaiming, you may recollect, the other day, on the progress of information among the lower classes. I have since met with a very aged person, who related to me the following anecdote, which will serve to illustrate the subject. —"About 80 years ago, there was no place of worship at a large village to the West of Truro,

distant at least five miles from its parish church; nor was there a Bible to be seen: but there were one Testament, and one Common Prayer-book, which were bound together. This valuable rarity was the property of an old woman who kept the village-inn, and, with the celebrated history of "Robinson Crusoe," was deposited on a shelf in the kitchen. On a summer's day, alarmed by a violent thunder storm, the villagers sought shelter under the roof which contained this sacred deposit, as the only place of safety. To make assurance doubly sure, anxious enquiry was made for Jack, the landlady's apprentice, who had the rare good fortune to have learnt his letters. This lad was considered a prodigy; and, being found, was desired to commence reading prayers to the terrified auditory, who were on their knees in the common drinking room. Jack went to fetch the *Prayer-book* from the shelf, where it had long rested beside its *companion*. Unfortunately, as things were in a state of confusion, he took down the latter, and falling on his knees, began reading as fast as he could. And, from miscalling some words and misspelling others, the boy had continued some time before the error was discovered. At length, having stumbled upon the man *Friday*, his mistress cried out: "Why, Jock! thee hast got the wrong book! sure thee'st reading prayers out of Robinson Crusoe!"—Jack felt this reproof as an insult offered to his superior understanding, and pertinaciously continued to read, declaring,

that "Robinson Crusoe would as soon stop the thunder as the prayer-book."

Since that time, several meeting-houses have been erected in the village. A Bible Association has been formed; and more than one hundred guineas have been annually subscribed for the purpose of providing the subscribers and their poorer neighbours with Bibles! And what is the present religious state of that village and many others whose inhabitants were once equally simple and are now equally enlightened? Every village and every town have, together with their simplicity, lost their piety, notwithstanding all their meeting-houses, and all their bibles. They no longer

See God in clouds or hear him in the wind!

They no longer—But I must stop: you and I differ *toto cælo* on this subject.

In our declamations, we have each of us produced arguments, to stagger—not to convince. And you have more than once met me half ways in my opinions. On my side, I have conceded much to you:—But the question will never be set at rest.

Yours, &c. R. P.

The same to the same.

MY DEAR FRIEND, 1822.

As in a late conversation with you, the propriety of my coupling Taste with Virtue, appeared to you rather problematical, you will please to read

the opinions of the ancients on this interesting subject.

"Herennius Senecio (says Pliny) mirificè Catonis illud de oratore in hunc è contrario vertit*." Cato had defined an orator to be "a good man, skilled in the art of speaking." Quintilian asserts, "in eodem pectore nullum est honestum turpium-que consortium †." Longinus speaks to the same purpose; and the ancients extend this principle not to eloquence only, but to poetry and all the fine arts. It is a sentiment well expressed by Lord Shaftesbury: "Knavery is mere dissonance and disproportion; and, tho' villains may have strong tones and natural capacities of action, 'tis impossible that true *judgment* and *ingenuity* should reside where harmony and *honesty* have no being. Thus the knowledge and practice of the social virtues, and the familiarity and favour of the moral graces, are essential to the character of a deserving artist, and just favourite of the muses. Thus are the arts and virtues mutually friends; and the science of *virtuosos* and that of *virtue* itself, become, in a manner, one and the same ‡."

Yours truly, R. P.

The same to the same.

DEAR SIR, 1822.

You may remember that, at a county meeting, Lord Dunstanville, speaking of the cordiality of

* Plin. lib. iv. Epist. vii. † Inst. Orat. l. 12. c. i.

‡ Characteristics, vol. I. pp. 208-338.

our old Cornish families, quoted this passage from Carew:

"This angle which so shutteth them in, hath wrought so many interchangeable matches with each other's stock, and given beginning to the proverb, that all "Cornish gentlemen are cousins." They keep liberal but not costly furnished houses; give kind entertainment to strangers; are reverenced and beloved of their neighbours; converse familiarly together, and often visit one another. A gentleman and his wife will ride to make merry with his next neighbour; and after a day or twain those two couples go to a third; in which progress they increase like snow-balls, till, through their burdensome weight, they break again*."

My Lord's observations on the subject were much in point. His speech, indeed, conciliating, and generous, and kind, had a surprising effect on persons but ill disposed, at first, to listen to his lordship. It was one of the most eloquent, perhaps, ever delivered at a meeting of this county: It made a deep impression on me, but was brought fresh to my memory yesterday, in a conversation respecting "Cornish cousins;" when we observed with regret, that the fellowship of affectionate kinsmen was now almost done away. It subsisted, however, long after Carew. At present it subsists in Devon, particularly in some noble houses. Among the little gentry there are many affected people, who think it vulgar to call their kinsmen cousins. But (not many years ago) the Cour-

* See Lord Dunstanville's Carew, pp. 179, 180.

tenays and the Fortescues had not dismissed the word from their vocabulary. I was myself a witness to Lord Fortescue's addressing a relation by the term of "cousin." And in several other families of rank, this vulgarism is still current. Nor are the old Christmas customs discontinued in such families; though they are looked down upon with contempt by our modish upstarts—by the sons and daughters of pettifoggers—often the stewards of those very families.

Yours, &c. R. P.

I here insert two letters which according to their date, should have appeared in the first volume. They illustrate the subject so satisfactorily, that to suppress them, would be unpardonable. Besides, the letter of H. Prideaux is amusing from its quaint singularity.

HUMFREY PRIDEAUX,—"*for his highly honoured* ARSCOTT BYCKFORD, *Esq. This with humble service.*"

"HONOURED SIR, Octobre 19, 1685.

"I am truly sensible of the great honour your selfe and the two vertuous ladies intend me by this invitation; but my "Annus Luctificabilis," not yet terminated, will not admit of my presence in a solemnitie so antipatheticall as this now to be celebrated; neverthelesse y^t you may see how am-

bitious I am of assuminge this honour futurely, though prohibited as abovesaid *pro præsenti*, and that I am not *cunctandi solers*, I will promise *(Deo juvante)* to wait upon you att your next summons upon the like occasion, and y^t^ either for son or daughter, w^ch^ noe doubt will not bee long; our name being seldom branded with the character of sterile, and y^r^ lady, my kinswoman, not superannuated, but rather in *flore juventutis*, and soe, *satis prolifica*. If you candidly accept of this motion, I begge itt may obtaine a full pardon for the necessitated and most unwillinge omissions of, Sir, your most *affectionate kinsman*,

HUMFREY PRIDEAUX.

"I desire you to make truly acceptable my humble services to my *noble kinsman* and both y^e^ vertuous ladies."

Sir RICHARD EDGCUMBE *to* JOHN POLWHELE,* *Esq.*

S^r^, London, Oct^r^. 19^th^, 1676.

I congratulate your good fortune in being father of a boy, and do very willingly comply with your desire, of owning him for my godson. But I am not so happy as to have any acquaintance where you now are, y^t^ I might write to, to appeare for me; wherefore (as you mention in your letter) I must desire you to depute some friend of yours in my stead. And I do hartily wish y^t^ he may prove a blessing and a comfort to yourselfe and

* Great-grand-father of R. Polwhele.

your good lady. It has pleased God to make us happy in one of the same sex, about a fortnight since, w^ch^ continues in good health, and is a lusty hopeful boy, but not yet X'ned. My wife allso, I thanke God, is very well, and is glad to hear of your good fortune. So with my humble services to the good woman in the straw, I remaine y^r^ most *affectionate kinsman,*

R. EDGCUMBE.*.

R. P. *to* T.

Newlyn, 1822.

We were talking of Cornish funerals. They certainly much resemble the Irish. Such excess of drinking at the houses, and such howling at the graves of the deceased—I want words to express my sense of the indecency. It reminded me (as I observed to you) of a scene of riot some years ago at one of my late churches; which I noticed, on the following Sunday, from the pulpit, in a strain of censure, severe, but too justly merited. The party shrunk abashed from my reproof—I promised to copy it for you; and it is as follows:

"Let us not cease to wonder (said the preacher) that with all these warnings men can persevere in the commission of almost every sin—that such is the extreme stupidity—the sottishness of many,

* Polwhele had married a *sister*, and Edgecumbe had married a *daughter*, of Sir John Glanville.—[Sir John was a son of Judge Glanville.]

that even with the perishing remains of mortality before them, they can plunge into intemperance without a fear, convert the house of mourning into a house of feasting, and turn even the courts of the Most High God into a scene of drunkenness and confusion. Sorry I am to be forced to instance a fact so revolting to our feelings, in the demeanour of too many of my flock, if not my hearers!—'Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Ascalon,' that there are some among you who have scrupled not to disgrace yourselves by intoxication during your attendance on the dead, and to render the solemnity of a funeral the mere mockery of the scornful. I have witnessed more than once—than twice—such shameless impiety; such, indeed, as I could never have believed possible, had not the evidence of my senses too painfully proved its reality. To lose himself in inebriety, at any time, is degrading to a man. To enter the church intoxicated, on any occasion, is to add profaneness to sottishness. But to come within these doors staggering beneath a corpse—to totter over the grave, or to wrangle and fight amidst the aweful service that consigns, 'earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust"—who can describe such an unheard-of outrage?—It is to a late burial, that I would particularly point your attention. And sincerely do I hope, that the friends of the deceased whose funeral was so grossly violated, as well as the persons who thus exposed themselves to the vengeance of the laws, both human and divine, may be impressed with a lively sense of

the transgression—may have suffered in their feelings a wound to admit of healing only through the contrition of a sinner—the repentance of a Christian; lest they, likewise, instead of mourners at their graves, should have revellers and scoffers —lest, buried as they may be 'with the burial of an ass,' no one lament over them, or cry, 'Ah! brother! or ah! sister!"

Yours, truly, R. P.

R. P. *to* W. P. *Exeter College, Oxford.*

My dear William, Newlyn-Vicarage, March, 1829.

I am writing a Sermon on the education of poor children, which I mean to preach here on the Sunday when I shall commence the hearing of our school-boys and girls in their Church-Catechism. And I have much amusement in correcting the "Local Attachment," the "Fair Isabel," and the "Theocritus," for new editions. Between, therefore, the Church and the Village-school, the garden and the glebe, and Polwhele-plantations, and literature, there will be left no room, I trust, for the intrusion of the fiend Ennui, or of Spleen, its eldest born. There is another literary scheme to which I should have attended, but for the pre-occupation I have just mentioned — a scheme, which a young farmer reminded me of! You would scarcely have supposed that Newlyn produced a farmer qualified

to discuss the poetical merits of Byron and Scott! You guess at the man whom I mean, S—— of T——. On Sunday last, talking of the obsolete version of the Psalms by Sternhold and Hopkins, he said, "it was a pity that the modern Poets, myself among the number! did not undertake (what was some time since proposed and announced as probable) a new version of the Psalms. Such a version (he added) would doubtless be revised and set forth by authority, as proper Psalms for music in all Churches. He thus brought to my mind what I have often meditated: and perhaps, when a little disengaged, I may write to Bowles on the subject; desiring him, as a common acquaintance, to apportion to Coleridge and Southey, and Campbell, and Scott, and Montgomery, certain Psalms for each to work upon.

Scared by my presumption in naming among such high names the sorry translator of Theocritus, I shrink away into myself, rolled up like a hedgehog. —I wish I could add, equally armed against the attacks of my enemies. I rather, indeed, resemble the bird which fabulists (not naturalists I believe) represent as fancying itself secure if it can hide its head. In retirement, we are too apt to imagine ourselves invulnerable. As Authors, we rush into the world; yet, because our persons are concealed from observation, we dream that we are safe from censure.

Your truly affectionate father, R. P.

R. P. *to* W. P.

MY DEAR SON, May 20, 1822.

On our visit to my friend Jones at Exeter, you were surprised at his recollecting so many of my juvenile "trivialities," particularly my fondness for birds. I told him that I had traced the outline of a poem on "Ornithology." This, together with a dramatic piece, "The Merchant of Smyrna," and a little flippant thing, entitled "The Visitation of the Poets," I am now revising.

The "Ornithology," consists of seven epistles.

Epistle the first.—SONG-BIRDS.—*Scene, Cornwall.*

* * * * * * * * *

"Yes—if the favouring Nine inspire the strain,
'Tis CYRIL bids me live o'er life again,
My boyhood rescues from the rust of time,
And to its bloom restores my youthful prime.
Then come, whilst Memory's daughters prompt the lay,
Witness, dear friend! my inoffensive day;
My fond pursuits along the fragrant shade,
By sunny hedgerow, or thro' gleaming glade,
O'er mountain heaths, mid forests dark and deep,
Or round their lilies where wide waters sleep.
There was it mine thro' varied scenes to trace
Reviving Nature in the feather'd race,
To court, each year, the passion of the groves,
Mark the gay tribes, and hail their glowing loves,
Catch the quaint call that wooes from wild desire,
And note the offspring of their amorous fire.
If others boast the treachery to decoy,
Or with the gunner's bolder aim destroy,

Whether the flutterer rue the secret snare,
Or a "short thunder break the frozen air,"—
I breathed no vengeance to the sylvan throng—
Fraternal bards! not such *my* simple song.
Yet will my *Cyril* think *your numbers* vain,
"If life be pleasure, and if death be pain!"
Sons of the field!—I blush not as I cast
The eye of calm reflexion o'er the past;
Nor, as with rising transport I review
The rose-tints of the hours when life was new;
When the grove echoed to my raptur'd ear,
Nor thrill'd a warble but I long'd to hear;
When first, that earliest of the woodland choir,
The whistling *black-bird*, wak'd my feeble lyre!—
And O! tho' not inemulous my aim,
To me a parent's praise was wealth and fame."—

Pp. 1, 2, 3.

ALBERT *the ornithologist's interview with* ROSANNA.

* * * * * * * * *

——————————— From the grotto flew
A little nymph, whose mien, whose air I knew—
It was the fair ROSANNA—from "the lawn."
"Ah! why such haste? Why fleeter than thy fawn?
No Phœbus follows Daphne! Gentle girl!"—
A dimply smile disclosing teeth of pearl,
Yet crimson modesty with all its grace
Heightening the lovely morn-tint of her face,
As scarce her bosom could its zone confine—
I hail'd another little friendship mine;
And a new epoch of my life was blest
With fond regards absorbing all the rest.

* * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * *

How pleasant was our arch pretence to meet;
Adown the hill-tops as with nimble feet
She brush'd the sparkling dews of morn or eve,
And fed her docile *bull-finch* at the cave,

And bade him in her sweet tuition own
Delight, and from her voice steal every tone!
* * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * *
Nor less from feverish care the cool retreat
We wooed our *grotto* midst meridian heat;
Whilst trickling moisture thro' the moss distill'd,
And o'er the rock in silver mazes rill'd.
In the green slope above, its fountain gleam'd,
Where dark oak cluster'd, and the wild ash stream'd.
There, in the grot, ourselves unseen, we saw
The growing nest-work from a stick—a straw—
Its moss mid slender twigs so nicely laid,
The thefts from fleece or kine—a curious braid—
Its genial down, that lined it all within—
We saw the process,—still "ourselves unseen;"
And wonder'd how each finisht fabric light
Seem'd in a gradual haze to steal from sight,
Resembling the contiguous tint and shade
Or recent, or unfolded soon to fade—
In leaflets opening fast to April-dew,
In umber sprays, in bark of browner hue,
In blossoms touch'd by Spring's soft fingers cold,
In summer-blooms bedropt with orient gold.
* * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * *
Ah! 'twas at noon, when all the summer-trees
Waved in low whisperings to the feathery breeze,—
So sweet to love and joy no noon had been!—
For then I hail'd Rosanna just fourteen!
And then, me-thought, I met with mute surprise
New language in her fine dark hazel eyes,
And many a wandering fancy, playful there,
And all the witchery of a pensive air!
* * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *
How open'd to my soul poetic views;
For, whilst I sought the nest, I won the Muse!

And if my lone pursuits beguil'd the hour,
In silence stealing to the tuneful bower,
O! what a fairy charm, unfelt before,
The glens, the heaths, the meadows gilded o'er,
When in my gentle maiden's bosom, first,
The pretty tenants of the nest were nurst!
Her soft caresses fann'd an infant flame;
And Love, young Love, and nesting were the same!
* * * * *.... * * *.
* * * * * * * *
But ah! full soon gay hopes and gathering fears,
Chequer'd with lights and shades my opening years!
Full soon for pleasure came distrust and pain;
And Folly wonder'd that my dreams were vain!

pp. 69—94.

Epistle the second.—PHEASANTS.—*Scene, Oxford.*

Albert and Lycid.

———The pheasant shivering from her wound,
With pleading eye she beats the empurpled ground.
Shall not the imploring look his course arrest,
The blood-drops trickling down her burnisht breast?*
Tho' to such pleas *his* ear no pity lends,
Yet, LYCID! the *greenplush* † and we were friends.
Where *Nuneham*, with ambrosial beauty grac'd,
Spreads her soft slopes, to lure delighted Taste,
Waves her gay groves, and opens to the view
The varied landscape, rich and ever new,
Full oft we rov'd; nor sought some screening bush,
Scared by the glimpse of that official *plush*:
Whilst many a gownsman, chill'd with sudden dread,
Or skulk'd in thickets, or thro' plashes fled!
No!—we provoked not such ungenial strife!
We came not to destroy, but foster life. P. 28.

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* P. 27. † The Gamekeeper.

Rosanna.

* * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *

Yet say, can such pursuits our bosoms move
With fervors, to absorb the fire of Love?
Is there a pleasure college-friendship owns
That for an absent maidens sigh atones?
Alas! how heavy lagg'd my steps before!
How light my progress to the western shore!
But where, ah whither was ROSANNA gone?
Who could her route unravel?—Ah not one!
Straight to the *bower*—the favorite bower I flew!
Alas! how sombrous e'en its summer-hue!
Tho' in full foliage spread its ashen screen,
And its moss-seat still wore a vivid green;
Yet some dark genius seem'd o'er all to throw
The deepening veil of terror and of woe.

Pp. 36, 37.

Epistle the third.—PIES.—*Scene, Hampshire.*

Albert and Lycid.

Sweet is the prime, when, each a transient guest,
The fond affections flutter o'er the breast,
When passion skims the heart in airy flight,
And love itself is fugitive and light.
* * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *

Bower'd by umbrageous Ham, my LYCID'S sire
Waked his warm hearth beneath the village spire;
* * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *

And duly where its chimes the Sabbath told,
The young still nurtur'd and sustain'd the old.
There, midst the blithesome scenes of corn and beech,
I met my LYCID. Like the downy peach
Glow'd his young cheek. Pp. 1, 2, 3.

The stream, as now the slow mist roll'd away,
Like molten silver, glitter'd to the day,
And the light sprays inclin'd with shadowy flow,
To kiss the mirror, so serene, below."
* * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *
See (MIRA whisper'd) midst yon ashen bloom,
How soft, how rich * its little emerald plume!
And see its dusky orange thro' the leaves!
So husht—so tranquil—not a feather heaves!
* * * * * * * *
Sudden, it dropp'd and seiz'd its prey—I ween,
Some pretty trout besprent with gold and green!
Alas! while gentle manners lure in vain,
Shall bloody claws the lustrous tint distain?
And innocence like innocence devour,
To mar the feature of a peaceful hour?—
Where the calm cradle—where the classic nest,
To float, sweet river! o'er thy lucid breast?
Ah! where the hovering wing, that dips to lave
Its brilliant hues, and stills the murmuring wave?
But erst with fine illapses o'er thy soul
The *Tartar lover and his halcyon* stole:
"Nor (LYCID cried) will MIRA soon forget
Siberia's touch, if not its amulet!"
How dull are Grecian lays to Tartar wiles!"
Deep was her blush, and quaint were Lycid's smiles †.
Scarce had he spoke, when fluttering at her feet,
On the cold bank his breast the Halcyon beat—

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* The Kings-fisher.

† M. Gmelin [See *Voyage en Siberie*] tells us, that the Tartar plucks the feathers of the King's-fisher, casts them into the water, and picks them up floating on its surface. And if, with one of these feathers, he touch a woman, she falls in love with him. The skin, the bill, and the claws, shut in a purse, are an amulet against misfortune.

His weltering breast—alas! but erst so gay!—
A gunner had cut short his airy play.
Say, what the emotion of the ingenuous maid?
Say, was it grief supprest or joy betray'd?
Was it her pity saw the Halcyon bleed;
Or melting sorrow mourn'd the ruthless deed?
To her quick thought as all Siberia rush'd,
She smother'd up a laugh, and sigh'd, and blush'd.
Ah! well I knew her blushes—what they meant—
And on the amorous process too intent,
Seiz'd the poor panting bird, and ere he died,
Pluck'd his fair feathers, bade them lightly glide
Down the smooth stream, and running all alert,
Reclaim'd a buoyant plume, and plac'd it next my heart.

Pp. 24—30.

The Halcyon—the Shrike.

——————Where pretty self so oft absorbs
The drops that trembling dim those lucid orbs,
Say, shall we trace to genuine feeling, dear
To Pity, e'en the twinkle of a tear?
In sooth, I saw her tremble, as she heard
My tragic story of a *butcher-bird,*
That treacherous mimick'd a poor linnet's lay,
And drew the lovely victim from her spray,
And seiz'd, and strangled, ere an answering note
Died, in low whispers, in her quivering throat,
And to a thorn affixed her limbs, and tore,
Red as his sable beak was stain'd with gore.
And lo! the start, the shudder of surprise,
The stream so copious from dissolving eyes!

P. 37.

Eleanor, Lycid's aunt.

"I hail'd my rough guide's masculine attire,
Her little sloe-black eyes of swarthy fire;
Her bronzied brow, her sun-enamell'd cheek,
Her nose right aquiline, her cranelike neck!
Wild, with a sudden scream, from over-head,
An old *Jay* glanc'd thro' all the depth of shade

Then backwards, thro' the shaking branches, mew'd,
And whistled to her offspring, down the wood.
Disturb'd—invaded in her still recess,
Who—who could speak the parent's deep distress—
The mother's pangs?
* * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *
Twang'd Eleanor's tough bow: its arrow flew;
And down, distinct with many a beauteous hue,
The parent dropp'd midst scattering plumes, and tried
To draw the deadly weapon from her side;
And for her gathering young, the tall tree-tops
Now piteous eyed, and now the tangled copse;
And weak, and weaker rued the mortal sting,
And gasping lifted up her painted wing,
And died!———— P. 44.

Mira's character detected.

What tho' I call'd (to note her faults too quick)
Her sleepy languor, a coquettish trick;
Yet are the unbidden blush—the tears that start
Spontaneous, symptoms of design or art?
True she is weak. But Candour, sure, avers
'Tis only woman's weakness—only her's!
And O! how strong the attraction, when we move
In the bright orbit of a fair-one's love!"
'Twas thus I sigh'd! 'Twas thus I sung or said;
When by a lucky chance the illusion fled.
I had to Mira brought a precious gift;
The sable *Chough* from drear Bolerium's clift.
And long had the sly bird of scarlet bill,
—The sable favourite! rang'd the rooms at will;
And fond, like all his brethren to purloin
A pattern or a print, a clasp or coin,
To his dark cell would toys or trinkets waft;
And Mira's plauding laughter hail'd his craft.
One day the thief stole secret from her desk,
As if enamour'd of a form grotesque,

A humourous sketch, satiric in design,
In every trait o'er-charged—her "Valentine!"—
Features alas! tho' ludicrous, too like,
In broad grin, gaping at the "murderous *Shrike!*"
—The rash—the pert allusion to a scene
Where I had sigh'd o'er agonies too keen,
(And, as a source of pain and pleasure priz'd,
And with her tenderness still sympathiz'd,)
Chas'd all the candour that indulgent spares
A fault; and bade me see affected airs
Where I had hop'd the heart incurr'd no blame
In feelings of too sensitive a frame!
As from his cell betray'd the felon flew,
I seiz'd the *pencill'd Satire*, and withdrew.

Pp. 57, 58.

Epistle the Fourth.—THE EAGLE.—*Scene, Wales.*

The Cottage.

"O'er a white cottage, in a distant glade,
The westering beams in milder glory play'd:
And flash'd a torrent's ceaseless foam, hard by,
Around a mill-wheel, tumbling from on high;
And, far behind, the ruins of a tower
(Half deeply-shadowed by a gathering shower)
In brilliant colours were a moment drest,
As the red rainbow ting'd its ivy vest." P. 9.

* * * * * * * *

"Stream'd darksome o'er the vale-like ocean-surge,
The gray-cold mist, and far above the verge
Of mountains that the distant scene o'erbrow'd,
Caught dusky purple from the dawning cloud;
Then stole a richer saffron to their tops,
To tinctur'd waterfalls, and gilded copse;
When my sweet cottage Hebe, who had brush'd
The early dews, with Morn's own freshness flusht,

Pour'd from her pail new milk, and bade me quaff—
And, sighing, I resum'd my pilgrim staff. P. 26.

Story of Clarentine and her infant rescued from the Eagle.

* * * * * * * *

A rosier hue, Aurora's lovely streak,
As if the morning's self imbued her cheek,
(Whilst now I hail'd my host) her features dyed!
A babe clang timorous to her mother's side.
Oft on the babe a mournful eye she cast,
Recalling the sad story of the past;
And, as amidst the hair's luxuriant flow,
A silvery curl seem'd starting from its brow,
Replaced the truant lock, a moment wild,
And gaz'd with terror on the unconscious child.
Lo, as it lisp'd "Mama,"—the opening door
Discover'd, reeking on the oriel-floor,
The hare, the kid, the pheasant, just flung down;
And o'er his quarry grinn'd a ruddy clown.
With wonder I observ'd the mangled spoils,
Nor arrow-pierc'd, nor taken in the toils.
At once, I wish'd not, but resolved to explore
The northward tracts, and break thro' thickets hoar,
And traverse dark defiles, and forests wide,
And welcomed in that clown a willing guide.
"'Twas there I seiz'd my game" (the rustic said)
—'Twas there proud Idris rear'd its sable head!
And climbing its shagg'd sides, its rocks, its heath,
We brav'd the mighty wing, whose flap is death,
And, after many a breathless struggle, reach'd
An ancient aërie o'er the crag-stone stretch'd,
(Familiar to the clown,) with rushes floor'd,
And with the lives of lambs and heath-polts gored.
The chain'd young eaglets scream'd!—But scarce between
The sunder'd rocks (a providential screen!)
We crept, ere hissing from a viewless height,
Now rustling, rapid thro' the clouds, a flight

We heard—a flight of pinions all abroad!—
—Now saw descending to his dread abode
Strait o'er our heads the savage lord of air!
—Now in his bloody talons saw him bear
What seem'd an *Infant* to the mountain-crest,
Sweep round with hideous cry, and sail into his nest!
With instant shot we hail'd our tawny foe,
And view'd him drop upon a ledge below,
Then gain, recovering from the sanguine shock,
A broken pinnacle of distant rock,
But to the gray-stone fragment gasping cling,
And shadow all the crag with flagging wing.
And O! with what a shudder I espied
The eaglets' deep throats,—and a babe beside—
Yes! quivering—blanching to the mountain-air
My little lisping Issy's silver hair!
Scarce rescued from the ravenous bird, I bore
The child, with blackening carnage clotted o'er,
Ere echoed thro' the caves and down the lair
A piercing shriek to pity and despair!
And, as miraculously snatcht from death,
And gazing wild around, with short quick breath,
These trembling hands restor'd, safe once again,
My cherub to a mother half insane;
"O thou art doom'd indeed (she cried) to bear
Of dire misfortune more than mortals share!
Born in the battle-field, in tumult nurst,
In penury rear'd, by scoffing friends accurst,
How vain—how powerless are thy mother's arms,
To guard thine infant smile, thine opening charms!
Yes! with thy Sire I fled, where proud Castile
Saw, wavering back, the Gallic standards reel;
Where, the same hour, I griev'd, a widow'd wife,
And, a lorn mother, brought my babe to life.
Dim rose the day, whilst vultures snuff'd from far
The future corse, ere reek'd the sword of war;
But to the neigh, the tramp, the trumpet's clang,
Ere noon the vine-clad hills and vallies rang.

And pale eve flung, like lightning thro' the storm,
Disastrous light on many a dying form.
The night was wrapt in cloud; yet o'er the plain
I tried to trace my *Henry* midst the slain.
Then Love's own planet glimmer'd o'er the field,
And glanc'd from boss to boss, from shield to shield.
"Ah come, sweet star! (I sigh'd) to true love dear,
And bid me clasp my fainted Henry here!
O bid me (from his breast the targe unbound)
Chafe his cold limbs, and bathe the bleeding wound!"
Alas! too soon—a horrid torch swam by—
My own wrought scarf—rent—fluttering met my eye!
The raven flapp'd his wing; and croaking hoarse,
Brush'd his wan lips!—I swoon'd across the corse.
Nor did my sense return, till pitying aid
Sustain'd me, feebly on my pillow laid;
When, O sweet cherub! midst thy mother's pangs,
Delirium shew'd me wings and beaks and fangs,
And rended scarfs; and all in broken sleep
I shriek'd to see the sabre's fearful sweep!
Yet I surviv'd my Henry's cruel doom;
And hither did I seek my cheerless home,
If his stern frown my parent might forego,
And sink, alas! my errors in my woe;
If here, where in his smiles I used to bask,
Might Weakness claim what Folly dared not ask!
But he was gone for ever!—Could I crave
The mercies of a father, from the grave?"
* * * * * * * *
Such was her tale. And sighs of gratitude
Warm from the heart, my every step pursued—
* * * * * * * *
Till vows had well nigh trembled on my lips,
To shade my early days in dark eclipse." Pp. 48—71.

Epistle the fifth.—WATERFOWL.—*Scene, the Lakes.*

Henry and Clarentine.—Their adventure on the Lakes.

* * * * * * * *

Alas for Clarentine!—her movements rash—
"Her quick affections like the lightning-flash,
Or as the midnight gleams that issue forth,
Kindling in vivid shafts along the north!
Touch'd or by love, or gratitude, or ire,
Alas! she was all fancy and all fire!
In grief deprest, in mirthful moments wild,
I kiss'd her tears, but trembled as she smiled.

* * * * * * * *

To sooth her heart, where dark ideas lurk'd,
And secret fears and anxious wishes work'd,
I hurried her thro' many a varying scene,
From russet heaths to blooming vales serene,
From soft green hills to mountains more austere,
From brooks to lakes—to mighty Windermere!
There, where for aye supernal Grandeur dwells
Pavilion'd sole amidst his native fells,
Breathes his stern spirit to dim the purple haze,
Pursues thro' glens the viewless torrent's maze,
Hangs o'er the surge in mists from height to height,
And rolls thro' breaking fogs in waves of light,
Bathes in the flashing cataract his red plume,
And deepens far within the cavern's gloom,
Big from his wintry cloud of horror broods,
Heaves the swoln lakes, and sweeps the howling woods;
There, as the sleety vapour slowly sail'd
Away, the sweets of Spring we first inhaled;
There saw young Freshness, to the zephyr coy
Midst sprinkled blooms, awake to vernal joy!

* * * * * * * *

And hark! far off, beneath that dusky ledge
That overhangs the reeds and dripping sedge,
Hark to the *Bittern's* boom!—The rush-bed shakes!
And mountain echo spreads o'er all the lakes!—

* * * * * * * *
One gentle evening, o'er the placid lake
A sort of faery lustre seem'd to break,
As down its western sky the yellow blaze
Pass'd, in soft transience, into ruby rays.
And a green Islet, now in shadow deep,
With all its varied verdure seem'd to sleep.
'Twas to that isle we sloped our little bark,
* * * * * * * *
And lost in musing, had we reach'd the bank
Where aspins intermix'd with sallows dank
Caught as from a new flush the western glow,
And quiver'd o'er the crimson wave below;
When, by the boatman's stroke, that dash'd away
From the bent sail the entangling willow-spray,
All unawares plung'd strait into the stream,
We seiz'd the o'erhanging boughs with idle aim;
Nor did I dripping from the wave emerge,
'Till Clarentine I saw, a stranger's charge,
Clasp'd in his arms, and senseless as the clay,
Her drencht hair glistening to the moon's pale ray!
Yet quick the spark of kindling life appear'd;
And "Clarentine!" in accents wild I heard—
"My Clarentine!"—Her hands the stranger chafed;
And inly moan'd, and tremulously laugh'd
Convulsive! As the lily in the storm—
The beating rain—was laid her lovely form!
Her fine dark eyes now opening, she look'd round!—
She look'd—she started at a well known sound!
'Twas a tone sweeter than the Æolian strain—
—With a short scream she closed her eyes again!
'Twas *Henry!*—From Iberia's hills, restor'd
To life, he had surviv'd the sanguine sword;—
And home returning, o'er the billowy brine,
Thro' glens, up mountains, sought his Clarentine!

Pp. 1—15.

Epistle the Sixth.—Retrospective and Concluding.

Form'd for delight, with pleasure still at strife,
What Muse can weave the tissue of my life?
O! with a taste that relish'd calm repose,
My restless spirit still—still created woes!
Too warm in friendship, and too fond in love,
I hail'd, yet wander'd from the inglorious grove!
To satirize the slaves of lust and gold;
To tell what prudence would have left untold;
To be alarm'd where others own no fears;
While others sit supine, to melt in tears;
To woo for many a day my native wood,
And court the bubbling brook in museful mood,
Then mix in social circles, blithe as morn,
And by indifference cold repell'd or scorn,
Or frighten'd by a friend's resentful look,
Again betake me to my "bubbling brook"—
—Such was my life!" * * * *
* * * * * * * *
Home, like a wounded dove, I strait return'd,
And wasted time, and wasted talents mourn'd!"
* * * * * * * *
————With what a palpitating breast
I hail'd the bower that erst ROSANNA bless'd,
And up the heathy hill I climb'd again,
Where once I met her, as with saffron stain
Its granite point Aurora's pencil tipp'd—
How jocund, like young day, she danc'd and tripp'd!
But who the tumult of my soul could paint,
When as from some mysterious feeling faint,
I sicken'd, and with tottering steps surveyed
What seem'd the semblance of that syren maid—
A form as from oblivion's shade restored!
I trembled, faulter'd, and almost adored!
Flush'd with deep shame, or pallid as a corse,
With pleasure thrill'd, and stung by keen remorse!

* * * * * * * *
Yes! it was she!—O! I was all unmann'd,
As breathless, she held out her lily hand.
In silence grasping it, I saw the while
Upon her lip a faint and sickly smile;
And a tear glistening on her cheek, so well,
The secret sorrows of her heart to tell!
So looks the dew-drop on the sweet-briar rose,
When not a zephyr stirs its pale repose.
* * * * * * * *
———The ruin'd fortunes of her sire
Had bid them from a censuring world retire,
And their dark nook, perhaps ill-judging pride
From friends and foes alike had aim'd to hide;
'Till smiled again the moment, to reclaim
The slippery credit of an injur'd name."
* * * * * * * *
And, if a sigh escap'd from either breast,
'Twas but the token, that we felt too blest!
'Twas but the feeling, to such bliss on earth,
No sooner golden minutes could give birth,
Than envious fiends were hovering, to destroy
Too pure a pleasure—too refin'd a joy. P. 67.

In this analysis of the poem, it will be perceived that, to give a livelier interest to Ornithology, a romantic colour is attempted to be flung over it. The pursuits of the *nest-hunter*, are blended with those of the *love-adventurer*. How far this may have been done successfully, can only be determined by a perusal of the whole poem.

The Ornithological annotations and illustrations, subjoined to each Epistle, run to a very considerable length: and they who are averse from poetry, may be pleased with anecdotes in

prose—anecdotes which are, for the most part, original.

"The Merchant of Smyrna" was sketched out many years ago, when the slave-trade controversy was greatly agitating the public mind.

Hassan.—Before the shrine of Alla, I have vow'd
A solemn vow, that every year shall witness
Thro' life, my purchase of a Christian's freedom.
This is our nuptial day, the brightest, Zaide!
In the whole annual round. And, if yon' vessels
Are now importing slaves, Heaven hath vouchsaf'd
How signally, to bless my gratitude!
Zaide.—I love thy benefactor, tho' to see him,
Were a vain hope. But I can fancy features
Beaming angelic goodness.
Hassan.—Yes! my Zaide!
Graved is that angel image on my heart,
Never to be eras'd. Had you but seen—
—While some were planning schemes for their deliverance
In sanguine mood,—while with dejected air
Others stood musing;—on the floor I lay
Outstretcht. The Algerines that guarded us,
Mock'd at my sorrow. But I heeded not
Their scoffs, in you absorb'd. The cooling founts
That play'd beside us, to allay the heats—
The feverish heats of noon, and from the rose
Flung odours, had no charms for me. I beat
My bosom, and with agonizing sighs
Deplored my destiny:—when, lo! with port
Manly yet unobtrusive, (as he seem'd
To shrink from meddling with a stranger's woes,)
Approach'd a European, and presum'd
"To hope, my grief was not remediless."—
I rose, and kiss'd his garment.—"Cruel Fate
Hath snatch'd me from the mistress I adore—
Far, far from her," I cried, "to whom, ere twice

The moon could have renew'd her orb, the link
Connubial had for ever join'd me. Lone
Upon a foreign strand, (since without her
The crowded city were a wilderness,)
For want of a few sequins, shall I die!"
His eyes with tears o'erflow'd. And with a voice
Faultering from sympathy: "Thou shalt not die
For want of a few sequins. Take these pieces,
And to thy country—to thy mistress go!—
Go and be happy,"—cried the noble stranger—
And learn to hate no more a Christian brother."

Pp. 5, 6.

SONG.—*Zaide.*

"In vain for me the unpitying heart
Soft amorous ardours would impart;
Where Kindness breathes no sympathy,
Can Love effuse its gentler sigh?

But where the bosom would embrace
Benignant the whole human race,
And only is in blessing blest,
Love beams divine in such a breast.

Its bounties are the rains that shower
To freshen every living flower;
Its love—the richer dew that glows
To give new incense to the rose!

P. 7.

SONG.—*Fatima.*

"Now, what silly fancy or idle caprice, is
Just hatch'd in my mistress's brain I can't guess;
All I know, is—I wish I had so many pieces—
Heigho! I would buy such a beautiful dress!

O then I would deck me all over with pearls,
And to turban of diamonds solicit applause;
And as envy or jealousy fired all the girls,
My bosom would pant, 'till it kindled the gauze!

And then from my locks a profusion of musk
Should drop, like Arabia distilling perfumes;
And amid its cool shadows when evening grew dusk,
And the aloes burnt bright, to illumine the rooms,

I would join in the dance, and to frolicsome measures
Would trip it away, like the antelope nimble;
While Mirth's antic train, and the rosy-lipp'd pleasures,
In rapture should bound to the strokes of the cymbal."

SONG.—*Zaide.*

[In answer to a Captive's song, which she overhears from a garden below the Tower.]

"Whitening with bloom the bank beneath,
That silver almond seems in sighs
To whisper, as the zephyrs breathe,
How fast its fleeting blossom dies.

The plaintive bird from yonder spray
Bends o'er the rose's blushing leaf:
And gentle pity fain would say
She chaunts some tale of widow'd grief.

But 'tis not woe inspires the tones
That melt amidst the warbling shade,
Or to the breath of Zephyr moans,
Where fast the silver almonds fade.

Yet, in the turret-glooms above
From some complaining Captive, part
Sighs that, alas! but serve to prove
Their source is sorrow of the heart."

"The Visitation of the Poets" consists of eight cantos.

CANTO THE FIRST.

The *Muses*, who always survey'd with a smile
Of proud satisfaction, our luminous Isle,

And who ever delighted to fire into rage
Their Britons, from Chaucer's to Cumberland's age,
Had of late caught in whispers the startling opinion,
That on this happy spot had declined their dominion. P. 1.
* * * * * * * *
To the *Laureate*, at once, they directed their flight,
And hover'd above in the regions of light.
Not a wing—not a footstep was stirring abroad:
And the Laureate respired from the toil of his "Ode."
* * * ....* * *
Fresh over his head waved a sycamore-tree;
And humm'd to his laurels the wild yellow bee.
* * * * * *
————As his eye-lids were closing in slumber,
In the clear azure Heaven a pavilion of amber
(Far other was Jove's black pavilion of storms!)
Seem'd to steal a soft light from nine beautiful forms!
* * * * * *
Distinct the fair sisters beam'd over his bower,
And lavishly scatter'd of roses a shower. Pp. 3, 4.
* * * * * *
When Urania, (her robe one blue wave of the sky,)
Whilst kindled as if into lightning her eye,
Bent forward, and with a majestic regard,
Now more and more aweful, address'd the old bard:
"Hail thou, whose fair bay-leaves, in lieu of thy barton,*
Tho' greener than Cibber's, yet fade before Warton!
'Tis said (and too many will credit the tale)
That the smiles of the Muses no longer avail
To support in your isle the poetical fame
Which the nations once witness'd with shouts of acclaim.
Go then and survey ('tis the Muse's behest),
Go look to the bards from the shores of the West—
E'en where the Bolerium its dark billow swells—
To the region sublime of my lakes and my fells!
To meet thee, without or a fee or a bribe,
I will quickly stir up the poetical tribe.

* Faringdon-hill.

Thy approach shall they hail on the banks of the Exe:
To thy presence sage Wykeham shall pay his respects:
The founts of old Bladud with more than gas-spirit
Effervescing, shall murmur applause to thy merit;
And silver-shod Isis thy visit receive,
And roll with new "triumph" her emulous wave:
High homage to thee e'en Augusta shall pay;
And Lichfield her myrtles strew over thy way;
'Till Windermere greet thee ambitious to shroud
My own proper sons in her fairy-wove cloud. Pp. 7, 8, 9.

CANTO THE THIRD.

Elegiac and Descriptive Poetry.

"*Wykeham shall pay his respects.*"

PYE; heartily sick of the strange coalition
Of dulness and wit on the banks of the Exe;
Where he heard of male pangs and of male parturition,
To the utter confusion of science and sex;*
Flew off to the East, nor stopp'd short, till, bewitching
In her musical murmurs, meander'd the Itchin.
There he (and he scarcely had cut capers faster
If escorted by fellows, and warden, and master)
All unceremoniously scamper'd—just under
The statue of Wykeham, munificent founder!—
* * * * * *
———A poet indeed, to his prototype just,
Appear'd—'twas the elegant BOWLES—with a bust—
* * * * * *
And CROWE waved a chaplet deliciously chaste,
The beautiful product of Fancy and Taste. Pp. 9, 10.
* * * * * *

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* Alluding to an epigram on the Club, which ends, "*parturiuntque viri.*"

CANTO THE FOURTH.

Satire.—"The founts of old Bladud."

'Twas thus, like a whirligig hurried about,
Was he forc'd to perform each unmerciful route;
And a new expedition our poet now made had,
Arriv'd at the beautiful city of Bladud:
And scarce had he time to recover the shocks
From a rumbling machine, and comb out his grey locks,
Ere—"Over the island, thou bard! in a crack sent—
—To the pump-room haste, haste!" cried an audible accent.
The pump-room seem'd all, as alive, to swim round:
There were faces that grinn'd, and more faces that frown'd.
There was laughter relaxing each risible muscle;
And the guttural harsh discords of folks in a bustle;
And the soft sounds of silks that more pleasantly rustle;
And the creaking of boots and the flapping of fans,
And the whisper—"Were I that agreeable man's!"
(A whisper so gentle, to friendship aside,)
And the toss of contempt and the strutting of pride;—
And the pale convalescent that wriggled her rump,
As she drank off a glass steaming hot from the pump:—
When, sudden, a terrible panic appear'd
To arrest the pert prig and the puling greybeard,
And the rustic and cit, whether artist or squire,
And the minx and the damsel of fashion and fire!—
A squeaking voice uttering—"O, bless me! I shant stay!"
And it glided off quickly, affrighted by ANSTEY!
It seems, she was one of the Blunderhead progeny,
Whom, cruelly ferreted out from her lodging, he
Had resolv'd thro' the circles of fashion to hunt,
Another Miss Jenny, or Tabitha Runt!
And away rush'd Miss Fubby Fatarmine, and chubby
Master Marmoset, all by the side of Miss Fubby,
Mrs. Danglecap's boy and Miss Carrot Fitz-oozer,
Afraid Master Anstey again would abuse her;
And the widow Quicklackit, the bombazine lady,
Whose husband "did die—oh! did die!"—in the heighday

Of gaiety, leaving the fair summer-blossom !—
How swelleth—from sorrow—that lily-white bosom !—
* * * * * * Pp. 1—5.

Meanwhile, from a couple who led, arm in arm,
It appear'd, a few parsons betray'd an alarm.
And, 'tis said, of disciples of Galen a few
At the sight of the cynical couple look'd blue.
To the cynical couple the Muse was no drab—
For they were no other than COWPER and CRABBE !
Nor long ere, with hostile demeanor, a groupe, here,
Drew off the attention from Crabbe and from Cowper :
And, foaming out vengeance against a poor wight,
Thro' every gradation of shadow and light
They caper'd and stamp'd, and, right prominent figures,
Advanc'd with their canes, as if pulling their triggers.

There was Gainsborough, and West, and Rigaud, who cried ; " Hic est !"
And a female, who, making her way thro' the thickest,
" Of vengeance," exclaim'd, " now beginning the work is !
Full soon the gray caitiff shall rue his cock-turkies !"*
To the back-ground they slowly retreated : and Peter
Was left in whole skin to his scurrilous metre.

But hardly the echoes of anger and pride
In the ears of the poor sneaking Peter had died,
Before a deep groan, a fierce glance and a hiss,
And a titter, as if from a boarding-school Miss,
And a half-smother'd scream, and a die-away languish,
Betray'd agitation, or hatred, or anguish.
Della Crusca dropp'd tremulous " the gossamer tear ;"
And Anna was " icicled over with fear ;"
And Laura's pulse flutter'd like " zephyrs of gauze ;"
And Adelaide stood in " a petrified pause ;"
And Emma—her eyes lighted up were as beryls,
That shot—all on GIFFORD—their " liquefied perils !"
* * * * * * Pp. 6—10.

At length, Phœbus' sons after bearing the brunt
Of the menacing throng that had taken affront,

* Peter Pindar compared Mrs. Cosway's *hours* to cock-turkies.

Were left all alone: and one musical brother
Seem'd awaked from a trance—just to grin at another.
'Twas a meeting so strange.—Now, to close up the matter,
To Pye, gleaming forth, said her Museship of Satire:
"Tell ANSTEY, I love his good-humour and wit
That the foibles of fashion so finely have hit!
Tell CRABBE that his strictures are just and are pleasant,
Tho' too low he descend, hand and glove with the peasant!
Tell COWPER, his laurels have lost half their bloom
In the damp of a sad puritanical gloom!
Tell PETER, tho' gross and profane, yet his Odes
I hail with high glee!—There he soar'd to the gods!
Tell GIFFORD, with joy I his numbers embraced,
When from folly he rescued the regions of Taste!"
Pp. 12—14.

In order, the Laureate each poet address'd,
The sweet things repeated, nor cancel'd the rest.
But scarce the satirical gentry the whole heard,
Ere PETER and GIFFORD each other had collar'd!
Ah me! that the bard should his province profane
By the smack of the whip or the crack of the cane!
* * * * * * P. 15.
So Pye, turning round him to scenes more quiescent,
With Anstey in haste stole away to the Crescent. P. 17.

CANTO THE FIFTH.

Lyric Poetry.—"Silver-shod Isis."

"As the springs of hot Bladud lay smoking behind,
Pye, on Pegasus mounted, to rival the wind!
Now posted away: and fair Isis her stream
Bade murmur his coming to high Academe.
Ah then!—if fond fancy could wander at will,
She mused on the memory of Faringdon-hill!
To the Theatre strait did the Poet repair;
And he felt himself proudly exalted in air,
As he took, Muse-impell'd, the Vice-chancellor's chair.

In order — at that most particular crisis,
On his right hand were ranged the sweet Lyrists of Isis;
And, all in the area, the velvet-sleev'd Proctors;
And, scarlet or crimson, the pomp of the Doctors;
And a crowd of square caps, and gowns shabbily dusk,
To envelope the many light shades of subfusk!
* * * * * pp. 1, 2.

With precipitation, as if to intrench
Upon time he was sorry, H— rose from his bench,
And waved a large scroll! From the ruins of Greece
He declared, he had rescued a fugitive-piece:
But his musings, in sooth, he much wish'd to impart, on
The death of their sweetest of minstrels, Tom Warton.
And Maurice was eagerly conning his verse
To deck the Professor's poetical hearse!
And Lipscombe, presuming, for 'Inoculation,'
He nigh Aganippe had gain'd a snug station,
Stepp'd forth;—the fond warbler tho' Clio look'd bitter on,
And beckon'd him off to his * 'shade' of sweet 'Cit—ron!'
* * * * * pp. 7, 8.

"And Richards a stanza or two had now hit on,
Sublime as his own, 'Aboriginal Briton!'
When open the doors of the theatre flew,
And six poets from Cam appear'd awful in view!"
* * * * * p. 10.

"Ah! Maurice! (cried H—) see the mighty Mathias
Come hither alas! from his Cam to defy us!
And Dyer and P—— and (the destinies rot her!)
The demon of Tragedy hands in her Potter!"
* * * * * p. 15.

CANTO THE SIXTH.

The Drama.—"High homage Augusta shall pay."

"Hurl'd along, as fumed up the poetical fury,
Pye found him himself strait in the precincts of Drury.

---

* In the prize-poem on Inoculation, there are two good lines about "the Citron-shade."

And, the theatre opening, there glanc'd thro' the door
A tall shadowy * form, and still glided before;
Till now in the green-room and now on the boards
He saw in strange attitudes ladies and lords,
And others so rueful —— all held by constraint!
Their looks of dejection no pencil could paint!
Each bearing a burthen, from which he must part,
On his shoulders or back, tho' it clung to his heart,
(Of our works to ourselves how enormous the price is!)
Dear, as to Æneas was father Anchises.

At that instant a * being tripp'd forth, debonnaire,
And laughing and arch with a frolicksome air,
Leading briskly a troop on the opposite side,
A troop oddly drest, party-colour'd and pied.
Each, too, had a burthen attach'd to his back,
And went wriggling along, as if put to the rack.

The two Muses then seiz'd, each, a female whose vanity
(From childhood to age) had spun verse from inanity,
And above the mixt multitude set them on high;
And, as they accepted their thrones nothing shy,
Crown'd one with a glimmer (so feeble her lyre is!) —
With a glimmer just caught from the bow of an Iris,
Whilst the rain-drops Cyllene was penciling—tho' fair
Yet all evanescent and fainting in air!

* * * * * pp. 1, 2, 3.

"Then with a slight tissue of scarlet and yellow
The two Muses encircled the head of her fellow;
Assured, that no garland more aptly would fit her,
Than the tiny web glistening—the gossamer-glitter."

* * * * * p. 6.

"Bright Hannah of Bristol (the maid iris-crown'd)
For some one to prop her, look'd wishfully round:
Her vanity-feeder, her Garrick was gone!
How 'cruel,' alas! was her seat on the throne."

* * * * * p. 8.

"Come, each of you quietly lay down your care,
To many, a burthen too grievous to bear."

* * * * * p. 9.

* The Muses of Tragedy and Comedy.

" And thou, tho' thy liver, my Lord of Carlisle!
May possibly swell with poetical bile,
Down, down with thy works, or my hands shall arrest all,
If rich, rich alone from the pencil of Westall!
And Hayley! we value the lays of thy youth,
Embellish'd by talent, exalted by truth.
How couldst thou, not deeming thy 'Triumphs' enough,
Manufacture of late such combustible stuff?
* * * * * p. 13.
" And (tedious it were to address all by name)
You vile poetasters, who think to raise fame
On an elephant's trunk, or on any sea-monster,
Toss away your abortions! Hence, hence shall not one stir,
His shoulders unless he shalt quick disencumber
From his *Melos* *, and all such theatrical lumber!"
* * * * * p. 15.
" Now, dear Madam Cowley! descend from thy height,
Arch-priestess of comedy, frothy and light;
Tho' more of the tragedy-queen in thy looks,
Descend, Madam Cowley! and pile up the books!"
* * * * * p. 16.
" And, as to set fire to this soul-breathing pyramid,
Apollo's self bade us provoke and bestir a maid,
Devoted Miss Hannah!—come, toss in thy 'Percy;'
Nor on thy 'Inflexible Captive' have mercy!
Whilst with Deans so familiar and Bishops we rank her,
Can Hannah still after the theatre hanker?'
——" No!"—contracting her brow into furrows full risible,
(As a torch met her hands from some spirit invisible),
" No! no!"—scream'd Miss Hannah—" All hail benedicite!"
And thus made a virtue of savage necessity; †
Then (her visage with zeal or malevolence flusht)
To the heap of high wit, like a Bacchanal rush'd,
And dash'd in the torch. Straight ascended the smoke:
And, feeding on goblins and giants and joke,
From the pyre, a fine blue, the flame crackled and broke:

* Melo-dramas. † Sæva necessitas.

And, certes, or nourisht by matter bituminous,
Or nonsense or wit, it was very voluminous!"
* * * * pp. 19, 20.

CANTO THE SEVENTH.

Miscellaneous Poetry.—"Lichfield her Myrtles."

Of this sketch, the Author would as yet even withhold a specimen.

CANTO THE EIGHTH.

Epic Poetry.—"Windermere greet thee."

"To determine this wond'rous poetical warfare,
Away to the North was Pye whisk'd in a car, far
As e'er he had travel'd thro' half a moon's age,
In a minute — a truly miraculous stage!
Urania, in sooth, over mountains and glens,
Over moorlands and rivers, and vallies and fens,
Over castles and hamlets, and manors and glebes,
Now bears us to Athens, now wings us to Thebes!"
* * * * * p. 1.

"There Pye, by his office compell'd, to a crowd
Of Epic competitors, awkwardly bow'd,
As if he would every pretension disclaim
To decide, where such wranglers were fighting for fame.
Moreover, a feeling unpleasantly lurk'd
In his heart, that himself in heroics had work'd.
And, as he was hemming, Urania cried, 'Pye!
Come, be of good cheer; nor the scrutiny fly!
Tho' not rank'd with bards whom we deem 'Boanerges,'
Thy numbers are smooth—thou are better than Burges!
What tho', (as they jeer, with a joke or a gibe, us,)
The wicked wits couple thee often with Pybus;
Sir Bland! thou should'st rather have laboured to whistle
To Dunning another Heroic Epistle,
Than have climb'd up and roll'd down the rock, to thy breech hard,
In struggling to grasp at the shade of King Richard!

But see how he snivels and sneaks behind Helen;
Tho' neither in rhyme nor in reason a felon:
Secure from the charge of a theft, as of treason,
His own is his rhyme, and his own is his reason!
Up Pindus tho' creeping to carry the farce on, he
Still labour'd, too weak for one poor petit-larceny!"
* * * * * pp. 9, 10.
"Such metrical monsters ah! why do I mark,
While beams in my presence—'the Poet of Arc'?"
* * * * — pp. 20, 21.

Such is a slight analysis of a sportive poem written more than twenty-five years ago. A new race of Poets have since sprung up more popular (and deservedly so) than any former generation in this country, or in the civilized world. Southey was then emerging from the literary horizon; he now shines out in dazzling splendour! And for Scott and Campbell —— but it were presumption in the sonneteer of Cornwall to attempt a delineation of epic magnificence. It were like the effort to span immensity.

R. P. *to* W. P.

Newlyn, Truro, May 30, 1822.

Again I take up my pen to ask my dear son how he is going on "in thunder, lightning, and in rain,"—in learned lore syllogistic and hellenistic, and so forth? We have been threatened here night and day from angry clouds; but, hitherto, they have rolled off with but a distant murmur. Cold, indeed, and heat seem to affect us in rapid

succession. Here, however, nothing is talked of but gypsies, walking fairs, and shows of cattle. This morning I sent one of my constables with a sufficient force to apprehend and bring before me a large party of the gypsey-folk, who were encamped about two miles from this place; but the children of chiromancy had taken the alarm, and fled. They have killed sheep in the neighbourhood, and have collected (it is said) from the Newlynites and Piranites more than £30 within the last fortnight, for the most part in half crowns, their fortune-telling fees. The wives and daughters of some of our most respectable farmers were among the votaries at their shrine. As to the walking fairs, Truro was never so full as on Wednesday last. The weather, remarkably fine, invited those who, indeed, would have gone "through fire and fen," rather than have absented themselves from a Whitsun-fair. Our show of cattle in Newlyn Church town will be advertized for next Friday se'nnight, when we expect a great crowd of farmers from different and distant parts of the county, producing "fat bulls of Basan," and "rams of Nebaioth," in envious competition. I wish you had been here. We shall have a great deal of amusement, if the sun shine upon the rival cattle-mongers.

Yours, &c. R. P.

P. S.—I send you my promised extract from "Dartmoor."

* * * * *

DARTMOOR.—*A Poem.*

Far to the straining sight, far West away,
The Moorland kindled to the close of day;
The scatter'd heath-flowers caught a yellower beam,
And trembling radiance kiss'd the reedy stream:
And still amidst the sunblaze, black and cold,
The mountain-crags were touch'd with paler gold;
Whilst flush'd was all the interminable wild,
Which only as in scorn to Summer smil'd:
When, darkness gathering on the skirts of night,
Gleam'd o'er the sullen Moor a lurid light;
Low murmurs from some hollow seem'd to sigh,
A sear leaf rustled, tho' no tree was nigh!
Whistled amidst the gloom a sudden blast!
And mingling with the shadows of the waste,
Broad was the rush of icebolts!—the rocks rung;
And in a long chill pause the seagull sung
Whiter amidst the blackness!

* * * * * *

While thro' the silent air from willowy fens,
Down fractur'd rocks, and deep thro' cavern'd glens,
Swell'd by the passing storm new rivers pour'd,
And every little rill a cataract roar'd.
But say, were floods, or glens, or troubled sky,
Vain images, to mock the Poet's eye?
Say, were those sounds from moorlands dank and drear,
Abortive echoes to the Poet's ear?
By no faint pencil was her form pourtray'd:
I saw the vision of some heavenly maid!
Pavilion'd on the bosom of the air
I saw her beaming brow, her amber hair,
That hair engirt with flowers of various twine,
And her blue eyes ineffably benign.
Soft o'er her graceful limbs the asbestos flow'd;
And thro' its folds effulgent purple glow'd.
And, as Arabian incense seem'd to breathe
From bowers invisible, above, beneath;
Young Hope look'd forth, the gentlest of her choir,
And Courtesy, and Candour, chaste Desire,

And Patience, to each painful task resign'd,
And ardent Faith, and love of Human-kind!
Methought each head a brilliant halo wreath'd—
Their beauteous feet in rainbow lustres bath'd!
Scarce had I mark'd, how fine the ambrosial glow,
How soft the colours of the lunar bow;
Ere its gigantic shape a phantom rear'd,
And (shooting up as shoots basalt) appear'd
Amidst the chambers of the thunder, driven
By the careering winds, to menace Earth and Heaven!
And, "darest thou (cried the fiend) usurp my throne,
Fix'd on the base of adamant, mine own?
To chase my rigours is thy feebler aim—
My crown the hail-stone and my sceptre flame?—
* * * * * *
Who breaks upon my sacred solitude?
Who dares amid the eternal torrs intrude,
That scowl'd ere yet its course yon orb had run,
And scorn'd, tho' all around ador'd—a Sun?
* * * * * *
With genial love the undying war to wage,
I rule these realms, and rul'd from age to age!
For me, my sallows that stagnation feeds,
My pale cold heath-flowers, and my bristling reeds,
Alike obsequious to my smiles or frowns,
A breeze scarce fosters, ere a blast embrowns!
For me, in fogs that drench, in winds that parch,
Sterility pursues my withering march!
In sulphur from the welkin I descend!
I melt the mountains, or asunder rend;
Whole woods o'erwhelm or (half to daylight lent)
Shew their shrunk tops, a fearful monument;
Charge with keen fate the arrowy gales that blanch
The stony root, the trunk, the sapless branch;
The snow-storm rapid o'er the desart urge,
Hang o'er each river, and arrest the surge;
Bind the deep roaring of the brooks in ice,
And chain up all the dizzy precipice.

There, still, my Genii spread their sable wings,
And choak with venom'd plants the fountain-springs.
So frown the sullen wastes, my sceptre sways:
So lonesome were those wilds in ancient days;—
Save that scath'd woods sepulchral horror shed,
Where altars to Revenge or Folly bled!
Save that I steel'd the homicidal knife,
And sharpen'd the last agonies of life!
Save that by treacherous swamp, or flood, or fire,
I wreak'd on man my everlasting ire;
Save that bewilder'd shepherds far from home
My phosphor lur'd, then left them to their doom!
Save that I bade the bison, in his wrath,
Turn back upon his hunter's gory path;
Exulting saw my eyries all imbrued
High on my torrs, with many an infant's blood;
And rous'd the fiery dragon from his den,
With poison'd breath to blast whole ranks of men!
They perish'd! 'Twas a meteor or a gulf!
My heralds, eagles; and my scout, the wolf!
And lo! dispeopled all this trackless heath,
The oblivious haunt of dreariness and death!
* * * * * *

"Yes! to thy regions of Oblivion haste!
Behold, O Taranis! thy reign is past!
Yes! thy dire work of desolation done—
Speed to that solitude without a sun!
Say, shall thy sprites still clap their dusky wings
O'er those dun fountains—those polluted springs?
Shall they still hover in the blue deep haze,
Shake the red swamp and shoot the meteor blaze?
No! thy own Hesus, whom thy sons adore,
Thy Hesus trembles on his topmost torr!
And Belus, round whose rock shall culture smile,
Cowers in dark mood along the craggy pile.
Far other angels from the secret cave
Shall pour fresh founts, and guide the pregnant wave!
And lo! thine arid hills, thy waste of snows—
Thy wilderness shall blossom, as the rose!"

She said. And strait, from many an airy shell
Such harmonies as trance the happy, swell!
How rich the various modulations rise!
How in sweet tones the melting music dies!
So soft, so soothing, the supernal lay,
The forest-fiend in silence sunk away;
And, his cloud lessening to a thin white fleece—
A feeble vapour—all repos'd in peace. Pp. 1, 2, 3—5.

R. P. *to* W. P.

MY DEAREST SON, Newlyn, Oct. 20th, 1822.

* * * * * * * *

I am glad, from Gillert's report, to find the Greeks recovering their former energies, and likely, on the whole I think, to succeed in their projects of emancipation. Much will depend on the secret pecuniary support they may receive from Russia and this country. It is remarkable, that a young Greek, a native of one of the islands, is just now printing a poem on the fall of Constantinople. I will copy for your entertainment some of my stanzas. I have sketched out about 120,—nine lines in a stanza. On a revision, I shall reduce them to about ninety.

I shall desire you soon to send me some extracts from original authorities, such as I am sure the Bodleian and other libraries contain: the translation or abstract, which Pontanus made from Phranza, is in the Bodleian. Chalcondylas is in your library, as well as Crusius's "Historia Politica Constantinopolios."

Yours ever, R. P.

CANTO THE FIRST.

The Turkish Camp in the neighbourhood of Constantinople.

Far off and near, along the tented plain
Broad banners flash, at many an interval,
And here a richer ensign floats amain,
And silk pavilions glisten in the gale;
Whilst now the Moslems, each his comrade, hail,
Some faint from wounds that rued the recent fight,
Others with fond ear listening to the tale
Of prompt adroitness, or of iron might,
Pursuit by corses check'd, and fear and rapid flight.

Here stalking, and in stature sternly proud
A Spahi pictur'd, how he foremost flung
The first keen arrow 'midst the embattled crowd;
How, bending in full gallop—how he hung
O'er hundreds, hacking out a path among
Thick squadrons!—To his flourisht scymitar
Which he had steep'd in Christian carnage, rung
A brother-soldier's mail with horrid jar—
With half-resenting scowl grinn'd the dark Janizar.

And there, an Aga—wild his gestures—told
How—Aslans * in the fierce assault—the van
Rush'd on; till backwards amidst fire-bolts roll'd,
They tumbled, Mussulman on Mussulman!
"Yet, (half-unsheath'd his bickering Ataghan)
"Yet," cried he, "the deep trench with craven blood—
"The red stream swelling the Propontis, ran!
"And dastard souls in melancholy mood
"Still hover'd o'er the slain, and mourn'd the crimson flood."

Some lazily, as if their sin or sloth
The fount of pure ablution scarce could purge,
Saunter, to sip the wine-cup nothing loath;
And sigh, that cruel Destiny should urge
Their bombs and bolts along Death's dizzy verge,
Nor still their hours in dull Oblivion steep!
O! they had chang'd for scorpions—for the scourge

* Lions. Ali Pacha was called Aslan, or the Lion.

Their days of sluggishness—their nights of sleep!
They had no smile for joy—they had no tear to weep.

Its benison once more if Heaven vouchsafe—
The lulling juice, the coffee's fragrant fume,
They vow, to the gray pilgrim's cowl and staff
To vail the shining shield, the helmet-plume,
And deck with martial spoils Medina's tomb;
Where from old Tyre, from Carmel black and lone,
From the hoar Caspian to Sabæan bloom,
With kisses wearing the thrice hallow'd stone,
Full many a devotee for "sin or sloth" atone.

But nigh yon statelier tent, what shapes grotesque
Dark-cinctur'd? Their eyes fasten'd to the ground?
Starting as by one impulse, lo! they frisk,
Spring airy upwards, and whirl'd swift around
Urge the mad dance to one wild burst of sound!
Still giddily they thread the mystic maze!
The timbrels give new force to every bound!
Their horsetail lances as the Pashas raise
From all the motley camp assembling nations gaze.
* * * * * * Pp. 1, 2, 3.

——"To each, Almighty destiny
Decrees or life or death, o'er-ruling all;
And to the soldier, if foredoom'd to die,
Suits his wing'd shaft, or sends his certain ball!
And they who, grappling with the foeman, fall,
Shall to new life, sustain'd by angels rise!
Then mount, my sons!—then mount yon mouldering wall;
And, if ye win no transient earthly prize,
Yours be the eternal bowers—the blooms of Paradise.

There bubbling founts from rocks of crystal play,
And, cool in tinkling rills, refresh the glade!
To her own rose the bulbul swells the lay,
And Spring's young colours blush thro' every shade!
There, to no asp, no tusky boar betray'd,
The cave, far opening, to its roof allures
Voluptuous pairs; and many a black-eyed maid

The sweet sigh mingles with her paramours.
Such is the promised bliss—such, Moslems! such be yours!

Yes! from the serpent safe, the ravenous tusk,
Shall fleet your rapturous moments! yours the girls
Sprung to immortal youth from purest musk!
Lo! from pavilions hollow'd out in pearls
They come! And each o'er his green couch unfurls
The rosy silk!" Pp. 9, 10.

Sudden, the tambour's swell, and cymbal's clank,
And sulph'rous volley shook the camp, the strand,
And died among the mountains. Rank on rank
(Wav'd into being as by sorcerer's wand),
Already at the walls a bristling band,
Pour'd thro' the shatter'd gate, 'midst arrowy showers,
And the spear madden'd in the uplifted hand.
In thought already had they scal'd the towers;
Already had they seiz'd the Haram's hallow'd bowers.

"High Alla! the one Alla!" flew from tent
To tent—amid the frantic uproar flew;
And with Mohammed's name the air was rent;
And now, its veil o'er all as darkness threw,
On the night-centinels, a sanguine hue
Was cast from many a window's kindling light;
And, far illum'd the Euxine's deep'ning blue.
A long reflexion flash'd from height to height;
And dim Byzantium rose, and quiver'd on the sight.
* * * * * * P. 14.

From falling empires to fanatic reigns
Was Constantine thus, trembling, fluttering whirl'd,
And hope or anguish hung o'er thrilling scenes
Sooth'd by a sun-gleam, or thro' tempests hurl'd;
When, from some island-glen, as soft waves curl'd
Around the aërial form, he saw emerge
A Spirit, with lambent rainbows all impearl'd,
And stand on tiptoe on a cliff's dim verge,
And gild from plumes of light, far gild the placid surge.

The angel on a wreath of mist drew nigh,
Look'd heavenly love, and said or seem'd to say:
"Mourn not, O Prince, thy earthly destiny,
With martyrs to thy glory snatcht away!
Thou shalt not witness the disastrous sway
Of those, whose paths are darkness. Pride and strife
Shut from thy froward race, shut out the day!
Feuds, rancourous feuds, among thy people rife,
Poison the blessed fount, whence flow the streams of life.

"Thou shalt not witness those portentous storms—
The havoc ravaging thy towns—the stroke
Disfeaturing the Creator's fairest forms!
Thou shalt not witness that infernal smoke!
Call'd by the Omnipotent (the angel spoke
Shuddering) his four sore judgments fromthe abyss,
To smite a guilty generation broke!
And Peace greets Righteousness with holy kiss
No more, where Hatred scowls, and Fraud and Faction hiss!

"Woe! woe on earth! I hear the trumpet sound
Woe, woe! I see the shedding of men's blood!
Let loose are the four angels*, which lay bound
In that great river, in Euphrates' flood!
And horsemen! who shall count the multitude?
Their breast-plates, brimstone! Every horse, his head
The lion's!—Writhing like the viperous brood
His scaly tail, and spreading, far to spread,
Flame issues from each mouth, with Heaven's own vengeance red.

"Thy suffering city—they shall eat the bread
Of tears—and at the hand of God, the cup
Of trembling—they shall drink the cup they dread—
The very dregs, the dregs shall they drink up!
Nor shall the fury that is gone forth, stop,
Till all thy judges—all thy princes faint
In every street—till all thy nobles drop!

* See Wells on the Revelation. Edit. Oxford, 1717, pp. 65, 66, 67.

Till rise from each lone house the widow's plaint;
Nor indignation spare the apostle, nor the saint!

"Lo! for a little season must it be!
Saith thy Redeemer—saith the Lord! My face
Yet a short moment have I hid from thee!
Land of my people! of my chosen race!
O wait awhile; my goodness shall not cease!
The adamantine mountains shall decay,
And the hills melt, and none shall know their place!
Yet never shall my mercies fade away,
But shine, the light of life, to everlasting day.

"Lo, wafted from the islands of the blest,
The tidings of salvation shall come forth,
Like Gilead's balm, my healing from the west,
And Faithfulness, my buckler, from the north!
Then, 'midst the lying wonders of the earth,
Then shall that arch-impostor hide his head,
And all shall curse Mohammed's demon-birth;
As he, by whose right arm the dragon bled,
Shall slay the murderous beast in Yathreb's venom bred*.

"Then, ringing, shall the voice of Melody
Echo from bower to bower, from vale to vale;
From every habitation sorrow flee,
And Health, and Peace, and Joy, the righteous hail;
And springs of living waters never fail,
And the lign-aloes fling their shadows there!
Then Sharon's rose shall incense every gale;
And the Great Shepherd in his arms shall bear
The lambs of Israel's flock, his own peculiar care!"

Pp. 41, 42, 43.

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* In this last canto the subject is placed in the only light, which can give it consequence on a Christian view. Wells (as we have seen), and other commentators on the Revelation, consider the fall of Constantinople as a fulfilment of a prophetic passage, and predict the re-possession of it by Christian Powers.

R. P. *to* W. P.

Newlyn, Nov. 10, 1822.

Again I imagine my dear son seizing his pen this moment, as I am—by simultaneous impulse, to perform his Sunday evening task—a task, I trust, most pleasant to him, from the consciousness that he is doing what will be sure to give pleasure to his father.

I wish (as I have often intimated) that you would recollect the classical topics on which you are lectured, and, let me add, on which for the exercise of your ingenuity and wit you dispute at your rooms. You have heard me describe Hazlewood's, and Greville's, and your father's arguments, historical and critical; which were sometimes supported with a dexterity to surprise ourselves, and always with temper, though with spirit. To recollect and bring forward in this manner what we had read, had an effect beyond what you would imagine. It assisted the memory, and strengthened the judgment, and sharpened the penetration. Tell me next Sunday (if you are not telling me now), what progress you have made in Theology: I beg you by all means to pay the first attention to the Divinity lectures, in your own College, and at Christ Church; making notes and observations as you go on. And if on Sundays you have been struck by any sermon at St. Mary's or elsewhere, task your memory with the preacher's reasonings, and, if you can, with his illustrations.

I have just read an excellent description of Oxford, and its immediate neighbourhood, in the "New Monthly Magazine." — Have you seen Campbell's "Song of the Greeks?"—It is a most animating war-song. The stanza is happily chosen, and admits several expressions which I had used in my Spenserian verse, but was forced to strike out, on account of the metre. Could I get extracts from the Byzantine Historians, whose names you will find in Gibbon's notes (see XII. vol. for the account of the Fall of Constantinople and the references), I might be encouraged to go on: as it is, to proceed will be useless.

Yours, &c. R. P.

Dr. MIDDLETON, *Bishop of Calcutta, to Sir* HARDINGE GIFFARD.

June 5, 1822.

* * * * * * * * *

The merits of Mr. Polwhele's father are by no means unknown to me. He is a man of genius and a veteran in literature; and not I believe very fortunate in respect to the manner in which his merits have been rewarded *.

* Sir H. Giffard had kindly recommended my son Thomas Polwhele (lieutenant-adjutant at Kamptee, near Nagpoor) to the notice of Bishop Middleton; which occasioned the Bishop's letter to Sir Hardinge. Sir H. introduced my son, likewise, to Sir Edward Paget; "one of the kindest-hearted men living." "And I am convinced," said Sir Hardinge in a letter to my son,

R. P. *to* T.

MY DEAR FRIEND, February 26, 1823.

I was the other day in a *punning* company, where, I am sure, you (who abhor a *pun)* would have been *punish'd* indeed;—unless the classic air of what I dignify with the name of wit, might have *atoned* for the *tone* of the conversation.

Some *old puns* were first repeated; whence *new puns* were elicited: then *Epigrams* were composed; and then *Epitaphs* were criticised! They were almost all the products of the moment. Of each sort I will give you a specimen or two.

It is seldom that a pun will bear repetition; but that addressed to my Lord Falmouth, who had proposed his friend Somerset, as a member for T. to its stubborn electors, was a curious felicity. "Whenever they make a stand, may you give them a *Somerset!*"

The same punster was scarcely less happy in observing, when, in a dark night, a gentleman straying into a *balk*-yard, fell over a beam of timber—"it was a monstrous *balk!*" For the puns of the day, an elderly lady entering the room all clad in *white*, J. N. whispered: "what! is the old girl still a *candidate* for wedlock?"

But we aimed at nobler game. A man of high classic attainments remarked, "Turning over the

"that he will be anxious to do you some good. His feeling of your father's merits is as strong as you could wish; and I trust that you will derive advantage from it."

pages of Polydore Vergil, I was pleased by what appeared (to my fancy at least) a passage not inapplicable (even without a pun) to a period of *Bonaparte's* government. His invitation to the emigrants, his promises of impunity, his affected lenity to the conspirators, and the semblance of conciliatory measures, are not obscurely expressed.

"*Bonapars* sentit, non armis at concilio et lenitate id mali avertendum. Quapropter, primùm literis ad civitates scriptis, præcipitur ut nemo sit Ludovici dicto audiens. Deinde conjuratis impunitas promittitur; postremò cum Ludovico ac ducibus de reconciliendâ pace agitur. His rationibus actum est, ut conjurati, depositis armis, in patriam redierint. Atque ita magna labes quæ rempublicam obrutura videbatur, restincta est *."

After the production of this passage, we passed, by what association of ideas I know not (it seemed a violent transition), to the consideration of several finical fashions, particularly the sealing of letters with wax instead of wafers. And this fashion was said to originate in Lord Oldborough's indignation at a wafer, in Miss Edgeworth's "Patronage." "A wafer (it is there suggested) wet from spittle!—how indelicate!" But "the Naiads (said a gentleman) supply moisture for my wafers! They are wet from the fountain stream sparkling in a silver vase." One of the company noticed the inconvenience of the apparatus in using sealing-wax; another, much more justly, the expence; and another with great propriety remarked: "To

* Pp. 1241, 1242.

use our arms on a seal to a superior is thought presuming. We should approach a man of rank in the humblest guise. Consistently with this, we should approach him with a wafer."—But, my friend! *hæ nugæ!* harmless, however: for I think we can never say, *seria ducunt in mala*; unless a little Epigram, which I wrote in pencil whilst the others were talking, may lead to mischief.

Epigram on a Letter sealed with a Wafer to a Borough-mongering Duke.

I.

How heedless thou of etiquette,
Of fashion's just rebuke,
With wafer from thy mouth so wet
If thou insult the Duke!

II.

"Poh! Wax and Wafer are all one:
"To me it matters little,
"The man whom I would spit upon
"That I address with spittle!"

This epigram brought to light the following:

To Mr. Gilbert and the Gas Company.

Truro's morals as well as appearance must show
What praise to your labours and science we owe;
Our *streets* and our *manners* you've equally brighten'd,
Since our town is less *wick*-ed, and much more *enlighten'd!*

Our attention had been engaged some time before by what is called in Cornwall, "a *rising* of the miners," and an unusual number of justices

assembled on the occasion. This was spoken of, when the following lines amidst our symposiacs were struck out, in smart collision:

From their duty it is but a moment's defection;
Be assur'd, the poor miners will leave us in quiet:
From the justices only—(a strange insurrection!)—
I fear from the justices only, a riot!

* * * * * * * *

Good Heavens! why, without and within what a fuss 'tis!
For every poor miner we number a justice!
In Sessions tho' *sitting*, however surprising—
From the quorum alone, I'm afraid of a *rising!*

This was well hit off.

We then ran riot in Latin: The following though the effusion of an Oxonian, was but coldly received. A laughing distich, indeed, ill prepared us for "the drunken man never in danger." —A person perfectly sober, happening to fall into a pit, occasioned these lines:

Sobrius en juvenis quondam trieterica Bacchi
Explorare volens, incidit in foveam.
"Heu, pede contuso (exclamat) si jam ebrius, omnes
Illæsis membris effugerem latebras!"

An impromptu, by an old college-friend of Bishop Carey, had a better effect:

Nomine subducto, ponitur "Gulielmus" et "Exon:"
Care! vocare mihi—nam mihi *Carus* eris!"

which reminded us of Bishop Lowth's "Cara Maria"—"a fine morceau of classic elegance." I remember, however, (said a gentleman) that in one of our critical journals of no mean authority,

an objection was made at the time of its first appearance to *tecum ero*, as unclassical:

Quando iterum *tecum* (si modo dignus) *ero*.

And it was not till lately that I noticed a line in Terence, which may be adduced in justification of this expression.

——Amica *tecum* sine metu ut *sit* *.

With an address "to the Crocus," by one of the party, our prolusions were cut short. The Crocus was just under the window, in a sad plight, exactly as described:

Sweet Crocus! thro' a bed of snow
That unrepell'd hast forced thy way,
Nor yet to one soft genial ray
Wert suffer'd for an hour to blow;
I see thy yellow glow
Fast fading in decay!
Midst rushing rains and pelting hail
I see thee comfortless and pale!
Alas! thou ruest the sickening day,
Thy pretty petals torn,
And e'en the green tuft round thee shorn!

How hard, tho' fain thy feeble smile
Would herald Spring's expected morn,
That thou shouldst languish all the while
The harbinger of pleasure born!

You see with what gravity we closed the whole: the tragedy followed the farce.

Yours, &c. R. P.

* Heaut. Act 2, Scen. 3. v. 87.

P. S. I was not aware that this patch-work epistle was much in the style and manner of Aulus Gellius, till this moment. Looking into the "Noctes Atticæ," I find several places bearing a close resemblance to the above.

R. P. *to* W. P.

MY DEAR SON, Newlyn-vicarage, Nov. 9, 1823.

* * * * * * *

The mode in which you propose to spend your time in the country, is such as no one can object to, unless it be on account of its too intense studiousness. For the mental labour of twelve hours a day, must injure the healthiest constitution. I would wish you to get up as early as a winter's morning will admit of—say about eight. Make a short breakfast at nine, and return to your studies. —Pursue them till one o'clock, and then ride out till three, when you will dine and sit an hour with us. From four or half-past four till six you may read; and then, after tea, till ten o'clock; when, after all this exertion of the memory and the judgment, you ought to retire to rest. I think I here allow you about *ten hours* for reading; when I am sure the best judges will concur with me in opinion, that *eight hours*, well employed, would be sufficient for your purpose. Dr. Downman, himself a laboriously studious man, would never permit those whom he could influence, to devote more than six hours to reading and writing.—To return

to the *early-rising*—you had better read, in the winter, an hour or two before day (by candle-light) than break in upon the night. The latter is always found injurious to health. As to the dawn, or an hour or two before the dawn, you remember Horace's "ante diem librum cum lumine," &c. &c.

* * * * * * *

And now, that I am about to drop my pen, let me beg you to take the utmost care of yourself, for your father's sake, as well as your own. "Use your books without abusing them:" for relaxation from study several times a day, is necessary to health. Walk out into the gardens and public walks, but not alone. Keep your feet warm, and your head cool.

God bless my ever dear son; in which, I assure you, your mamma sincerely joins your truly affectionate father, R. P.

The same to the same.

My dear Son, Newlyn, Nov. 24, 1823.

Just returned from a visit to the free-school (where I have had much tedious work), I find a letter from our kinsman, Edward Collins the younger, inviting me to dine this day at Truthan, at five o'clock; when I shall be presented to Sir Molineux Nepean, (son of the late Sir Evan, who was high in the Pitt administration), and a school-acquaintance of Mr. E. Collins. I love Etonian friendships! They are generally lasting. To me

indeed, they appear in an amiable light, from my acquaintance with Judge Hardinge. At Truthan I shall sleep, of course; or rather have a bed; as there is no chance, with me, of any thing out of my own house beyond a light slumber, retaining a consciousness of all that is going forward through the night; whether the striking of the clock within, or the crowing of the cock without.

Nov. 25.—This morning (after breakfasting on coffee, and cold ham and pheasant,) I left Sir M. and E. C. in their shooting attire, preparing to traverse the country; and whilst they were pursuing their game in one direction, I was passing on to this my humble habitation, in another. Sir M. is a most delightful companion. I had a truly classic treat: and amidst the Greek, and Latin, and Italian poets, the hour of one had stolen upon us, before I was aware of having exceeded my usual bed-time. And then I went to my chamber, and slept not a moment.

I shall now turn to my Cornish pedigrees; identifying, if I can, the *Nepeans* with the *Nanspians*. Sir M. seems to think, that they were one and the same: I am much inclined to his opinion.—You have heard the story of Mr. Cobbett meeting Mr. Pitt at the table of Sir Evan Nepean; where Mr. Pitt, displeased with Cobbett's egotisms, treated him with indifference, if not contempt; in consequence of which Mr. Cobbett was said to start aside, "like a broken bow." This story is strictly true.

Yours ever, R. P.

J. C. *to* R. P.

My dear Sir, Aug. 1823.

A letter signed J. C. must bring to your recollection letters of Brown, *from the dead to the living*.—My good friend! though an Octogenarian, I am still alive and kicking, as we say, and hope this will find you and your good family all alive and happy. After this exordium, permit me to introduce to you my nephew, the eldest son of my brother Lord Teignmouth. He is making a tour of Cornwall, and I know you *can* give him every information as to his objects of pursuit, and (what is more) I know you *will* too. What are you about? I am resuscitating my *adolescent amœnities* by reading Theophrastus and Apuleius—studies which, Tully says, *adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant*; but how can I ask what you are doing—you are teaching your parishioners the right road to heaven; and that you and they and all may find it, is the sincere wish of your most faithful and sincere well-wisher, J. C.

Thomas Flindell *to* R. P.

Rev. Sir, Exeter, Jan. 1824.

I am really glad to find by your letter, that you have still health and spirits enough left to go on writing and publishing; and not yet exclaiming with the Jewish sage: "'Tis all vanity and vex-

ation of spirit!" Our last exchange of letters, if I recollect rightly, regarded some MS. which I had then thoughts of purchasing of you. I had then a speculation in view—a periodical miscellany—which came to nothing; but I went so far on the way of preparation, as to stir my wife's friends to enquiries about Shenstone's remains, which you now enquire after, but to no purpose. Forty years had elapsed since my wife learnt her letters of the daughter of Shenstone's "Cook, slut, and dairy-maid,"—(O the delicacy of the poet!)—She was dead, and had not left a wreck that I could discover, behind.

You flatter me too much by noticing any of my humble labours, in your works. The want of marginal notes to my Bible was ill compensated by its print or its commentary. It is astonishing, to my view, how little the Bible is understood. That sacred book contains, from the pen of Moses and the words of Christ, a complete definition (and that definition verified by all the facts of human history) of a theory of mind contradicting in substance and in terms that of Aristotle, upon which you learned gentlemen of Oxford and Cambridge build, after the schoolmen. To the publication of this discovery I look forward, with the fond hope of having my name rescued a little while from "dumb oblivion." My discovery was made in prison; but it required much generalizing, reading, and thinking, before I could poise the Bible on a principle—that is (you will say) before I could round my bubble-system.

I communicated my first rude effort to your noble friend Lord de Dunstanville; who knocked me down with,

Fools rush in, where Angels fear to tread:

forgetful that every blockhead construes the Bible his own way; and that few men resemble *angels* less than the reasoning schoolmen, dupes of the dreamer of Stagyra, if we except the *infallible* old Lady of the Seven Hills. But it was not for me to bandy words with his Lordship; whose uniform goodness towards me, from the hour he first recognized me, demands from me nothing short of grateful prayers. I have got my said book about half printed; and in the course of next summer, if I live, hope to get it out.

But I am breaking up fast—liver, lungs, digestive faculties, eyes, ears, all going together!

You blame my free and rude writing—but every effect has its cause. What had I to do with fighting the battles of the aristocracy, or constituted authorities? I was not formed to run in harness—to pay court. Ever a tory among whigs, and a whig among tories, I conciliated nobody. Bred an illiterate half-seaman, I required strong excitement!—I was at home in a storm! The Queen's affair knocked me up at once, in head, heart, pocket!

In prison I had occasion to digest many a bitter pill. I had recourse to the Bible, sought principles, analysed authorities, constitutions, laws, religions, and took calomel to purge a fermenting liver. Well! I found law and judges could with

sickening parade, *******. Yet was I gravely advised to reverence judges and law! I found that courtiers and radicals could tacitly conspire against me: yet was I gravely advised still to hate radicals, and still to trumpet courtiers!—But who were my *sage advisers*?—men whom courtiers, judges, counsellors, had never *kicked* or *scorned*; but who, as *gentlemen* or *divines* were enjoying *their share* of the *reverence* and the *worship* of the State—privileged by the very laws which ground me to the heart!—For the King!—But what know I of the Lama of Tartary? I had no place or portion in your Israel! I had nothing but a little pride of manhood—*free* manhood, as I once thought it; and even of that persuasion I was stript, for standing alone in defence of the morality, the truth, the loyalty of the Country!

You, my reverend friend, teach the *children of the poor* (and I am one of them) "to *renounce* the pomps and vanities of this *wicked world*, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh."—Do you expect that *we* should *renounce* and *abhor* the *little* of these sins that are practicable in poverty, and *reverence* as *sacred the bloated masses that swelter near a throne*? Or are *faith* and *loyalty* to *extinguish* our *discernment* of *properties*? The age of *such* faith and loyalty is gone: it never should have existed.

Pardon this sore effusion, Reverend Sir, and believe me to be, with gratitude for many recollected kindnesses, your faithful humble servant,

THOMAS FLINDELL.

R. P. *to* T.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Jan. 1824.

I have just received from Sir Hardinge Giffard a little volume of Poems, thus inscribed: "To the Rev. Richard Polwhele, as a token of the highest esteem and respect for his talents and character, this collection is offered by Hardinge Giffard. *Colombo, Aug.* 19, 1823."

In a letter, accompanying the Poems, (which is equally characterized by simplicity, sensibility, and elegance) Sir H. G. intimates, that my "kind favour of the 10th of March, 1823, had exceedingly gratified him; that the critical judgment I had honoured him with, would delight a person much less voracious of applause than he imagined himself to be; but that if he disregarded the general course of opinion, the value he set upon those, whose approbation he desired, was so much the more enhanced, and that in that number he had long placed the Poet of Cornwall.

"Your son (continues Sir Hardinge) has derived some advantage from my recommendation to Sir Edward Paget. Were I to say all I think of the excellence of Sir Edward, I should not soon terminate my letter; but you have saved me the necessity, in your sketch of an Old English Gentleman. Sir Edward is one of the noblest examples of that noble class of human beings.

"The good Bishop Middleton passed a short time in Ceylon the year before his death. He had visited some of the Syrian churches, and

been struck with the same views you mention; but I think he said he had found something of the jealousy, which Easterns entertain of the English disposition to encroaching power. This is not to be wondered at; but if any one could have overcome this difficulty, he would have done it; and probably has laid such a foundation as may make it easier to his successor to effect an amalgamation of the churches.

"Your lines on the Coronation attracted much attention here; they delighted me so much, that I had them published in our Gazette (from the Gentleman's Magazine), and thus sent through India.

"Allow me to offer you a collection of my verses, which I have lately had printed by the Wesleyan Missionaries (our only printers here). These people are quiet and useful; prompt in forwarding education; and do not disturb us by any extravagancies.

"By the way, I think I have seen an edition of Bishop Lavington's Comparison advertised as coming from you. I do not know who is your printer, but if you will bid him send me a copy, either through Mawman, or Hunter the Law Bookseller, I should be glad to get it."

One of the most pleasing little pieces in this collection, is a translation of the Sirmio of Catullus. The following version, by Sir Hardinge Giffard, has distanced, I think, every other:

> Sirmio! of all peninsulas or isles
> That or on quiet lake or boundless sea,

Neptune embraces—with what joyous smiles—
—How pleased—dear lovely spot! I fly to thee!
Scarcely believing I have left behind
Bithynia's plains, and thee in safety find:
Oh! what more blest than, when reliev'd from care
The mind throws off its burden, and o'er worn
With foreign toil, we come to our own chair,
And on the bed we long'd for; sink till morn!—
This—this alone has recompens'd my pain!—
Hail, beauteous Sirmio! For thy master's sake
Rejoice thro' all the waters of thy lake,
Whilst thro' my household halls loud mirth and laughter reign!
Adieu, my friend, R. P.

The same grateful and heart-soothing sensations (says Dr. Drake *) the effect of returning to our native hearth, have been traced with a pencil equally sweet and touching, by Mr. P.—with a reference to the pathetic *carmen* of Catullus:

Lo, as he hails his own congenial soil,
What joys the way-worn traveller's bosom fill,
When, after many a danger, many a toil,
He seeks the shelter of his native hill!
* * * * * *
Lo, the first gleaming of his distant trees!
He hastens to the clump that shades the mill,
And deems it an illusion as he sees
His oak from childhood loved, yet waving to the breeze.

With quivering hand he opes his lighten'd door,
Eyes, in his panell'd hall, each welcome chair;
Pensive surveys the windows o'er and o'er,
That all his waken'd feelings seem to share!
(Sweet recompense for long, long years of care!)
And many a silent tear 'tis his to shed,
As tremulous for joy his steps repair,

* See Dr. Drake's Winter-Nights, II. P. 262.

To his old chamber, where his weary head
May press, secure at last, his own accustom'd bed.

Thus pleasant to his fond poetic soul
Catullus saw, once more, the lucid tide
Around the green banks of his Sirmio roll,
And hail'd his tranquil home at length espied;
Happy, his every labour laid aside,
Amid his oliv'd island to repose!
"Here, on my own old couch, (the master cried)
Shall I dismiss a train of wakeful woes;
Here, in delicious sleep, my heavy eyelids close!"

See Winter Nights, vol. II. pp. 262, 263.

R. P. *to* JOHN WILSON CROKER, *Esq.*

DEAR SIR, Jan. 10, 1824.

I have often reflected on my interview with you at Truro; when presented to you by our common friend Mr. Davies Gilbert, I had the pleasure of a conversation in the highest degree interesting. Every word that dropped from you and your friend, was of sterling worth. And the animating spirit of your remarks came recommended to me by that urbanity which encouraged me to address you even as an old acquaintance.

It is this which induces me to think, that for my sake, as well as your friend Sir Hardinge Giffard's, you will lose no time in facilitating the passage of our literary pacquets. I have directed to our worthy Chief Justice, a little dramatic piece, entitled "The Syrian Princess;" to which, at some future time, perhaps, I may venture to solicit your atten-

tion. It strikes me that, at this crisis, the subject may not be indifferent to our friends in India. And, I conceive, the new Bishop of Calcutta* (from the enthusiasm of his poetic character) will hazard more than his predecessor, in attempting to form a coalition between our Church and the Syrian.

I remain, dear Sir, with great consideration, your obliged servant, R. P.

* The former Bishop of Calcutta (as stated, I believe, already) was, for a short time, Editor of the British Critic. His condescension in promising me the continuance of my station in that Review, was kind beyond my humble hopes. And so was that of RENNELL, his Lordship's successor.—To both Middleton and Rennell, I was personally unknown.—My feeling of literary inferiority I was not slow in expressing. That feeling, I am sure, was unaffected; and in proportion to that feeling, was my sense of gratitude.

It was with sincere regret, we spoke of the death of Middleton: we have now to lament the death of Rennell; to one of whose letters respecting my "Essay on the Soul," I think I have somewhere alluded. That letter is here given entire:

"Reverend Sir, I am sorry to say, that your intended present has not reached me. Probably it was directed to the Editor of the British Critic. As I have for some time resigned the conduct of that Review, it has been carried to my successor. I have, however, heard so high a character of it, that I hope soon to find time to give it the attention which it deserves; and I have no doubt but that I shall derive the same satisfaction from it, as I have ever done from your former works, whether in poetry or prose. I am, Reverend Sir, with much respect, faithfully yours, THOS. RENNELL.

Vicarage, Kensington, Nov. 26, 1819."

The extreme incivility of a patron of the British Critic in slighting me and my letters, will justify to myself the insertion of such praise from a man whose learning and taste no one can presume to question.

R. P. *to the Hon. Sir* HARDINGE GIFFARD, *Chief Justice of Colombo, Island of Ceylon.*

MY DEAR SIR, Jan. 10, 1824.

I had lost "The Syrian Princess," (of whose intended visit to Colombo I some time since apprized my son Thomas,) amidst a heap of MSS. Otherwise I should, many months ago, have begged the favour of your attention to my tragedy. It is a mere sketch, which I designed to finish if I could, and to add, after every Act, Lyric pieces in the manner of the Greek chorus. This I leave to your Muse. Amidst Indian scenery, and usages and superstitions, you have infinitely the advantage over me—to say nothing of your superior ability. I am disposed to give full credit to Buchanan's memoir of the Syrian Christians; notwithstanding the report of (I had almost said, my *namesake*) *Polhle* *. For your charming little volume (received through the hands of your friend Mr. Croker) you have my cordial thanks. It is very remarkable, that I had selected but a few hours

* In 1813, the works of Dr. Buchanan were pronounced in the House of Commons, to be an imposition on the country, and a libel on India; and the Syrian Christians were said not to be in existence!

In Pearson, however, Dr. B. is most completely vindicated, at every point: and the Syrian Christians and their good Bishop (the offspring of Buchanan's imagination!) have actually corresponded with the English on Ecclesiastical subjects, both in India and in this Country!!!—See Pearson's "Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Dr. Claudius Buchanan," *passim*; and, likewise, "The Christian Observer," vol. XVI. pp. 585, 586.

before that volume met my eyes, your "Ruins of Brightley" for my "Literary Recollections," now printing by your venerable correspondent Mr. Nichols. Your father had, many years ago, communicated that beautiful poem to me. Are you acquainted with the two volumes of "Devon and Cornwall Poems?" I was sorry that your "Brightley" came too late for insertion. Suppose you amuse yourself by collecting poems for a third volume?—If Mr. Croker, as a Devonshire-man (descended as he is from one of the first Danmonian families), can be prevailed upon to transmit to you a few poetic effusions, the third volume will probably surpass in merit the first two—adorned and dignified as these may be by Hole and Drewe, and Greville. Think of this, my dear Sir!—The Colombo press will acquire honour from your superintendance, paramount to the presses of England; and your few remaining years of absence from home, will glide swiftly away, amidst "the sweet oblivion of the lyre!"

Believe me, my dear Sir, most respectfully and affectionately yours, R. P.

R. P. *to* W. P.

My DEAR SON, March 7, 1824.

Carry with you to your study of abstruser Divinity, *Predestination* in particular, that admirable thesis:

Prudens, futuri temporis exitum
Caliginosâ nocte premit *Deus*,
Ridetque si mortalis ultra
Fas *trepidat*.

The Epicurean Poet has here furnished a rule even to Christians, to direct their researches into the mysteries of Heaven.

In the *first* position, the foreknowledge of God, and his power to hide all the circumstances and consequences of that prescience, are included. In the *second* position, the absurdity of attempting to look into futurity, and disturbing ourselves amidst contemplations that can avail us nothing, is strongly exposed.

If my memory does not fail me, Bishop Tomline seemed to think, that we should abstain from such researches. For, does he not exclaim with the Psalmist—"Such knowledge is too wonderful and excellent for us; we cannot attain unto it?" You have his book: I believe I am not mistaken.

The texts most in point on this subject are, Rom. viii. 29, 30; Eph. i. 5 and 11. The prescience of God must certainly have foreseen who would receive and who would reject the Gospel. Those who received the Gospel, might be said to have been predestinated unto life. For whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate. It is only thus that we can reconcile the foreknowledge of God with the free-agency of man.

According to all the Greek fathers, and all the Latin fathers (who lived before St. Austin) "they, of whom God *foresaw* that they would live piously, were predestined unto life; not that he influenced their wills, but that he saw what they would be disposed to do, and would do."

Thus, you perceive, the *rational* and the *au-*

thorised doctrine of predestination, has no tendency to destroy our free-agency; though, if we take the article in its literal meaning, its construction will be very different; so different indeed, as to do away all moral action, as to render us no longer accountable creatures, as to shew even Revelation itself as a nullity, as to drive us, in short, to utter despair. If there be a certain number elected from all eternity, some to honour and some to dishonour, some to be *inevitably* damned, others to be *inevitably* saved—what were the use of a virtuous or religious life? Why not sin, and follow the lusts of the flesh, &c. &c. &c. just as we please? The wickedest man, if ordained to life, must be happy hereafter. The most virtuous or religious, if doomed to hell, must suffer everlastingly! What a dreadful doctrine!—Yet such is the high Calvinistic persuasion, in defiance of reason, and virtue, and religion*.

Trouble yourself no more on this subject. *The texts* to which I have referred (particularly Rom. viii. 29, 30.) be ready to quote and rest there.

* Perhaps, had I been in the habit of copying my letters, some few of those to Downman, Drewe, Toogood, Seward, Whitaker, and might have been printed. But none were written with a view to printing; and it is very immaterial that they are irrecoverable.

Of a bundle of letters to my Academical Son (which he had carefully preserved) I have selected several as memoranda. I scarcely had supposed that my son would not have destroyed them all. That I had not the most distant idea of printing them at the moment when they were written, it were needless to observe.

This will be enough for you. *Macte virtute esto*, my dear William, and believe me ever your affectionate father, R. POLWHELE.

R. P. *to* W. P.

MY DEAR SON, May 16, 1824.

I have just sketched out a Poetic Epistle to my friend Archdeacon Nares, in consequence of a summons I had received from the Secretary of the Royal Society of Literature, requiring my attendance at their second general anniversary meeting, in order to my "formal admission as an Honorary Associate." There were circumstances you know, which prevented my making my appearance; and I felt most sensibly the remoteness of my situation, and my literary solitude. Under this impression the Epistle was written.

It will not greatly interrupt your studies to read the following extracts:

"O London! how I love, how hate thy name!
O London! Britain's glory, Britain's shame!
But to her own elect hath wisdom giv'n
To seek, thro' storm, the halcyon breath of Heaven!
And, sure, 'tis Heaven, where wit to virtue lends
Its lamp, and liberal converse lights up friends;
And learning opes to emulative youth
The tomes of ancient honour, candour, truth,
And knowledge, that not dazzles but endears,
The prop, the solace of declining years.
What tho' on the shy Muse the town obtrudes
The murmurs and the tramp of multitudes;
Tho' in the eternal tide the gay, the grave,
Riches and rags roll on, wave urging wave;

Tho' in the conflict, meditation reels
Stunn'd by the dizzy whirl, the din of wheels,
And shivers amidst crashes, screams, and jars,
Dandies and tilburies, parasols and cars;
Tho' feverish revelry usurps the night,
And ball-room brilliance mocks the morning-light;
* * * * *
Say, is not Europe sedulous to share
Treasures, uncounted treasures, glittering there?"
* * * * * Pp. 13, 14.

"'Tis yours, conspicuous above all, to trace
Perennial Truth, in race succeeding race;
To welcome those, 'who build the genuine rhyme,'
Thro' fame's broad vista, fair in future time!
And when, in many a harmonist, the fire
Of inspiration shall have waked the lyre,
When *he*, whose pencil drew 'Remorse' so well,
In tragic painting shall himself excel,
When darker ages, from the historian bright
Like 'golden Leo's,' shall spring forth to light,
And a new flush of elegance restore
To former credit antiquarian lore;
Another COLERIDGE shall his Albion charm,
In fancy fertile, in affection warm;
Again MATHIAS win the critic's prize,
And other TURNERS—other ROSCOES rise!"
Pp. 22, 23.

But (as in your college-declamations) we should look to both sides of a question.

If, in poetry, I have preferred the City to solitude; perhaps in prose, I may prefer solitude to the City.

I believe my favourite Pliny and you are as yet strangers. Shall I introduce you to that elegant writer? "In Laurentino meo, mecum tantum et cum libellis loquor. O rectam sinceramque vitam! O dulce otium, honestumque! O mare! O littus!

verum secretumque μουσεῖον! quam multa invenitis, quam multa dictatis!—Proinde, tu quoque strepitum istum, inanemque discursum relinque, teque studiis vel otio trade *."—VALE!

R. P.

R. P. *to* T. C.

MY DEAR SIR, Newlyn, June 22, 1824.

* * * * * * *

I have just read in the Gentleman's Magazine a Critique on Dunkin's "Oxfordshire;" where we are told, that "in the font at Islip an old lady used to keep meat to cram her turkeys, and that the turkeys all died," p. 277. This may be true; but I can scarcely give credit to a similar anecdote subjoined by the critic. "The duty (says he) of a small parish in the West of England is done only once in a month. The officiating minister was one Sunday requested to deliver his sermon in the reading-desk, because the farmer's wife had placed her turkey to sit in the pulpit: "It was such a snug place, and so likely to enable her to bring out a good brood †." Surely this could not have happened in Cornwall or in Devon within the last fifty years. But for Oxfordshire, there can be no doubt, that some of its churches were at no distant period abandoned almost to the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the field. In "The Follies of Oxford," published in 1785, we have the following lines, containing perhaps an exag-

* B. I. Epist. ix. † See Gent. Mag. for May, p. 427.

gerated description of a dilapidated church. They were omitted in 1792, when the Poem was reprinted in the collection of verse, by Gentlemen of Devon and Cornwall.

" Around this spot, a hundred fanes
(Unvisited by rural Deans),
That strike with awe the roving eye,
Scatter'd in mournful ruin lie.
Yonder, in solitary guise,
Mantled with flaunting ivy, rise
Windows, and buttresses between,
And the riven roof from mosses green.
See! as thy steps approach the tombs,
Damp with the yew's ungenial glooms,
The rye-grass from the crumbling wall
Trembles, presageful of its fall!
And now thy fear-struck fancy faints
At the drear images she paints—
At the dim forms that glide within,
Such as in charnel vaults are seen.
Hark! a voice says, or seems to say—
" Lo, ghastly spectres guard the way!
Hence, hence, profane!"—it murmurs—hark!
Come—come not hither—carle or clerk!—
There—there—(or what deceives my sight?)
Dances some supernatural wight!
—A mutilated shape—there fled—
There vanish'd no ideal shade!
O horror!—There again it came!
With gorgon front, and eyes of flame!
Z——ds! what a grim ghost blasts thy view!—
" A *calf's head* in the *Parson's pew!*"

To the lines was appended a note as follows:

" This singular circumstance really happened in an old ruinous Church near Oxford."

Yours truly, R. P.

R. P. *to* W. P.

MY DEAR SON, 1824.

Now that you have passed through the fiery ordeal, to the satisfaction of all who are placed over you (I am sure of your rejoicing father), you desire me, in the spirit of a Cæsar,

"Nil reputans actum, si quid superesset agendum,"

to furnish you with directions for your future studies, and more particularly to instruct you in the composition of a Sermon.

I had set down, some time ago, the following rules for writing Sermons, as practicable to all, from the tyro to the experienced preacher, and mounting up in regular gradation.

1. Take an old Divine, and translate him into modern language.

2. Abridge a Sermon of some length—of Beveridge for instance.

3. Take several Sermons on the same subject, extract passages from each of them, and arrange these passages in the order of composition.

4. Read or hear a Sermon preached, and commit it to writing from memory.

5. Take the outline of a Sermon from Gilpin, and fill it up.

6. Read various authors on the subject you fix upon, and then compose your Sermon on that subject, without consulting those authors at the time of composition.

7. Write your Sermon from your general know-

ledge, independent on all authorities except the Bible; to which make continual references, always bearing in mind, that "bonus textuarius, bonus theologus."

With respect to "Outlines," I have occasionally thrown out "Hints" in the manner of Gilpin; of which these are specimens:

Hint the First.

1. Preaching, at the present day, produces few or no converts.

2. But, in the first ages of Christianity, preaching produced converts every where.

3. How is this difference to be accounted for? It is only to be accounted for on this ground, that preaching had *then* supernatural assistance, and that *now* it has not.

Surely the propagation of the Gospel, so rapid at first, and so slow at present, is a proof of that *Spiritual agency* which is now withheld from us. St. Paul was prevented by the Holy Spirit from preaching the word in one place, and urged by the same divine impulse to preach the word in another. He would have preached in Bithynia for instance, but was sent into Macedonia. For my own part, I am convinced that all the efforts of the zealots to convert the Jews and others to Christianity, will prove abortive. We should await God's good time. The Jews will be converted, and restored to their own land, probably by a miraculous act of providence.

Hint the Second.

"How is it (the Sceptic inquires) that the old world is so full of God and his Angels, whilst the new world (if I may so call it) is almost without a Deity?—In other words, the *miraculous* first 4000 years of the world, are opposed to the natural 2000 years now passing, as an objection to the truth of Revelation.

I take this very circumstance as an argument in favour of Revelation. Revelation, if not true, must have been the result of *cunning* and of *credulity* in the deceiver and in the deceived.

Now human nature is the same at present as it was in former times: man has the same cunning and the same credulity. And cunning and credulity would have been still employed in fabricating falsehoods, if falsehoods they had been; in propagating miracles through the last 2000 years, as they had propagated miracles through the first 4000. The same causes produce the same effects.

For Revelation, then, we must look to other causes; we cannot look to natural; we must look, therefore, to supernatural.

Hint the Third.

Gen. I. "And the earth was without form, and void," &c.

The main points implicated in the discussions of geology are, the *Noachian deluge*, and *the antiquity of the earth.*

1. The late discoveries bring strong proof in favour of the *Deluge.* The phenomena of a diluvian action, which are every where presented to us, are perfectly unintelligible, without recourse to a deluge exerting its ravages, at a period not more ancient than that announced in the Book of Genesis.

"Nature (says Cuvier) every where distinctly informs us, that the commencement of the present order of things cannot be dated at a very remote period; and mankind every where speak the same language with Nature." See *Theory of the Earth.*

2. With respect to the antiquity of the human race, the conclusions deducible from geological reasoning, appear in strict accordance with Revelation; since no human remains have been found, except in beds of no remote antiquity.

As to the time requisite for the formation of the *secondary strata,* if we refuse to admit the existence of another order of things previous to the Scriptural, we might perhaps find a sufficient space of time for the purposes required, in the interval between the Creation and the Deluge, as recorded by Moses. But the Bible does not call upon us to deny the possible existence of previous worlds, in the wreck of which our globe was organized. See Outlines of the Geology of England, &c. &c. particularly the concluding part of the Introduction, by those first-rate geologists Conybeare and Phillips; who, at pp. 279, 280, 299, &c. &c. refer to the History of Devon; as to a

book of authority. Such a reference must outweigh all the impertinencies of ten thousand petty cavillers!

Hint the Fourth.

Joshua vi. 26.—"And Joshua adjured them at that time, saying: Cursed be the man before the Lord that riseth up and buildeth this city Jericho. He shall lay the foundation thereof in his first born, and in his youngest son shall he set up the gates of it."

1. Here it is predicted, that the person who shall presume to rebuild the city of Jericho, shall be cursed in the loss of two sons—the elder at the commencement, the younger at the completion of the building.

2. On searching the Scriptures, we find a passage evidently answering to the prophecy: 1 Kings xvi. 34.—"In the days of Ahab did Hiel, the Bethelite, build Jericho: he laid the foundation thereof in Abiram his *first born*, and set up the gates thereof in his *youngest son* Segub; according to the word of the Lord, which he spake by Joshua the son of Nun."

Here the sentence which Joshua had denounced against the rebuilder of Jericho was fulfilled. More than 440 years had elapsed since this prophetic denunciation; it was now verified in all its circumstances.

3. What a strong evidence again is this in proof of the authenticity of the Bible history! Surely such a thing could never have been entered upon

record for so long a period before it happened, and yet have been so exactly accomplished, unless it had been spoken by Joshua through the express inspiration of that God who knoweth what shall come to pass in all ages, and to whom "a thousand years are as one day, and one day as a thousand years!"

Of this description I have numerous "Hints" or "Outlines." They are not, however, calculated for tyros, who should not involve themselves in curious questions, but should give their whole attention to the *doctrines* which they are to teach, and to the *duties* which they are to inculcate.—
VALE! R. P.

P. S.—I often give you a postscript far from homogeneous with the letter. I am now to inform you, that from the public prints having announced "Races at Polwhele," I am almost considered as clerk of the course; as last year I was taken for master of the ceremonies of a ball at Polwhele. "To these *dignitaryships* (said an odd fish of a correspondent) I see you in your old age aspire!" What a ridiculous misconception! The Truro people, without my privity, have seized upon a field of mine for their race-ground; as they had occupied, a year ago, my barn for their ball. I would gladly have prevented both.

CHAPTER XI.

Section I.

Polwhele.

Jan. 6, 1825.

Thirteen years beyond the age of my father, and almost as long beyond the age of my grandfather, I labour under many infirmities. Verging upon "threescore years and ten"—"who could object (said a dignitary of the church) to the retreat which you used to contemplate—you, the *emeritus miles*, who have served the church so long, but whose services have been so little regarded?"

Pondering on this question, it was natural in me to feel and to reflect: "the days I have to live can be but few. Soon will the hour arrive, when I must pass from this house of my fathers, to their narrower house!"—So have I felt, and so reflected! —Yet will I persevere in my church duties, *dum spiritus hos reget artus!*

And now, my *Children!* (for to you have I written!) I blush almost to submit even to *your* inspection the numerous egotisms which are scattered throughout my book. I could have wished, that all I said of myself, had been merely a link, (and a *slight one*, too,) to connect important

matters respecting others!—"Important matters respecting others," full of information, full of instruction, full of entertainment, you unquestionably have before you. And, as to your father, may his parting moments be cheered by the assurance, that amidst all his literary vanities, his regard for your interests, both temporal and eternal, has been a ray to enliven his reason, and a principle to purify his conduct.

Section II.

1825.

R. P. *to his son* Richard Graves Polwhele.

How often, my dear son, do I exclaim:

——————Pauper agellè!

Me tibi et hos una mecum quos semper amavi,
Commendo!

It is a thesis, on which I could write volumes; but I desist: I have a poetic scrap, enough to fill my sheet. First, however, I must tell you in plain prose, that the many thousands of trees we have planted, seem to be all flourishing, notwithstanding the depredation of the hunters; and that from the rooks around us, we augur your return to our ancient dwelling. I wish I could say, they had begun to build their nests in the old trees so long forsaken. All I can observe is, that they are perching upon the branches in considerable numbers, and that they are cawing as if in consultation.

Your affectionate father, R. P.

To the Evening Star.

"Star of serene delight! The day
Before thy heaven-path, faints away—
The day, with all its feverish glare;
The day so full of toil and care.
"Come, then, pure Star! at this still hour
Thine effluence, O benignly pour!
Come, gently smooth the waves that roll
Impetuous o'er my troubled soul!"—
Such, well nigh fifty years ago,
Such was my visionary woe;
When Hesper, mild in glory, ray'd
As now, amid the lime-tree shade:
The same bower scenting all the air,
In fragrance fresh, in verdure fair.
Perhaps, not balmier were its leaves;
But sweet the wreath young Fancy weaves.
Perhaps, that orb "which lovers love,"
Touch'd not with beams so bright the grove:
But childish joy tripp'd o'er the green,
And life was all a fairy scene.
Ah! since that silver'd umbrage shone
So calm, is half a century gone;—
Since to this silent nook retir'd
My first rude song yon star inspir'd?—
Too true! And lo! what hopes and fears
Gleam thro' the shadowy veil of years!
What fond desires, a restless train,
What forms of pleasure and of pain!
Avaunt!—I cannot count you now—
The chilling frown, the furrow'd brow—
The alter'd look—the bitter tear—
The treacherous smile—the scornful sneer!
Ah! whither flies that vernal bloom—
Those rosy wings, in distant gloom?
Spirits of freshness! wont to steal
My sleeping eyelids to unseal,
Array'd in cool mists to my sight—
Mists of the morn, so soft and light,

Ah fleeting visions, scarce descried,
Why thus into oblivion glide?'
Yet would I wake my energies,
Nor languish in a waste of sighs!
My wife—my children, all should know it,
I languish only like a Poet.
Tho' my grand climacteric's o'er,
I have much comfort still in store;
My conscience clear, and whole of heart,
I doat upon that better part—
On her, the dearer half of self;
Far off from each obtrusive elf,
From swarms of interfering cousins,
Who buzz'd about my doors by dozens,
While danc'd my poor brain, whirl on whirl—
The dandy lad, the giggling girl,
This weak and fawning, and that jealous,
From Marjet-jew, perchance, or Hellas;
And some, whose saws would make us dizzy,
From Mousehole and from Mevagizzey.—
Enough—I would not in the lurch
Leave (for, Heaven knows, I love) my church;
But I would ask (a humble boon)—
One harvest and one hunter's moon,
Here—here "to eat my bread," then die
Content, "in peace and privacy!"—

Lines to Capt. Richard Graves Polwhele, Madras; Jan. 6, 1825.

Take—take, my son! to friendship true,
O take this gift* to genius dear—

---

* "The Literary Souvenir," accompanying the above lines, as a present to my son—one of the most elegant productions of this age of elegance; whether we have respect to its external or its intrinsic beauty. Amidst our living poets Mr. Alaric A. Watts shines (I had almost said), "*velut inter ignes luna minores.*"

"All gold *—all roses!"—to renew
The features of the fleeted year
That I suspend nor lute nor lyre,
To fancy, feeling,—still alive,
Thou wilt rejoice; and hail thy sire!—
Thy sire still young at *sixty-five* †.
Yet, O! for thee whom duty bore
So soon to India's fiery clime,
My fluttering hopes would fain explore
The shadowy depths of future time.
When thou hast laid me, dust to dust,
Nigh him ‡, whom all my soul reveres;
To thy own parent's memory just,
I hear thy sighs, I see thy tears.
I see thee mark the modest pews §
Which glimmer from the northern aisle,
Where oft the last-left peasant || views
That ermined cross with grateful smile.
I see thee read in pensive mood
The monumental lines, that tell
"How firm in life the Christian stood!
How calm in death the Christian fell!" ¶

---

* See Theocritus: χρυσῷ παίζους Ἀφροδίτα.

† This,—to encourage my son.—Alas! the prose is much nearer the truth than the poetry.

‡ The late Thomas Polwhele, Esq.

§ The pews in the North Transept of St. Clement's Church, belonging to Polwhele.

|| This alludes to a very aged man, who pointed out to the author his decayed coat of arms, as sculptured in an oak pannel of one of the pews.

¶ Lines, quoted from an epitaph on Thomas Polwhele, Esq. by the Rev. J. B. Collins; who was son of John Collins, of Penhellic, who was uncle of Thomas Polwhele, and who married Miss Basset, aunt of the present Lord de Dunstanville, of Tehidy-park, in Cornwall. The epitaph was never used as intended. But my son, perhaps, may see it engraved on a marble tablet, and placed over one of the Polwhele-pews.

To these gray walls thy spirit turns,
And in thy father's fancies rich,
Amidst their Gothic tracery burns— *
The expanding arch, the unclosing niche †;

Here pleas'd, where wave yon infant woods
To finish what thy sire essay'd,
O'er bolder rocks to fling the floods,
And deepen all the tranquil shade.

But kneel to her who nurtur'd thee!—
Thy brothers—sisters—O sustain!
And teach them, without harmony
Their highest bliss—how false, how vain!

And where is young Rosanna?—Where?—
Sure, such a heart—so kind as thine—
Well merits the sweet wreath to share
Which Love's own hands for Hymen twine.

Thus musing, many a tear I shed,
As down yon vale my steps I bend,
For "joy to think when I am dead
My son shall have mankind his friend"—‡

For joy to think, my son shall find
Still to his duteous bosom giv'n,
A friend surpassing all mankind—
A father and a friend—in Heaven!

---

* The Gothic stone door-ways, &c. &c. at this place.

† An arch and a niche lately laid open, in the East wall of the quadrangle.

‡ Beautiful lines from a father to his son—often quoted with applause: But much is wanting!—Should we end here?—God forbid!

APPENDIX.

THE following letter and verses (just communicated to me) were written by Dr. Wolcot, probably before the year 1760. They bear no stamp of original thinking. They so little resemble, indeed, his subsequent productions, that on this account they may be accepted as a curiosity.—I will here add (what I was not sure of before) that Dr. W. was ordained both Deacon and Priest by the Bishop of London. The letters of Ordination are now in the hands of his relation Mrs. Giddy, of Penzance, relict of that worthy man Mr. THOMAS GIDDY, of whom a memoir has lately appeared in the "Gentleman's Magazine."

Copy of a Letter from Dr. WOLCOT *to Miss* P. C. *from Fowey but without a date.*

Miss C. Fowey, Monday Evening.

With a heart labouring under the pangs of rage and disappointment, am I seated to address you. Will you not wonder at my writing to a lady of so short an acquaintance? Believe me, Miss C. one quarter of the time I have spent in your company

is sufficient to convince every one, of any tolerable discernment, that you are mistress of such perfection, as almost your whole sex are entire strangers to: the consequence of those perfections is, our esteem and admiration, from which sometimes will proceed (as is now the case) the impertinence of letters. I do not propose filling my paper with darts, and flames, and stuff. Nonsense like this I have ever been an enemy to, and which I am assured you have too much good sense to be pleased with, or to expect. Let me tell you honestly that I am charmed. I will not tell particularly how, for it is every way. I would almost wish you had been less agreeable, that I might have been less uneasy at losing you. I must allow you have not studied one art, one air, one affectation to please; there lay my misfortune: had that been the case, I should have been free. For the contrary, natural, easy, innocent, unaffected simplicity, strangers to the fair ones in general, was the very thing that caught me, which makes an impression much oftener and stronger than the ridiculous vanities of a coquet. How, think you, did I receive the news of your being flown? Why it came like a clap of thunder. J. S. brought it with all the air of a triumph, hugging himself on his own good fortune, and happy at my disappointment. I could have torn the brute in pieces for his ill-nature in refusing to call me. I abused him in the most severe language; and not the innocent Miss C. herself can condemn me for it, on the smallest consideration of circumstances. Your

sending back by him your remembrance of me, exasperated me to the last degree against him, as it engaged me the more to you. His answers were paltry and equivocating. I am this instant in a rage to think on it. Good G—d! Miss C. such outrages are inexcusable, for the philosophy of Job never met with so severe a trial. I have planned two or three copies of verses, in which I must presume on the liberty of Miss C.'s name. You seemed one evening to be unacquainted with your own face; on recollection you will find I promised a description of its prettinesses: inclosed you have a copy of part of them, how far short of the originals may be soon discovered by your glass. I am this moment to be plagued with business very disagreeable to my present state of mind. I shall, therefore (after wishing you health and a good night) conclude with telling you, that no one is more sincerely yours than, Miss C. your humble servant, J. WOLCOT.

A sketch of Miss P. C. *by Dr.* WOLCOT.

Flavia for my numbers sues,
Who can such a maid refuse?
Fairest of the female train,
Who can let her ask in vain?
Take my verse, and sweetly smile,
Amply recompens'd the toil:
If to praise inclined thy tongue,
Happy poet! happy song!
Flavia's cheek with beauty glows
Fresher than the Damask Rose:

Lovelier smiles that cheek adorn,
Lovelier than the smiles of morn:
Flavia rolls the brightest eye,
Cause of many a thousand sigh.
See the trembling lightnings play
Keener than the di'mond's ray.
Flavia's pouting, purple lip,
(Where the Loves soft nectar sip,)
Sweeter than the flow'rs that blow,
Beats the coral's charming glow.
Flavia boasts a gentle breast,
Fair, inimitable chest,
Softer than the down of doves,
Fragrant as Arabian groves.
Pure like lillies framed the skin,
Suit that purity within.
Oh! to speak its charms forbear,
Subject, Muse, beyond thy sphere;
For know the best description faint,
Tho' Pope should write, or Kneller paint.

An Answer to a Faded Beauty.

Thus at her mirror Sophonisba said,
And o'er the faded image held her head.
"For me, no more, the swain expiring lies,
Fled the bright beams of Sophonisba's eyes;
Fresh with a bloom my cheek no longer glows,
My cheek once rival to the blushing rose:
Whither! oh whither are my graces gone!"—
I'll tell thee, fair one! where thy charms are flown:
Flown to the nymphs where all perfection springs,
To peerless C——, to Pennington, and Kings.

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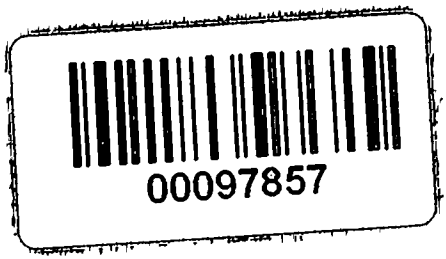
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